

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

B Y

JOHN BYROM, M. A. F. R. S.

VOLUME II.

214

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

B Y

JOHN BYROM, M.A. F.R.S.

S O M E T I M E

Fellow of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

And Inventor of

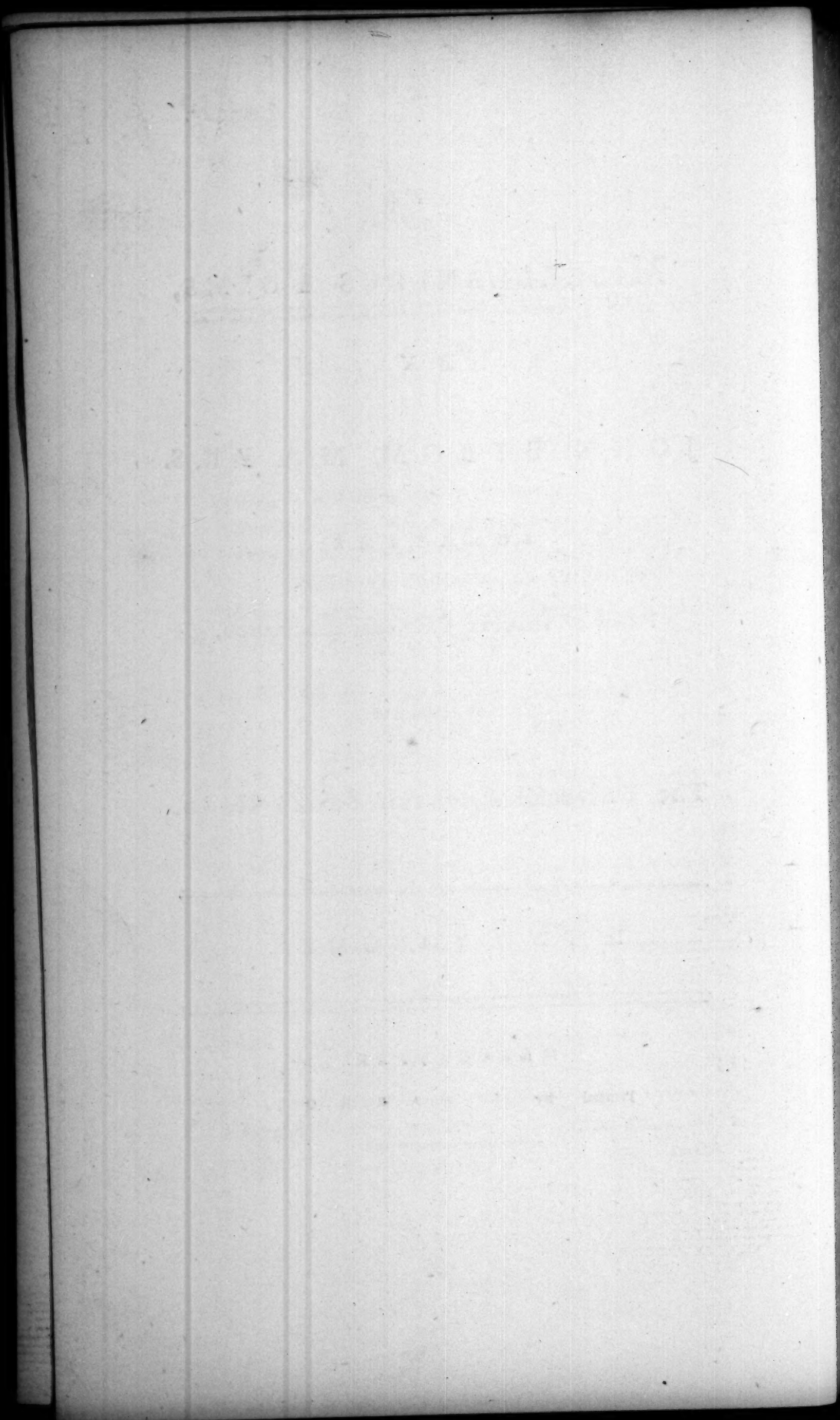
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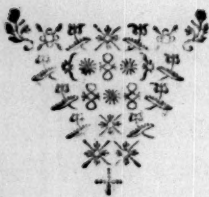
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AN EPIS-

A N
E P I S T L E
T O
A Gentleman of the T E M P L E.

Occasioned by

T W O T R E A T I S E S,
W H E R E I N
The F A L L of M A N

Is differently Represented; viz.

I. Mr. LAW's SPIRIT of PRAYER.

II. The Bishop of LONDON's APPENDIX.

S H E W I N G

That, according to the plainest Sense of SCRIPTURE,

T H E

Nature of the FALL is greatly mistaken in the latter.





A N
E P I S T L E
T O A

Gentleman of the TEMPLE.

✠(✠)✠ IR, upon casting an attentive Look
 ✠ S ✠ Over your Friend the learned SHERLOCK'S
 ✠(✠)✠ Book,
 ✠(✠)✠ One Thing occurs about the FALL of MAN,
 That does not suit with the *Mosaic* Plan;
 Nor give us fairly, in its full Extent,
 The Scripture Doctrine of that dire Event.

When tempted ADAM, yielding to Deceit,
 Presum'd of the forbidden Tree to eat,

The Bishop tells us, *That he did not die:*
 Pray will you ask him, Sir, the Reason why?
 Why he would contradict the sacred Text,
 Where Death to Sin so *surely* is annex?
The Day thou eatest—are the Words, you know;
 And yet, by his Account, it was not so:
 Death did not follow, tho' it surely wou'd:
 How will he make this hardy Comment good?

Sentence, says he, *was respited*—But, pray,
 Where does the Scripture such a Saying say?
 What Word that means to *respite* or revoke
 Appears in all that God or *Moses* spoke?

It will be said, perhaps, that it appears,
 That *Adam* liv'd above Nine hundred Years
 After his Fall—True—But what *Life* was that?
 The very *Death*, Sir, which his *Fall* begat.
 The Life, that *Adam* was created in,
 Was lost the *Day*, the *Instant*, of his Sin.
 Just as the rebel Angels, when they fell,
 Were *dead* to Heav'n, altho' *alive* to Hell:
 So Man, no longer breathing heav'nly Breath,
 Fell to this Life, and dy'd the *Scripture Death*.

While in the State of Innocence he stood,
 He was all living, beautiful, and good:
 But when he fed on the forbidden Fruit,
 Whereof Corruption was the latent Root,

He

He *dy'd* to Paradise, and, by a Birth
 That should not have been rais'd, he *liv'd* to Earth;
 Fell into bestial Flesh, and Blood, and Bones,
 Amongst the Thorns and Briars, Rocks and Stones.
 That which had cloath'd him, when a Child of Light,
 With all its Lustre, was extinguish'd quite;
 Naked, asham'd, confounded, and amaz'd,
 With *other* Eyes, on *other* Scenes he gaz'd.
 All Sensibility of heav'nly Bliss
 Departing from him——what a *Death* was This!

His Soul, indeed, as an immortal Fire,
 Could never die, could never not desire:
 But, Sir, he had what glorious Angels claim,
 An *heav'nly* Spirit, and an *heav'nly* Frame;
 Form'd in the Likenets of the sacred THREE,
 He stood immortal, powerful, and free;
 Image of *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*,
 The destin'd Sire of a new heav'nly Host;
 Partner of their communicated Breath,
 A *living* Soul, unsubjected to Death.
 Since then he fell from this sublime Estate,
 Could less than Death have been his real Fate?
 No; as in Life he chose not to abide,
 It must be said, that *Adam* surely *dy'd*.

Say, that he *dy'd* not, as it was foretold,
 But when Nine hundred Years and Thirty old,
 And then, if Death be Sentence for a *Fall*,
 How proves the Bishop that he *dy'd* at all?

For

For if the Death he talks of be this last,
 How does *that* answer to the *Sentence* past?
 Was his Departure from *this World* the Time
 That our First Father suffer'd for his Crime?
 One rather should believe, or hope at least,
 That (so be it!) his Sufferings then ceas'd;
 And that the Life, which had been lost at first,
 Was then regain'd, and he no longer curst.

If on the Bishop's 'Scutcheon, when he dies,
 (Long be the Time deferr'd) the mourning Eyes
 Should read MORS VITÆ JANUA, in Paint,
 What must they think him, Sinner, *then*, or Saint?
 Must not these Words direct them to suppose
 An End of all a Christian Bishop's Woes?
 Who, like to *Adam*, Father of Mankind,
 Had pass'd his Time of Penitence injoin'd;
 Who, like to CHRIST, the Second *Adam* too,
 Had always had *Redemption* in his View;
 Had taught himself and others to revive
 From *dead in Adam* to *in Christ alive*;
 Had been as true a Shepherd to his Flock,
 As the poor Hind that really wears a Frock;
 So trod this earthly Passage, that, in Sum,
Death was to him *the Gate of Life* become.

Gate of *what* Life? Undoubtedly the same
 That *Adam* fell from, when he first became
 A Creature of this World; when first he fell,
 Thanks to Divine Foregoodness! not to Hell,

But

But to *this Earth*——this State of Time and Place,
 Where, dead by *Nature*, Man revives by *Grace*;
 Where, tho' his *outward* System must decay,
 His *inward* ripens to eternal Day;
 Puts off th' *old Adam*, and puts on the *New*;
 And having found the *First* sad Sentence true,
 Now finds the Truth of what the *Second* said,
The Woman's Seed shall bruise the Serpent's Head.

Again — to urge the Instance that I gave,
 Attend we this good Bishop to his Grave:
 The Priest comes forth to meet the fable Hearse,
 And then repeats the well-appointed Verse;
 ——Verse, one would think, that might decide the
 Strife: ——

I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE ——

What Life is that which *JESUS* is, and gives,
 In and by which the true Believer lives?
 That of *this World*? Then were it most absurd
 To a dead Bishop to apply the Word.
 'Tis that which human Nature had before;
 Which, being *Christ's*, *Christ only* can restore.
 What *Meaning* is there, touching the Deceas'd,
 Now from the *Burden of the Flesh* releas'd,
 But that his Soul is going to be clad
 With *heav'nly* Flesh and Blood; which *Adam* had,
 Before he enter'd into *that* which *Paul*
Body of Death might very justly call?

A Flesh and Blood, that, as he hints elsewhere,
 Not born from Heav'n, can never enter there:
 Mass of this World, whose Kingdom *Christ* disclaim'd,
 The Life whereof is but a Life so nam'd;
 A Life of *Animal* and *Insect* Breath,
 That, in a *Man*, is rightly stil'd a *Death*.

Thus, Sir, throughout the *Burial Office* run,
 You'll find that it proceeds as it begun.
 Read any Office-----*Baptism* if you will-----
 From first to last, you'll find the Reason still,
 Why *any*, or why *all of them* are read;
 Reason of all that's either sung, or said,
 Is by this one great solemn Truth explain'd,
 Of Life *in Adam lost*, in *CHRIST regain'd*:
 Lost at the *Fall*-----not at the End of Years
 That *Adam* labour'd in this Vale of Tears,
 When Death thro' *Christ* was *happy*, 'tis presum'd,
 And vanquish'd *that* to which he first was doom'd.

Doom'd-----not by any *Act of Wrath* in God;
 (A Point wherein the Bishop seems to nod)
 No Death of *pure*, of *tainted* Life no Pain,
 Did his severe inflicting Will ordain:
 He is all Glory, Goodness, Light, and Love,
 LIFE that from *Him* no Creature can remove;
 But from *itself* it may, as *Adam* did,
 If it will choose what Light and Love forbid:
Truly forewarn'd of what would *truly* be,
His Life was poison'd by the *mortal* Tree:

He

He *eat*---he *fell*---he *dy'd*---'Tis all the same;
One Loss of Life under a triple Name.

No Test was made by *positive Command*,
Merely to try if he would fall or stand,
Like *that*, the serpentine Satanic Snare,
Of which the Man was bidden to beware.
Eat not thereof, or thou wilt surely die,
Was spoken to *prevent*, and not to *try*;
To guard the Man against his subtle Foe,
Who fought to teach him *what 'twas Death to know*.

Death to his pristin, *Spirit-life* divine,
And *Separation* from its sacred *Shrine*;
The pure, unmix'd, incorruptible Throne,
Wherein God's Image first embody'd shone:
Tho' form'd to rule the new created Scene,
Built from the *Chaos* of a former Reign;
To bring the Wonders of this World to View,
And ancient Glories to an Orb renew;
He also had, as being to command,
See, and be seen, in this new-formed Land,
This intermediate temporary Life,
Where, only, Good and Evil are at Strife,
Outward corporeal Form, whereby he saw,
And heard, and spoke, and gave to all Things Law;
They none to him—His far superior Mind
Was, as he pleas'd, united or disjoin'd:
So far united, that all *Good* was gain'd;
So far disjoin'd, that *Evil* was restrain'd:

It could not reach him—for, before his Fall,
 Nothing could *hurt* this human Lord of All,
 No more than *Satan*, or the Serpent, cou'd,
 If in his First Creation he had stood.

Such was his blest Estate—wherein is found
 Of *Adam's* happy Ignorance the Ground.
 His *outward* Body, and each *outward* Thing,
 From whence alone both Good and Ill could spring,
 Could not affect, while he was free from Sin,
 The Life of the celestial Man *within*.
 Glorious Condition! which, howe'er, imply'd,
 That Man, at first plac'd in it, must be try'd:
 Not from God's Will, or arbitrary Voice;
 His Trial follow'd from his *Pow'r of Choice*:
 God will'd him That, *Himself* was to *re-will*,
 And the divine Intentions to fulfil;
 To use his outward Body as a Means,
 Whereby to raise in Time and Place the Scenes
 That should restore the *once* angelic Orb,
 And all its Evil introduc'd absorb.

Evil, that, prior to the Fall of Man,
 From him, whose *Name in Heav'n* is lost, began.
Moses has plainly *hinted* at the Fiend;
 Whose Malice in a borrow'd Shape was screen'd:
 Who, under Reason's plausible Disguise,
 Taught our First Parents to be worldly wise:
 Succeeding Lights have risen up to show
 Of God and Man, more *openly*, the Foe.

He,

He, *once* a thron'd *Archangel*, had the Sway
 Far as this Orb of our created Day;
 Where, then, no Sun was wanted to give Light,
 No Moon to chear yet undiscover'd Night;
 Immensely luminous his total Sphere,
 All Glory, Beauty, Brightness, ev'ry-where:
Ocean of Bliss, a limpid *crystal Sea*,
 Whose Height and Depth its Angels might survey;
 Call forth its Wonders, and enjoy the Trance
 Of Joys perpetual thro' its whole Expanse:
 Ravishing Forms arising without End
 Would, in Obedience to their Wills, ascend;
 Change, and unfold fresh Glories to their View,
 And tune the *Hallelujah* Song anew.

If, when we cast a thoughtful, thankful Eye
 Towards the Beauties of an Ev'ning Sky,
 Calm we admire, thro' the ethereal Field,
 The various Scenes that even *Clouds* can yield;
 What huge Delight must *Nature's Fund* afford,
 Where all the rich *Realities* are stor'd,
 Which God produces from its vast Abyfs,
 To his own Glory, and his Creatures Bliss?

His Glory, first, *all Nature* must display,
 Else how to Bliss could Creatures know the Way?
 Order, thro' all Eternity, requires,
 That to his Will they subject their Desires;
 That, with all Meekness, the created Mind
 Be to the Fountain of its Life resign'd;

Think, speak, and act, in all things for his Sake :
This is the *true Perfection* of its Make.

Both Men and Angels must have *Wills* their *own*,
Or God, and Nature, were to them unknown :
'Tis their *Capacity* of Life and Joy,
Which none but *they* can ruin or destroy.
God, in Himself, was, is, and will be, good,
And all around pour forth th' enriching Flood.
From Him — ('tis *Nature's* and *Religion's* Creed)
Nothing *but* Good can possibly proceed.
That *Creature* only, whose recipient Will
Shuts itself up within *itself*, is ill:
Good cannot dwell in such an harden'd Clay,
But stagnates, and evaporates away.

Thus when the Regent of th' angelic Host,
That *fell*, began within himself to boast;
Began, endow'd with his *Creator's* Pow'rs,
That nothing could resist, to call them *Ours*;
To spread thro' his wide Ranks the *impious Term*,
And they their Leader's Doctrine to confirm;
Then *Self*, then *Evil*, then apostate *War*
Rag'd thro' *their Hierarchy* wide and far;
Kindled to burn, what they esteem'd a Rod,
The Meekness and Subjection to a God.
Resolv'd to pay no hymning Homage more,
Nor, in an Orbit of *their own*, adore:
All Right of Heav'n's eternal King abjur'd,
They thought *One Region* to themselves secur'd;

One

One out of *Three*, where Majesty divine
 Shone in its glorious *Outbirth unitrine*;
 Shone, and will shine eternally, altho'
 Angels or Men the shining Bliss forego.

Strait, with this proud Imagination fir'd,
 To *Self-Dominion* strongly they aspir'd;
 Bent all their Wills, *irrevocably* bent,
 To bring about their devilish Intent.
 How ought *we Mortals* to beware of *Pride*,
 That such great Angels could so far misguide!
 No sooner was this horrible Attempt,
 From all Obedience to remain exempt,
 Put forth to Act, but instantly thereon
 Heav'n, in the Swiftnefs of a Thought, was gone:
 From *Love's beatifying* Pow'r estrang'd,
 They found their Life, their Bliss, their Glory, chang'd.
 That State, wherein they were *resolv'd* to dwell,
 Sprung from *their Lustings*, and became their Hell.

Thinking to rise above the GOD of ALL
 The Wretches fell, with an eternal Fall;
 In Depths of Slavery, without a Shelf:
 There is no Stop in self-tormenting *Self*.
 Just as a Wheel, that's running down a Hill
 Which has no Bottom, must keep running still:
 So down their own Proclivity to wrong,
 Urg'd by impetuous Pride, they whirl along-
 Their own dark, fiery, working Spirits tend
 Farther from God, and farther to descend.

HE made no *Hell* to place his Angels in;
They stirr'd the Fire that burnt them, by their Sin:
 The Bounds of Nature, and of Order, broke,
 And all the Wrath that follow'd them awoke:
Their own disorder'd Raging was their Pain;
Their own unbending harden'd *Strength* their Chain:
 Renouncing God with their eternal Might,
They sunk their Legions into endless Night.

Mean while the glorious Kingdom, where they dwelt,
 Th' Effect of their rebellious Workings felt:
 Its clear *Materiality*, and pure,
 Could not the Force of raging Fiends endure:
 Its *Elements*, all heav'nly in their Kind,
 In *one* harmonious System when combin'd,
 Were now disclos'd, divided, and opaque:
 Their *glassy Sea* became a *stormy Lake*:
 The Height and Depth of their angelic World
 Was nought but Ruins upon Ruins hurl'd:
Chaos arose, and, with its gloomy Sweep
 Of *dark'ning* Horrors, overspread the Deep:
 All was Confusion, Order all defac'd,
Tobu, and *Bobu*, the *deformed Wasse*.

Till the Almighty's gracious *Fiat* came,
 And stop'd the Spreading of the hellish Flame;
 Put to each fighting Principle the Bar;
 And calm'd, by just Degrees, th' intestine War.
Light, at his Word, th' abating Tempest chear'd;
 Earth, Sea, and Land, Sun, Moon, and Stars, appear'd;
 Creatures

Creatures of ev'ry Kind, and Food for each;
 And various Beauties clos'd the various Breach:
 Nature's *Six Properties* had each their Day,
 Lost Heav'n, as far as might be, to display;
 And in the *Sev'nth*, or *Body* of them all,
 To rest from, what they yet must prove, a *Fall*.

For had not this disorder'd Chaos been;
 Had not these Angels caus'd it by their Sin;
 Nor had compacted Earth, nor Rock, nor Stone,
 Nor *gross Materiality*, been known:
 All that in Fire, or Water, Earth, or Air,
 May now their *noxious Qualities* declare,
 Is as unknown in Heav'n as Sin or Crime,
 And only lasts for purifying Time:
 Till the *great End*, for which we all came here,
 Till God's *restoring Goodness*, shall appear:
 Then, as the rebel Creatures false Desire
 Awak'd in Nature the *chaotic Fire*;
 So when *redeeming Love* has found a Race
 Of Creatures worthy of the heav'nly Place,
 Then shall *another* Fire enkindled rise,
 And purge from Ill these *temporary* Skies;
 Purge from the World its Deadness, and its Dross,
 And of *lost* Heav'n recover *all the Loss*.

Why look we then with such a longing Eye
 On what this World can *give us*, or *deny*;
 Of Man and Angel fall'n, the sad Remains?
 It *has* its *Pleasures*——but it *has* its *Pains*.

It has, what speaks it, would we but attend,
 Not our design'd Felicity —an *End*.
 Sons of Eternity, tho' born on Earth,
 There is within us a *celestial Birth*;
 A Life that waits the *Efforts of our Mind*,
 To raise itself within this *outward Rind*.
 This *Husk of ours*, this stately *stalking Clod*,
 Is not the Body that we have from *God* :
 Of Good and Evil 'tis the *mortal Crust*;
 Fruit of *Adamical* and *Evil Lust*;
 By which the Man, when heav'nly Life was ceas'd,
 Became an helpless, naked, biped Beast :
 Forc'd, on a *curfed Earth*, to sweat and toil;
 To *Brutes* a native, *Him* a foreign Soil :
 And, after all his Years employ'd to know
 The *Satisfactions* of a Life so low,
 Nine hundred, or Nine hundred thousand, past,
Another Death to come, and *Hell*, at last——
 ——But for that new mysterious *Birth of Life*;
 That *promis'd Seed* to *Adam* and his *Wife*;
 That *quick'ning Spirit* to a poor *dead Soul*;
 Not *Part* of Scripture Doctrine, but *the Whole*;
 Which Writers, *figuring* away, have left
 A mere dead Letter, of all Sense bereft;
 But for that *only Help* of Man forlorn,
 The *Incarnation* of the VIRGIN-BORN.

This *Serpent-Bruiser*, Son of GOD and *Man*,
 Who, from the first, his saving Work began,

Revers'd,

Revers'd, in full Maturity of Time,
 In his own SACRED PERSON, *Adam's Crime*;
 Brought human Nature from its deadly Fall,
 And made Salvation possible for *All*.

Without acknowledging that *Adam dy'd*,
 Scripture throughout is, in Effect, deny'd:
 All the whole Process of *Redeeming Love*,
 Of *Life*, of *Light*, and *Spirit from above*,
 Loses, by Learning's *piteous Pretence*
 Of *Modes*, and *Metaphors*, its real Sense:
 All the glad Tidings, in the Gospel found,
 Are sunk in empty and unmeaning Sound.

If, by the First Man's Sin, we understand
 Only some Breach of absolute Command
 Half-punish'd, half-remitted, by a Grace
 Like that which takes in human Acts a Place;
 The more we write, the more we still expose
 The Christian Doctrine to its reas'ning Foes:
 But, once convinc'd, that *Adam*, by his Crime,
 Fell from *eternal Life* to that of *Time*;
 Stood on the Brink of *Death eternal* too,
 Unless created unto Life *anew*,
 Then ev'ry Reason teaches us to see
 How all the Truths of sacred Writ agree;
 How *Life restor'd* arises from the *Graves*;
 How Man *could* perish, and how CHRIST *could* save.

Man perish'd by the deadly Food he took,
 And needs must lose the Life that he *forsook*,

D

Not

Not unadvis'd— the Moment he inclin'd
 To this inferior Life his nobler Mind,
 God kindly warn'd him to continue fed
 With *Food of Paradise*, with Angels Bread;
 To shun the *Tree*, the *Knowledge*, whose sad Leav'n
 Would quench in him the Light and Life of Heav'n;
 Strip him of that angelical Array,
 Which thro' his *outward Body* spread the Day;
 Kept it from ev'ry Curse of Sin and Shame,
 From all those Evils that had yet no Name:
 That prov'd alas! when he would not refrain,
 The Loss of *Adam's proper Life* too plain.
 Who can suppose that God would e'er forbid
 To eat what would not *hurt him*, if he *did*?
 Fright his lov'd Creature by a false Alarm;
 Or make what, *in itself*, was harmless, *Harm*?

O how much better he from whom I draw,
 Tho' deep, yet clear the System, Master LAW!
Master, I call him; not that I incline
 To pin my Faith on any One Divine;
 But, Man or Woman, whosoe'er it be,
 That speaks true Doctrine, is a *Pope* to me.
 Where Truth alone is *Interest*, and *Aim*,
 Who would regard a *Person*, or a *Name*?
 Or, in the Search of it *impartial*, scoff,
 Or scorn the meanest Instrument thereof?

Pardon me, Sir, for having dar'd to dwell
 Upon a Truth already told so well;

Since

Since diff'rent Ways of telling may excite,
 In diff'rent Minds, Attention to what's right;
 And Men (I measure by Myself) sometimes,
 Averse to Reas'ning, may be taught by Rhimes;
 If where One fails, they will not take Offence,
 Nor quarrel with the *Words*, but seek the *Sense*.

Life, Death, and such-like Words, in Scripture found,
 Have certainly an higher, deeper Ground,
 Than that of this poor perishable Ball,
 Whereon Men doat, as if it were their All;
 As if they were like *Warburtonian Jews*,
 Or, *Christians* nam'd, had still no *higher Views*;
 As if their Years had never taught them Sense
 Beyond——*It is all one a Hundred hence*.

'Twas of such Worldlings that our Saviour said
 To one of his Disciples, *Let the Dead*
Bury their Dead: But do thou follow me.
 He makes no more Distinction, Sir, you see,
 But that, with Reference to a Life *so brute*,
 The *speaking Carcasses* interr'd the *mute*.

Life, to conclude, was lost in *Adam's Fall*,
 Which CHRIST, our *Resurrection*, will recall:
 And, as *Death* came into the World by *Sin*,
 Where *One* begun, the *Other* must begin.
 Why will the learned Sages use their Art,
 From *Scripture Truth*, so widely, to depart?
 But above all, a *Bishop*, grave, and wise,
 Why will he shut, against *plain Text*, his Eyes?

Not see that Heav'ns Prediction never ly'd;
 That *Adam* fell by eating, sinn'd, and dy'd,
 A *real* Death, as much as *Loss of Sight*
 Is Death to ev'ry Circumstance of *Light*;
 Tho' a blind Man may feel his Way, and grope,
 Or for *recover'd Eyes* be made to *hope*;
 We might as well set Glasses on his Nose,
 And Sight, from common Helps of Sight, suppose,
 As say, when *Adam's* heav'nly Life was kill'd,
 That Sentence was not *instantly* fulfill'd.

Persuade your Mitred Friend, then, if you can,
 To *re-consider*, Sir, the *Fall of Man*;
 To see, and own the *Depth* of it; because,
 'Till *that* is done, we may as well pick Straws,
 As talk of *what*, and *who*, the Serpent was
 That brought the Fall, *not understood*, to pass.

One Thing he *was*, Sir, be what else he will:
 A *Critic*, that employ'd his fatal Skill
 To cavil upon *Words*, and take away
 The Sense of *that* which was as *plain as Day*.
 And thus the World, at present, by his Wiles,
 Tho' not in *outward Shape*, he still beguiles;
 Seeking to turn, by Comments low and lax,
 The Word of God into a Nose of Wax;
 To take away the *Marrow*, and the *Pith*,
 Of all that Scripture can present us with.
 May Heav'n deliver from his winding Tours,
 The *Bishop*, and us all! I am, Sir,

Yours,

ENTHUSIASM;

A

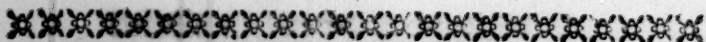
POETICAL ESSAY.

IN A

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND in TOWN.



DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE here sent you the Verses which you desired a Copy of. The Book * that gave Occasion to them has treated the Subject whereon they are made in such a brief, sensible, and lively manner, as might well excite one to an Attempt of this Nature. Just and improving Sentiments deserve to be placed in any Light that may either engage the Attention of a Reader, or assist his Memory; and Verse, as I have found by experience, does both: For which Reason, when I first met with an Account of *Enthusiasm* so quite satisfactory, I chose to give it the Dress wherein it now appears before you.

Enthusiasm is grown into a fashionable Term of Reproach, that usually comes uppermost, when any thing of a deep and serious Nature is mentioned. We apply it, through an indolent Custom, to sober and considerate Assertors of important Truths, as readily as to wild and extravagant Contenders about them. This indiscriminate Use of the Word has evidently a bad Effect: It pushes the general Indifferency to Matters of the highest Concern into downright Aversion. The best Writers upon the best Subjects are unattended to; and the Benefit accruing from their Love, and their Labours, is not perceived by us; because we are hurried on, by the idleness of all

* Mr. Law's *Appeal to all that doubt, &c.* p. 303.

all Prejudices, to condemn them without a Reading, or to pronounce them to be unintelligible, upon such a flight one, as can hardly be called an Endeavour to understand them. We have heard it said, and have seen it printed, that they are Enthusiasts; and, to avoid the Imputation of that Character, we run into it at second Hand, and adopt the Rashness and Injustice of impetuous Originals: We take the stalest Exclamations for the freshest Proofs; and the affected Retailing of *Madness*, *Mysticism*, *Behmenism*, and the like decisive Outcries, contents us as if there were something of Sense, Wit, or Demonstration, in it.

When this low Kind of *Enthusiasm* is alert enough to gain its Point, the Writer of a good Book may possibly lose the Applause, which it is highly probable that he never sought for. But what does a Reader get the while, by his tame Resignation of the Right of judging for himself to such incompetent Authority? Men of superior Fluency in expressing their own Conceptions are not always sedate enough to examine, or judicious enough to discover, the Principles which might undeceive them. The first Obstruction to their Hypothesis may pass, with them; for an immediate Confutation of any Book whatsoever: They may shew their Learning, their Zeal, or their Contempt, and speak of an *Enthusiasm* different from their own, as quickly as they please; but where the Question is momentous, and the Celebration of their Fame quite foreign to it, what should induce any one, who is really desirous of Information, to remit the Freedom of Enquiry after it for their Dicaity?

How

How many pathetic Accounts of living Piety, how many excellent Treatises composed for the Advancement of it, are neglected, or unknown, because we are so easily prepossessed by popular Hearsay, and wretched Compilers? How many has the Sourness of Controversy, the Bitterness of Party, and the Rotation of Amusement, in a manner suppressed? The *Enthusiasm* which is hence enkindled reigns and rages unsuspected, while that of a juster Kind, the genuine Effect of a true Life and Spirit, arising from what is lovely, harmonious, and substantial, is in danger of being extinguished by it; and, whenever it is so, the Variety of Delusion with which a different Spirit may then possess its Votaries, will centre, properly speaking, in *Endemoniasm*.

In short, there is a right *Enthusiasm*, as well as a wrong one; and a Man is free to admit which he pleases: But one he must have, as sure as he has a Head; as sure as he has a Heart that fondly pursues the Object of its Desire, whatever it be. If that be pointed right; if it reach after that Godlike State and Condition, to which all Mankind were originally created; if it long to be freed from the Disorders of its present State, to be restored again to that enduring Rest, Light, and Liberty, which alone can accomplish and beautify it; how can it be too constant, or too vigorous?

If the Desire be otherwise inclined, how little does it signify to the main Purpose what Ingenuity, Parts, or Learning, what natural, or what acquired Talents, Men
may

may be possess'd of? So long as they have only Light enough to hate Light, they may, upon the first Glimpse of it, retire into their Earthliness, and push out their Works as thick as Mole-hills: But, in Reality, a single Page, proceeding from a right Spirit, whose *Enthusiasm* they all despise, is worth a Library of such a Produce.

In such a spirit I take the *Appeal*, to which the following Lines are owing, to be written; and am persuaded, that if any sober-minded Deist, who is prejudiced against Christianity, because he does not really know what it is; that if any Christian so called, who has been led into Mistakes about it, because he does not really know what it is not; in fine, that if any one, whose Heart is so far converted as to desire Conversion, should be disposed to read it through, he would find his Account in it; he would be struck with, he would be edified by it.

There is, apparently, something so solid, and so animated, thro' the Whole of it; such an impartial Regard to Truth, where-ever it may be found; and such happy Illustration of it, where it really has been found; that I had some Thoughts of translating it for the Use of Foreigners, believing that such a Service would be acceptable to the more searching and unbiass'd Dispositions amongst them, and also help to fix many awakening and comfortable Truths upon my own Mind; which is the Interest that I would propose to obtain by it. If I shall find myself capable of executing this Design with Justice to the Original, you shall hear further from me. In the

E

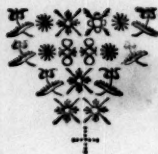
mean

mean time I have transcribed for you these Verses upon the incidental Subject of *Enthusiasm*, as they were first composed for private Recollection; and, as I can rely upon your Judgment concerning them better than I can upon my own, they are wholly submitted to your Correction and Disposal. I am,

Yours, &c.

Manchester, Sept. 3, 1751.

J. B.



ENTHU-



ENTHUSIASM.

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

*FLY from Enthusiasm— It is the Pest,
Bane, Poison, Frensy, Fury—and the rest.*

This is the Cry that oft, when Truth appears,
Forbids Attention to our list'ning Ears;
Checks our first Entrance on the main Concern,
And, stunn'd with Clamour, we forbear to learn;
Mechanically catch the common Cant,
And fly from what we almost know we want;
A deeper Sense of *something* that should set
The Heart at Rest, that never has done yet;
Some *simpler Secret*, that, yet unreveal'd,
Amidst contending Systems lies conceal'd.

A Book, perhaps, beyond the vulgar Page,
Removes at once the Lumber of an Age:
Truth is presented; strikes upon our Eyes;
We feel Conviction, and we fear Surprise:
We gaze, admire, dispute, and then the Bawl—
Fly from Enthusiasm—That answers all.

Now, if my Friend has Patience to enquire,
 Let us a while from noisy Scenes retire;
 Let us examine Sense, as well as Sound,
 And search the Truth, the Nature, and the Ground.

'Tis *Will*, *Imagination*, and *Desire*
 Of thinking Life, that constitute the Fire,
 The Force, by which the strong Volitions drive,
 And form the Scenes to which we are alive.
 What? tho', unsprouted into outward Shape,
 The Points of Thought our grosser Sight escape?
 Nor bulky Forms in prominent Array
 Their secret cogitative Cause betray?
 Once fix the Will, and Nature must begin
 T' unfold its active Rudiments within;
Mind governs *Matter*, and it must obey:
 To all its opening Forms Desire is Key:
 Nor Mind nor Matter's Properties are lost,
 As that shall mold, this must appear embost.
Imagination, trifling as it seems,
 Big with Effects, its own Creation teems.
 We think our Wishes and Desires a Play,
 And sport important Faculties away:
 Edg'd are the Tools with which we trifle thus,
 And carve out deep Realities for us.
 Intention, roving into Nature's Field,
 Dwells in that System which it means to build,
 Itself the Centre of its with'd-for Plan;
 For where the Heart of Man is——there is Man.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry created, understanding Mind
 Moves as its own Self-bias is inclin'd:
 From God's free Spirit breathed forth to be,
 It must of all Necessity be free;
 Must have the Pow'r to kindle and inflame
 The Subject-matter of its mental Aim:
 Whither it bend the voluntary View
Realities, or *Fictions*, to pursue:
 Whether it raise its Nature, or degrade,
 To Truth substantial, or to phantom Shade,
 Falshood or Truth accordingly obtains;
That only which it wills to gain—it gains:
Good—if the Good be vigorously fought,
 And *ill*—if that be first resolv'd in Thought.
 All is one Good, that nothing can remove,
 While held in Union, Harmony, and Love.
 But when a selfish separating Pride
 Will break all Bounds, and Good from Good divide,
 'Tis then extinguish'd, like a distant Spark,
 And Pride self-doom'd into its joyless Dark.
 The miscreant *Desire* turns Good to Ill,
 In its own Origin, the *evil Will*:
 A Fact, that fills all Histories of old,
 That glares in Proof, while conscious we behold
 The Bliss, bespoken by our Maker's Voice,
 Fixt, or perverted by a Man's own Choice.

Now when the Mind determines thus its Force,
 The Man becomes Enthusiast of course.
 What is Enthusiasm? What can it be,
 But Thought enkindled to an high Degree?

That

That may, whatever be its ruling Turn,
 Right, or not right, with equal Ardour burn.
 It must be therefore various in its Kind,
 As Objects vary, that engage the Mind:
 When to Religion we confine the Word,
 What Use of Language can be more absurd?
 'Tis just as true, that many Words beside,
 As Love, or Zeal, are only thus apply'd:
 To ev'ry Kind of Life they all belong;
 Men may be eager, tho' their Views be wrong:
 And hence the Reason, why the greatest Foes
 To true religious Earnestness are those,
 Who fire their Wits upon a diff'rent Theme,
 Deep in some false *enthusiastic* Scheme.

One Man politely, seiz'd with classic Rage,
 Dotes on old *Rome*, and its *Augustan* Age;
 On those great Souls who then, or then abouts,
 Made in their State such Riots and such Routs.
 He fancies all magnificent and grand,
 Under this Mistress of the World's Command:
 Scarce can his Breast the sad Reverse abide,
 The Dame despoil'd of all her glorious Pride:
Time, an old *Goth*, advancing to consume
 Immortal Gods, and once eternal *Rome*;
 When the plain Gospel spread its artless Ray,
 And rude unsculptur'd Fishermen had Sway;
 Who spar'd no *Idol*, tho' divinely carv'd,
 Tho' Art, and Muse, and Shrine-Engraver, starv'd:

Who

Who sav'd *poor Wretches*, and destroy'd, *alas!*
 The vital Marble, and the breathing Brass.
 Where does all Sense to him, and Reason, shine?
 Behold — in *Tully's* Rhetoric divine!
Tully! Enough — High o'er the *Alps* he's gone,
 To tread the Ground that *Tully* trod upon;
 Haply to find his Statue, or his Bust,
 Or Medal green'd with *Ciceronian* Rust:
 Perchance the *Rostrum* — yea, the very Wood,
 Whereon this elevated Genius stood;
 When forth on *Cataline*, as erst he spoke,
 The Thunder of *Quousque tandem* broke.

Well may this *Grand Entusiast* deride
 The Dulness of a *Pilgrim's* humbler Pride,
 Who paces to behold that Part of Earth,
 Which to the Saviour of the World gave Birth;
 To see the Sepulchre from whence he rose;
 Or view the Rocks that rented at his Woes;
 Whom Pagan Reliques have no Force to charm,
 Yet ev'n a modern Crucifix can warm:
 The sacred Signal who intent upon,
 Thinks on the Sacrifice that hung thereon.

Another's *beated Brain* is painted o'er
 With ancient *Hieroglyphic* Marks of yore:
 He old *Egyptian Mummies* can explain,
 And raise 'em up almost to Life again;
 Can into deep antique Recesses pry,
 And tell, of all, the *Wherefore* and the *Why*;

How

How this *Philosopher*, and that, has thought,
 Believ'd one Thing, and quite another taught;
 Can Rules, of *Grecian* Sages long forgot,
 Clear up, as if they liv'd upon the Spot.

What Bounds to *Nosstrum*? *Moses*, and the *Jews*,
 Observ'd this learned *Legislator's* Views,
 While *Israel's* Leader purposely conceal'd
 Truths, which his whole *Oeconomy* reveal'd;
 No Heav'n disclos'd, but *Canaan's* fertile Stage,
 And no *For-ever* — but a good *old Age*;
 Whilst the well untaught People, kept in Awe
 By meanless Types, and unexplained Law,
 Pray'd to their *local God* to grant a while
 The *Future State*, of Corn, and Wine, and Oil;
 Till, by a late Captivity set free,
 Their destin'd Error they began to see;
 Dropt the *Mosaic* Scheme, to teach their Youth
Dramatic *JOB*, and *Babylonish* Truth.

To soar aloft on Obeliskal Clouds;
 To dig down deep into the Dark — for Shrouds;
 To vex old Matters, chronicled in *Greek*,
 While those of his own Parish are to seek;
 What can come forth from such an *antic* Taste,
 But a *Clarissimus Enthusiast*?
 Fraught with Discoveries so quaint, so new,
 So deep, so smart, so *Ipse-dixit* true,
 See Arts, and Empires, Ages, Books, and Men,
 Rising, and falling, as he points the Pen:

See

See Frauds and Forgeries, if ought surpass,
Of nobler Stretch, the Limits of his Class,
Not found within that Summary of Laws,
Conjecture, tinsel'd with its own Applause.

Where Erudition so *unblest* prevails,
Saints, and their Lives, are *legendary Tales* ;
Christians, a brainfick, visionary Crew,
That read the *Bible* with a *Bible View*,
And thro' the *Letter* humbly hope to trace
The *living Word*, the *Spirit*, and the *Grace*.

It matters not, whatever be the State
That full-bent Will and strong Desires create ;
Where-e'er they fall, where-e'er they love to dwell,
They kindle there their *Heaven*, or their *Hell* ;
The chosen Scene surrounds them as their own,
All else is dead, insipid, or unknown.
However poor and empty be the Sphere,
'Tis All, if Inclination centre there :
Its own *Enthusiasts* each System knows,
Down to lac'd *Fops*, and Powder-sprinkled *Beaux*.
Great *Wits*, affecting, what they call, *to think*,
That deep immers'd in Speculation sink,
Are great *Enthusiasts*, howe'er refin'd,
Whose Brain-bred Notions so inflame the Mind,
That, during the Continuance of its Heat,
The *Summum Bonum* is——its own Conceit :
Critics, with all their Learning recondite,
Poets, that sev'rally be-mused write ;

The *Virtuosos*, whether great or small;
 The *Connoisseurs*, that know the Worth of all;
Philosophers, that dictate Sentiments,
 And *Politicians*, wiser than Events;
 Such, and such-like, come under the *same Law*,
 Altho' their Heat be from a Flame of *Straw*;
 Altho' in one Absurdity they chime,
 To make religious Entheasm a Crime.

Endless to say how many of their Trade
 Ambition, Pride, and Self-conceit have made.
 If one, the chief of such a num'rous Name,
 Let the great Scholar justify his Claim.
Self-love, in short, where-ever it is found,
 Tends to its own *enthusiastic* Ground;
 With the same Force that Goodness mounts above,
 Sinks, by its own enormous Weight, Self love——
 By this the wav'ring *Libertine* is prest,
 And the rank *Atheist* totally possèst:
Atheists are dark *Enthusiasts* indeed,
 Whose Fire enkindles like the smoking Weed:
 Lightless, and dull, the clouded Fancy burns,
 Wild Hopes, and Fears, still flashing out by Turns.
 Averse to Heav'n, amid the horrid Gleam
 They quest *Annihilation's* monst'rous Theme,
 On gloomy Depths of *Nothingness* to pore,
 Till *All* be none, and *Being* be no more.

The sprightlier *Infidel*, as yet more gay,
 Fires off the next Ideas in his Way,

The

The dry fag Ends of ev'ry obvious Doubt;
 And puffs and blows for fear they should go out.
 Boldly resolv'd, against Conviction steel'd,
 Nor inward Truth, nor outward Fact, to yield;
 Urg'd with a thousand Proofs, he stands unmov'd
 Fast by himself, and scorns to be out-prov'd;
 To his own Reason loudly he appeals,
 No Saint more zealous for what God reveals.

Think not that you are no Enthusiast then:
 All Men are such, as sure as they are Men.
 The Thing itself is not at all to blame:
 'Tis, in each State of human Life, the same.
 The fiery Bent, the driving of the Will,
 That gives the Prevalence to Good, or Ill.
 You need not go to *Cloisters*, or to *Cells*,
Monks, or *Field Preachers*, to see where it dwells:
 It dwells alike in *Balls* and *Masquerades*;
Courts, *Camps*, and *Changes*, it alike pervades.
 There be Enthusiasts, who love to sit
 In Coffee-houses, and cant out their Wit.
 The first in most Assemblies would you see,
 Mark out the first Haranguer, and that's He:
 Nay 'tis what silent Meetings cannot hide,
 It may be notic'd by its mere Outside.
Beaux and *Coquets* would quit the magic Drefs,
 Did not this mutual Instinct both possess.
 The *Mercer*, *Taylor*, *Bookseller*, grows rich,
 Because fine Cloaths, fine Writings can bewitch.

A *Cicero*, a *Shaftsbury*, a *Bayle*,
 How quick would they diminish in their Sale?
 Four Fifths of all their Beauties who would heed,
 Had they not *keen Enthusiasts* to read?

That which concerns us therefore is to see
 What Species of Enthusiasts we be;
 On what Materials the fiery Source
 Of thinking Life shall execute its Force:
 Whether a Man shall stir up Love, or Hate,
 From the mix'd Medium of this present State;
 Shall choose with upright Heart and Mind to rise,
 And reconnoitre Heav'n's primeval Skies;
 Or down to Lust and Rapine to descend,
Brute for a Time, and *Demon* at its End.
 Neither perhaps, the wary Sceptics cry,
 And wait till Nature's River shall run dry;
 With sage Reserve not passing o'er to Good,
 Of Time, lost Time, are borne along the Flood;
 Content to think such thoughtless Thinking right,
 And common Sense enthusiastic Flight.

Fly from *Enthusiasm*? Yes, fly from Air,
 And breathe it more intensely for your Care.
 Learn, that, whatever Phantoms you embrace,
 Your own essential Property takes Place:
 Bend all your Wits against it, 'tis in vain,
 It must exist, or sacred, or profane.
 For Flesh, or Spirit, Wisdom from above,
 Or from this World, an Anger; or a Love,

Must

Must have its Fire within the human Soul:
'Tis ours to spread the Circle, or controul;

In Clouds of sensual Appetites to smoke,
While smother'd Lusts the rising Conscience choke;

Or, from ideal Glimmerings, to raise,
Showy and faint, a superficial Blaze;
Where subtle Reasons with their lambent Flames,
Untouch'd the *Things*, creep round and round the *Names*;

Or—— with a true celestial Ardor fir'd,
Such as at first created Man inspir'd,
To will, and to persist to will, the Light,
The Love, the Joy, that makes an Angel bright,
That makes a Man, in Sight of God, to shine
With all the Lustre of a Life divine.

When true Religion kindles up the Fire,
Who can condemn the vigorous Desire?
That burns to reach the End for which 'twas giv'n,
To shine, and sparkle in its native Heav'n?
What else was our creating Father's View?
His Image lost why sought he to renew?
Why all the Scenes of Love that Christians know,
But to attract us from this poor Below?
To save us from the fatal Choice of Ill,
And bless the free co-operating Will?

Blame not *Enthusiasm*, if rightly bent;
Or blame of Saints the holiest Intent,

The

The strong Persuasion, the confirm'd Belief,
 Of all the Comforts of a Soul the Chief;
 That God's continual Will, and Work to save,
 Teach, and inspire, attend us to the Grave:
 That they, who in his Faith and Love abide,
 Find in his Spirit an immediate Guide:
 This is no more a *Fancy*, or a *Whim*,
 Than that we *live*, and *move*, and *are in Him*:
 Let Nature, or let Scripture, be the Ground,
 Here is the Seat of true Religion found.
 An earthly Life, as Life itself explains,
 The *Air* and *Spirit* of this World maintains:
 As plainly does an heav'nly Life declare,
 An heav'nly *Spirit*, and an holy *Air*.

What Truth more plainly does the Gospel teach,
 What Doctrine all its Missionaries preach,
 Than this, That ev'ry good Desire and Thought
 Is in us by the Holy Spirit wrought?
 For this the working *Faith* prepares the Mind;
Hope is expectant, *Charity* resign'd:
 From this blest Guide the Moment we depart,
 What is there left to sanctify the Heart?
 Reason and Morals? And where live they most?
 In Christian Comfort, or in *Stoic* Boast?
 Reason may paint unpractis'd Truth exact,
 And Morals rigidly maintain——no Fact:
This is the *Pow'r* that raises them to Worth,
 That calls their rip'ning Excellencies forth.

Not.

Not ask for this?—May Heav'n forbid the vain,
 The sad Repose!—What Virtue can remain?
 What Virtue wanting, if, within the Breast,
 This Faith, productive of all Virtue, rest,
 That God is always present to impart
 His Light and Spirit to the willing Heart?

He, who can say My willing Heart began
 To learn this Lesson, may be christen'd *Man*;
 Before, a Son of *Elements* and *Earth*;
 But now, a Creature of another Birth;
 Whose true regenerated Soul revives,
 And Life from Him, that ever lives, derives;
 Freed by compendious Faith from all the Pangs
 Of long-fetch'd Motives, and perplex'd Harangues;
 One Word of Promise stedfastly embrac'd,
 His Heart is fix'd, its whole Dependence plac'd:
 The Hope is rais'd, that cannot but succeed,
 And found *Infallibility* indeed:
 Then flows the *Love* that no Distinction knows
 Of *System*, *Sect*, or *Party*, *Friends*, or *Foes*;
 Nor loves by halves; but, faithful to its Call,
 Stretches its whole Benevolence to All;
 It's universal Wish, th' Angelic Scene,
 That God within the Heart of Man may reign;
 The true Beginning to the final Whole,
 Of Heav'n, and heav'nly Life, within the Soul.

This Faith, and this Dependence, once destroy'd,
 Man is made helpless, and the Gospel void.

He

He that is taught to seek elsewhere for Aid,
 Be who he will the Teacher, is betray'd:
 Be what it will the System, he's enslav'd;
 Man by Man's Maker only can be fav'd.
 In this One Fountain of all Help to trust,
 What is more easy, natural, and just?
 Talk what we will of Morals, and of Blifs,
 Our Safety has no other Source but this:
 Led by this Faith, when Man forsakes his Sin,
 The Gate stands open to his God within:
 There, in the Temple of his Soul, is found,
 Of inward central Life, the holy Ground;
 The sacred Scene of Piety and Peace,
 Where new-born Christians feel the Life's Increase;
 Blessing, and blest, revive to pristine Youth,
 And worship God in Spirit, and in Truth.

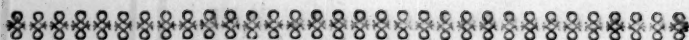
Had not the Soul this Origin, this Root,
 What else were Man but a two-handed Brute?
 What but a Devil, had he not possess'd
 The Seed of Heav'n, *replanted* in his Breast?
 The Spark of Potency, the Ray of Light,
 His Call, his Help, his Fitness to excite
 The Strength and Vigour of celestial Air,
 Faith, and the Breath of living Christians, Pray'r:
 Not the Lip-Service, nor the mouthing Waste
 Of heartless Words, without an inward Taste;
 But the true Kindling of desirous Love,
 That draws the willing Graces from above;

The

The Thirst of Good that naturally pants
 After that Light and Spirit which it wants;
 In whose blest Union quickly coincide,
 To ask, and have, to want, and be supply'd.
 Then does the faithful Suppliant discern
 More of true Good, more of true Nature learn,
 Than from a thousand Volumes on the Shelf,
 In one meek Intercourse with Truth itself.

All that the Gospel ever could ordain,
 All that the Church's daily Rites maintain,
 Is to keep up, to strengthen, and employ,
 This lively Faith, this Principle of Joy;
 This Hope and this Possession of the End,
 Which all her pious Institutes intend;
 Fram'd to convey, when freed from wordy Strife,
 The Truth, and Spirit, of an inward Life;
 Wherein th' eternal Parent of all Good
 By his own Influence is understood,
 That Man may learn infallibly aright,
 Blest in his Presence, seeing in his Light,
 To gain the Habit of a Godlike Mind,
 To seek his Holy Spirit, and to find.

In this *Enthusiasm*, advanc'd *thus high*,
 'Tis a true Christian Wish, to live, and die.



A P A R A P H R A S E
O N T H E
L O R D ' s P R A Y E R .

Our Father which art in Heaven——

FATHER——to think of his paternal Care
Is a most sweet Encouragement to Pray'r.
Our Father——all Men's Father; to remind
That we should love, as Brethren, all Mankind.
Which art in Heaven——affures an heav'nly Birth
To all his loving Children upon Earth.

Hallowed be thy Name.

Name——is expressive of a real Thing,
With all the Pow'rs of which it is the Spring.
Thy Name——is therefore to be understood
Thy blessed Self, thou Fountain of all Good.
Be hallowed——be lov'd, obey'd, ador'd,
By inward Pray'r habitu'llly implor'd.

Thy Kingdom come——

Kingdom——of Grace, at present, Seed and Root
Of future Glory's everlasting Fruit.

Thy

Thy Kingdom——not the World's War-shifted Scene,
Of Pomp and Show, but Love's all peaceful Reign.
Come——rule within our Hearts, by Grace divine,
'Till all the Kingdoms of the World be thine.

Thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven.

Thy Will——to ev'ry Good that boundless Pow'rs
Can raise, if we conform to it with ours.
Be done in Earth——where Doing of his Will
Promotes all Good, and overcomes all Ill.
As 'tis in Heav'n——where all the Blest above
Serve, with one Will, the living Source of Love.

Give us this Day our daily Bread.

Give us——implies Dependence, whilst we live,
Not on ourselves, but what He wills to give.
This Day——cuts off all covetous Desire
Of more and more, than real Wants require.
Our daily Bread——whatever we shall need,
And rightly use, to make it *Ours* indeed.

And forgive us our Trespases——

Forgive——betokens penitential Sense,
And Hope for Pardon, of confess'd Offence.
Us——takes in all, but hints the special Part
Of ev'ry one, to look to his own Heart.

Our Trespasses——which the forgiving Grace,
By our sincere Conversion, must efface.

As We forgive them that trespass against Us.

As We forgive——because the fairest Claim
To Mercy pray'd for is to shew the same.
And we who pray should all be minded thus,
To pardon them, *that trespass against Us.*
Without forgiving, Christ was pleas'd to add,
Our own Forgiveness never can be had.

And lead us not into Temptation.

Temptation rises in this World, the Field
Of Good and Evil, and incites to yield.
Lead us not into it——becomes the Voice
Of all, who would not go to it by Choice.
Whose Resignation, mix'd with meek Distrust
Of their own Strength, is more securely just.

But deliver Us from Evil——

But——when Temptation will, of course, arise,
The Hand that leads can minister Supplies.
Deliver Us——instructs the Soul to place
Its firm Reliance on protecting Grace.
From Evil——from the greatest Evil, Sin;
The only one not to be safely in.

For

For thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory.

Thine is the Kingdom—the essential Right
To sov'reign Rule, and Majesty, and Might.
Thine is the Pow'r—to bless, and to redeem;
All else is weak whatever it may seem.
Thine is the Glory—manifestly found
In all thy Works, the whole Creation round.

For Ever and Ever.

For Ever—from an unbeginning Source,
Almighty Love pursues its endless Course.
Through all its Scenes, Eternity displays
New Wonders to our heav'nly Father's Praise.
King, Father, Leader, Judge, his hallow'd Name
Was, is, and ever will be, still the same.

Amen.

Amen is Truth, in Hebrew, and Consent
To Truth receiv'd, by its long Use, is meant.
Jesus, Himself the Truth, the living Way,
The faithful Witness, teaches thus to pray.
Again should we be learning, and again,
"Till Life becomes a practical Amen.

An



A DIVINE PASTORAL.

I.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, my Guardian, and Guide;
Whatsoever I want he will kindly provide :
Ever since I was born, it is he that hath crown'd
The Life that he gave me with Blessings all round :
While yet on the Breast a poor Infant I hung,
E'er Time had unloosen'd the Strings of my Tongue,
He gave me the Help which I could not then ask ;
Now therefore to thank him shall be my Tongue's Task.

II.

Thro' my tenderest Years, with as tender a Care,
My Soul, like a Lamb, in his Bosom he bare ;
To the Brook he would lead me, whene'er I had need,
And point out the Pasture where best I might feed :
No Harm could approach me; for he was my Shield
From the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field
The Wolf, to devour me, would oftentimes prowl,
But the Lord was my Shepherd, and guarded my Soul.

III.

How oft in my Youth have I wander'd astray ?
And still he hath brought me back to the right Way !
When,

When, lost in dark Error, no Path I could meet,
 His Word, like a Lantern, hath guided my Feet :
 What wond'rous Escapes to his Kindness I owe ?
 When, rash and unthinking, I fought my own Woe :
 My Soul had, long since, been gone down to the Deep,
 If the Lord had not watched, when I was asleep.

IV.

Whenfoe'er, at a Distance, he fees me afraid,
 He skips o'er the Mountain, and comes to my Aid ;
 Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide
 In the midst of his Flock, and feed close by his Side :
 How safe in his Keeping, how happy and free,
 Could I always remain where he bids me to be !
 Yea blest are the People, and happy thrice told,
 That obey the Lord's Voice, and abide in his Fold.

V.

The Fold it is full, and the Pasture is green ;
 All is Friendship and Love, and no Enemy seen :
 There the Lord dwells, amongst us, upon his own Hill ;
 With the Flocks all around him awaiting his Will :
 Himself, in the Midst, with a provident Eye
 Regarding our Wants, and procuring Supply ;
 An Abundance springs up of each nourishing Bud,
 And we gather his Gifts, and are filled with Good.

VI. At

VI.

At his Voice, or Example, we move, or we stay;
 For the Lord is himself both our Leader and Way:
 The Hills smoke with Incense where'er he hath trod,
 And a sacred Perfume shows the Footsteps of God:
 While blest, with his Presence, the Valleys beneath
 A sweet smelling Savour incessantly breathe:
 The Delight is renew'd of each sensible Thing;
 And behold in their Bloom all the Beauty of Spring.

VII.

Or, if a quite different Scene he prepare,
 And we march thro' the Wilderness, barren and bare;
 By his wonderful Works we see plainly enough,
 That the Earth is the Lords, and the Fullness thereof:
 If we hunger, and thirst, and are ready to faint,
 A Relief in due Season prevents our Complaint;
 The Rain, at his Word, brings us Food from the Sky,
 And Rocks become Rivers when we are adry.

VIII.

From the fruitfulest Hill to the barrenest Rock,
 The Lord hath made all for the Sake of his Flock;
 And the Flock, in Return, the Lord always confess
 In Plenty their Joy, and their Hope in Distress:
 He beholds in our Welfare his Glory display'd,
 And we find ourselves blest in Obedience repay'd;

With

With a chearful Regard we attend to his Ways;
Our Attention is Pray'r, and our Chearfulness Praise.

IX.

The LORD is my Shepherd; what then shall I fear?
What Danger can frighten me whilst He is near?
Not, when the Time calls me to walk thro' the Vale
Of the Shadow of Death, shall my Heart ever fail;
Tho' afraid, of myself, to pursue the dark Way,
Thy Rod, and thy Staff, be my Comfort and Stay;
For I know, by thy Guidance, when once it is past,
To a Fountain of Life it will bring me at last.

X.

The LORD is become my Salvation and Song,
His Blessing shall follow me all my Life long:
Whatsoever Condition He places me in,
I am sure 'tis the best it could ever have been:
For The LORD He is good, and his Mercies are sure;
He only afflicts us in order to cure:
The LORD will I praise while I have any Breath;
Be content all my Life, and resign'd at my Death.





A Thanksgiving H Y M N.

I.

O Come let us sing to the Lord a new Song,
And praise Him to whom all our Praises belong;
While we enter his Temple, with Gladness and Joy,
Let a Psalm of Thanksgiving our Voices employ:
O come, to his Name, let us joyfully sing;
For the Lord is a great and omnipotent King:
By his Word were the Heav'ns, and the Host of them made,
And of all the round World the Foundation he laid.

II.

He plac'd, in the Center, yon beautiful Sun;
And the Orbs that, about him, due Distances run;
To receive, as they haste their vast Rounds to complete,
Of a Lustre so dazling, the Light and the Heat.
What Language of Men can the Brightness unfold
Of his Presence, whose Creature they cannot behold?
What a Light is his Light! of its infinite Day
The Sun, by his Splendor, can paint but a Ray.

III.

The Sun, in the Evening, is out of our Sight,
And the Moon is enlighten'd to govern the Night:

His

His Power we behold, in yon high arched Roof,
 When the Stars, in their Order, shine forth in its Proof:
 While the Works, so immense, of thy Fingers we see,
 And reflect on our Littleness, Lord, what are we?
 Yet, while 'tis our Glory thy Name to adore,
 Even Angels of Heav'n cannot boast any more.

IV.

Praise the Lord, upon Earth, all ye Nations and Lands,
 Ye Seasons and Times, that fulfill his Commands;
 Let his Works, in all Places, his Goodness proclaim,
 And the People, who see them, give Thanks to his Name:
 For the Good, which he wills to communicate, brings
 Into visible Form his invisible Things:
 Their Appearance may change, as his Law shall ordain,
 But the Goodness that forms will for ever remain.

V.

What a World of good Things does all Nature produce,
 Which the Lord, in his Mercy, hath made for our Use?
 The Earth, by his Blessing bestow'd on its Soil,
 By his Rain, and his Sunshine, gives Corn, Wine, and Oil:
 Let Men to adore Him then thankfully join,
 When fill'd with his Bread, or made glad by his Wine;
 As in Wealth, so in Gratitude, let them abound,
 And the Voice of his Praise be heard all the World round.

VI.

They, that o'er the wide Ocean their Bus'ness pursue,
 Can tell to his Wonders what Praises are due:
 When tost, to and fro, by the huge swelling Wave,
 They rise up to Heav'n, or sink down to the Grave;
 Dismay'd with the Tempest, that mocks at their Skill,
 They cry to the Lord, and he maketh it still:
 His Works in Remembrance ye Mariners keep,
 And praise Him whose Judgments are like the great Deep.

VII.

He stilleth the Waves of the boisterous Sea;
 And the Tumults of Men, more outrageous than they:
 Thy Goodness, O Lord, let the People confess,
 Whom Wars do not waste, nor proud Tyrants oppress;
 And devoutly contemplate thy wonderful ways,
 Thou that turnest the Fierceness of Men to thy Praise:
 Then Lands, in due Season, shall yield their Increase,
 And the Lord give his People the Blessings of Peace.

VIII.

The Lord he is high, far above all our Thought——
 How then shall we worship him so as we ought?
 What Tongue can express, or what Words can shew forth
 The Praise which is due to his excellent Worth?
 Ye Righteous, and ye that in Virtue excell,
 Begin the glad Task which becomes you so well;

The

The Lord shall be pleas'd when he heareth your Voice,
And in his own Works shall th' Almighty rejoice.

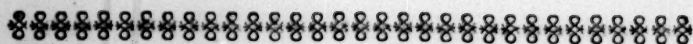
IX.

The Lord hath his Dwelling far out of our View,
And yet humbleth himself to behold what we do;
To his Works, all around him, his Mercies extend,
His Works have no Number, his Mercies no End;
He accepteth our Thanks, if the Heart do but pay;
Tho' we never can reach him, by all we can say.
How just is the Duty! how pure the Delight!
Since whilst we give Praises we Honour him right.

X.

Praise the Lord, O my Soul! all the Pow'rs of my
Mind,
Praise the Lord, who hath been so exceedingly kind!
Who spareth my Life, and forgiveth my Sin,
Still directeth the Way that I ought to walk in:
When I speak let me thank him; whenever I write,
The Remembrance of him let the Subject excite;
Guide Lord to thy Glory, my Tongue, and my Pen;
Yea, let ev'ry Thing praise Thee——Amen, and Amen.

An



An H Y M N
O N T H E
O M N I P R E S E N C E.

O H Lord! thou hast known me, and searched me out,
Thou see'st, at all Times, what I'm thinking about;
When I rise up to Labour, or lye down to Rest,
Thou markest each Motion that works in my Breast;
My Heart has no Secrets, but what thou can'st tell,
Not a Word in my Tongue, but thou knowest it well;
Thou see'st my Intention before it is wrought,
Long before I conceive it, thou knowest my Thought.

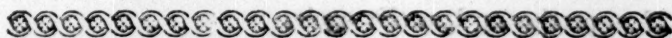
Thou art always about me, go whither I will,
All the Paths that I take to, I meet with thee still;
I go forth abroad, and am under thine Eye,
I retire to myself, and behold! thou art by;
How is it that thou hast encompass'd me so
That I cannot escape thee, wherever I go?
Such Knowledge as this is too high to attain,
'Tis a Truth which I feel, tho' I cannot explain.

Whither then shall I flee from thy Spirit, O Lord?
What Shelter can Space from thy Presence afford?
If I climb up to Heav'n, 'tis there is thy Throne,
If I go down to Hell, even there thou art known;

If

If for Wings I should mount on the Mornings swift Ray,
 And remain in the uttermost Parts of the Sea,
 Even there, let the Distance be ever so wide,
 Thy Hand would support me, thy right Hand would guide.

If I say, peradventure, the Dark may conceal
 What Distance, tho' boundless, is forc'd to reveal,
 Yet the Dark, at thy Presence, would vanish away,
 And my Covering, the Night, would be turn'd into Day:
 It is I myself only who could not then see,
 Yea, the Darknes, O Lord, is no Darknes to Thee:
 The Night, and the Day, are alike in thy Sight,
 And the Darknes, to Thee, is as clear as the Light.



The COLLECT for ADVENT SUNDAY.

ALMIGHTY God, thy heav'nly Grace impart,
 And cast the Works of Darknes from our Heart;
 Send us thy Light, and arm us for the Strife
 Against all Evils of this mortal Life;
 O'er which our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, thy SON,
 With great Humility the Conquest won:
 That when, in Glory, our victorious Head
 Shall come to judge the Living and the Dead,
 We may, thro' Him, to Life immortal spring,
 Wherein he reigns, the everlasting King;
 The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT may adore,
 One glorious GOD TRIUNE, for evermore.

HYMNS



H Y M N S
F O R
C H R I S T M A S D A Y.

I.

O N this auspicious, memorable Morn,
God and the Virgin's holy Child was born;
Offspring of Heav'n, whose undefiled Birth
Began the Process of redeeming Earth;
Of re-producing Paradise again,
And God's lost Image in the Souls of Men.

II.

Adam, who kept not his first State of Bliss,
Rend'ed himself incapable of this;
Nor could he, with his outward Helpmate Eve,
This pure, angelic, virgin Birth retrieve:
This, in our Nature, never could be done,
Until a Virgin should conceive a Son.

III.

Mary, prepar'd for such a chaste Embrace,
Was destin'd to this Miracle of Grace;

In

In her unfolded the mysterious Plan
Of Mans Salvation, God's becoming Man;
His Power, with her Humility combin'd,
Produc'd the sinless Saviour of Mankind.

IV.

The Heighth and Depth of such amazing Love
Nor can we measure, nor the Blest above;
Its Truth whoever reasons right will own;
Man never could be fav'd by Man alone:
Salvation is, if rightly we define,
Union of human Nature with divine.

V.

What Way to this, unless it had been trod
By the new Birth of an incarnate God?
Birth of a Life, that triumphs over Death,
A Life inspir'd by God's immortal Breath;
For which Himself, to save us from the Tomb,
Did not abhor the Virgin Mother's Womb.

VI.

O may this Infant Saviour's Birth inspire
Of real Life an humble, chaste Desire!
Raise it up in us! form it in our Mind,
Like the blest Virgin's, totally resign'd!
A mortal Life from Adam we derive;
We are, in Christ, eternally alive.

On the S A M E.

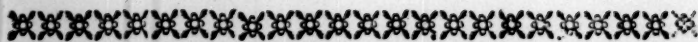
CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy Morn,
Whereon the SAVIOUR of the World was born;
Rise, to adore the Mystery of Love,
Which Hosts of Angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful Tidings first begun
Of GOD incarnate, and the Virgin's Son:
Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' Angelic Herald's Voice——Behold!
I bring good Tidings of a SAVIOUR's Birth
To you, and all the Nations upon Earth;
This Day hath GOD fulfill'd his promis'd Word;
This Day is born a SAVIOUR, CHRIST, the LORD:
In David's City, Shepherds, ye shall find
The long foretold Redeemer of Mankind;
Wrapt up in swaddling Cloath; the Babe divine
Lies in a Manger; this shall be your Sign.
He spake, and straightway the Celestial Choir,
In Hymns of Joy, unknown before, conspire:
The Praises of redeeming Love they sung,
And Heav'n's whole Orb with Hallelujahs rung:
GOD's highest Glory was their Anthem still;
Peace upon Earth, and mutual Good-will.
To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened Shepherds ran,
To see the Wonder GOD had wrought for Man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessed Maid,
Her Son, the SAVIOUR, in a Manger laid.

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, the wond'rous Story they proclaim;
 The first Apostles of his Infant Fame:
 While *Mary* keeps, and ponders in her Heart,
 The heav'nly Vision, which the Swains impart;
 They to their Flocks, still praising GOD, return,
 And their glad Hearts within their Bosoms burn.

Let us, like these good Shepherds then, employ
 Our grateful Voices to proclaim the Joy:
 Like *Mary*, let us ponder in our Mind
 GOD's wond'rous Love in saving lost Mankind;
 Artless, and watchful, as these favour'd Swains,
 While Virgin Meekness in the Heart remains:
 Trace we the Babe, who has retriev'd our Loss,
 From his poor Manger to his bitter Cross;
 Treading his Steps, assisted by his Grace,
 'Till Man's first heav'nly State again takes Place:
 Then may we hope, th' Angelic Thrones among,
 To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal Song:
 He that was born, upon this joyful Day,
 Around us all, his Glory shall display;
 Sav'd by his Love, incessant we shall sing
 Of Angels, and of Angel-Men, the King.





ON THE
EPIPHANY.

I.

LED by the Guidance of a living Star,
The Eastern Sages travel'd from afar
To seek the Saviour, by prophetic Fame
Describ'd to them as King of Jews by Name;
Whose Birth, to Gentiles worthy of his Sight,
Was now declar'd by this angelic Light.

II.

To its full Height th' Expectancy had grown
Of what the learned Foreigners made known;
When at Jerufalem the sacred News
Was spread by them to Herod, and the Jews;
*Where is he born? For by his Star, they said,
Thus far to worship him have we been led.*

III.

Herod, who had in his tyrannic Mind
No Thought of Empire, but of earthy Kind,
Jealous of this new King of Jewish Tribes,
In Haste assembl'd all the Priests, and Scribes;

Where

Where Christ was to be born was his Demand——
In Bethlehem, they said, in Juda's Land.

IV.

He call'd the Magi, privately again,
To learn from them the Time, precisely, when
The Star, which had conducted them, appear'd:
And, having all his wily Questions clear'd,
Bad them to seek the Child, and from the View
Come, and tell him, that he might worship too.

V.

They journey'd on to the appointed Place,
Which Jewish Priests from Prophecy could trace:
Chear'd by the Star's Appearance on the Way,
That pointed where the Infant Saviour lay;
Meekly they step'd into his humble Shrine,
And fell to worshipping the Babe divine.

VI.

The Virgin Mother saw them all prefer
Their Off'rings, Gold, and Frankincense, and Myrrh;
But warn'd of God his Father, in a Dream,
They disappointed Herod's murd'rous Scheme;
And, having seen the Object of their Faith,
Sought their own Country by another Path.

VII. Docs

VII.

Does not Reflection justly hence arise,
That in the East, so famous for the Wise,
The truest Learning, Sapience, and Skill,
Was theirs, who fought, amidst the various Ill
Which they beheld, for that predicted Scene,
That should on Earth commence an heav'nly Reign?

VIII.

These true Enquirers' into Nature saw
That Nature must have some superior Law;
Some righteous Monarch, for the Good of all,
To rule with Justice this disorder'd Ball;
Their humble Sense of Wants, o'erlook'd by Pride,
Made them so worthy of the Starlike Guide.

IX.

We read how, then, the very Pagan School
Was fill'd with Rumors of a Jewish Rule:
Tho' Jews themselves, as at this present Day,
Dreamt of a worldly domineering Sway;
The truly wise, or Jew, or Gentile, fought
A Christ, the Object of an happier Thought.

X.

They best could understand prophetic Page,
Simple, or learn'd, the Shepherd, or the Sage:

Their

Their Eyes could see, and follow a true Light,
That led them on from Prophecy to Sight:
Could own the Son who, by the Father's Will,
Should reign a King on Sion's holy Hill.

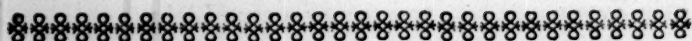
XI.

Of Treasures which the Wise were mov'd to bring,
If Gold presented might confess the King,
Incense to his Divinity relate,
And Myrrh denote his bitter, suff'ring State,
They offer'd Types of the Theandric Plan
Of our Salvation, God's becoming Man.

XII.

In this redeeming Process all concur'd
To give sure Proof of the prophetic Word;
Jesus, Emanuel, the inward Light
Of all Mankind, who seek the Truth aright,
Forms in the Heart of all the Wise on Earth
The true Day Star, the Token of his Birth.





MEDITATIONS

FOR

Every Day in PASSION WEEK.

M O N D A Y.

GOD in CHRIST is all Love.

I.

BEHOLD the tender Love of God!—behold
The Shepherd dying to redeem his Fold!
Who can declare it?—Worthy to be known—
What Tongue can speak it worthily?—His own:
From his own sacred Lips the Theme began,
The glorious Gospel of God's Love to Man.

II.

So great, so boundless was it, that he gave
His only Son—and for what End?—To save;
Not to condemn; if Men reject the Light,
They, of themselves, condemn themselves to Night;
God, in his Son, seeks only to display,
In ev'ry Heart, an everlasting Day.

III. God

III.

God hath so shown his Love to us, says *Paul*,
 Even yet Sinners, that Christ di'd for all:
Peter, that God's all gracious Aim is this,
 By *Christ*, to call us to eternal Bliss:
 Of all th' inspir'd to understand the View
 Love is the Text—and Love the Comment too;

IV.

The Ground to build all Faith, and Works upon;
 For *God is Love*—says the beloved *John*—
 Short Word—but Meaning infinitely wide,
 Including all that can be said beside;
 Including all the joyful Truths above
 The Pow'r of Eloquence—for—*God is Love*.

V.

Think on the Proof, that *John* from *Jesus* learn'd,
 In this was God's amazing Love discern'd,
 Because he sent his Son to us; that we
 Might live thro' him—how plain it is to see
 That, if in this, in ev'ry other Fact,
 Where God is Agent, Love is in the Act.

VI.

Essential Character, (whatever word
 Of diff'rent Sound in Scripture has occur'd)

Of all that is ascrib'd to God ; of all
That can by his immediate Will befall :
The Sun's bright Orb may lose its shining Flame,
But Love remains unchangeably the same.

T U E S D A Y.

How CHRIST quencheth the Wrath of GOD in us.

I.

THE Saviour di'd, according to our Faith,
To quench, atone, or pacify a Wrath——
But——*God is Love*——he has no Wrath his own ;
Nothing in him to quench, or to atone :
Of all the Wrath, that Scripture has reveal'd,
The poor fall'n Creature wanted to be heal'd.

II.

God, of his own pure Love, was pleas'd to give
The Lord of Life, that thro' him it might live ;
'Thro' *Christ* ; because none other could be found
To heal the human Nature of its Wound :
This great Physician of the Soul had, sure,
In him, who gave him, no Defect to cure.

III. He

III.

He did, he suffer'd ev'ry Thing, that we
 From Wrath, by Sin' enkindl'd, might be free,
 The Wrath of God, in us, that is, the Fire
 OF burning Life, without the Love-Desire;
 Without the Light, which *Jesus* came to raise,
 And change the Wrath into a joyful Blaze.

IV.

The Wrath is God's; but in himself unfelt;
 As Ice, and Frost are his, and Pow'r to melt:
 Not even Man could any Wrath, as such,
 Till he had lost his first Perfection, touch:
 God has but one immutable good Will,
 To bless his Creatures, and to save from Ill.

V.

Cordial, or bitter a Physician's Draught,
 The Patient's Health is in his ord'ring Thought:
 God's Mercies, or God's Judgments be the Name,
 Eternal Health is his all-saving Aim.
Vengeance belongs to GOD——and so it should——
 For Love alone can turn it all to Good.

VI.

All that, in Nature, by his Act is done
 Is to give Life; and Life is in his Son:

When his Humility, his Meekness finds
Healing Admission, into willing Minds,
All Wrath disperses, like a gath'ring Sore;
Pain is its Cure, and it exists no more.

W E D N E S D A Y.

CHRIST satisfieth the Justice of GOD by fulfilling all
Righteousness.

I.

JUSTICE demandeth Satisfaction—Yes;
And ought to have it where Injustice is:
But—there is none in God—it cannot mean
Demand of Justice where it has full Reign:
To dwell in Man it rightfully demands,
Such as he came from his Creator's Hands

II.

Man had departed from a righteous State,
Which he, at first, must have, if God create:
Tis therefore call'd God's Righteousness; and must
Be satisfy'd by Man's becoming just:
Must exercise good Vengeance upon Men,
'Till it regain its Rights in them again.

III. This

III.

This was the Justice, for which *Christ* became
A Man, to satisfy its righteous Claim;
Became Redeemer of the Human Race,
That Sin, in them, to Justice might give Place:
To satisfy a just, and righteous Will
Is neither more, nor less, than to fulfill:

IV.

It was, in God, the loving Will that fought
The Joy of having Man's Salvation wrought:
Hence, in his Son, so infinitely pleas'd
With Righteousness fulfill'd, and Wrath appeas'd:
Not with mere Suff'ring, which he never wills,
But with mere Love, that triumph'd over Ills.

V.

'Twas tender Mercy——by the Church confess'd,
Before she feeds the sacramental Guest;
Rememb'ring him, who offer'd up his Soul
A Sacrifice for Sin, full, perfect, whole,
Sufficient, satisfactory——and all
That Words (how short of Merit!) can recall.

VI.

And when receiv'd his Body, and his Blood,
The Life enabling to be just, and good,

Off'ring

Off'ring, available thro' him alone,
 Body, and Soul, a Sacrifice her own:
 From Him, from his, so, Justice has its due;
 Itself restor'd,—not any thing in Lieu.

T H U R S D A Y.

CHRIST the Beginner and Finisher of the New Life
 in Man.

I.

DEAD as Men are, in Trespases and Sins,
 Whence is it in them that new Life begins?
 'Tis that, by God's great Mercy, Love, and Grace,
 The Seed of *Christ* is in the Human Race;
 That inward, hidden Man, that can revive,
 And, dead in *Adam*, rise in *Christ* alive.

II.

Life natural, and Life divine possess'd,
 Must needs unite, to make a Creature blest'd:
 The first, a feeling Hunger, and Desire
 Of what it cannot of itself acquire;
 Wherein the second, entering to dwell,
 Makes all an Heav'n, that would be else an Hell.

III. As

III.

As only Light all Darknefs can expell,
 So was his Conquest over Death, and Hell,
 The only possible, effectual Way
 To raise to Life what *Adam's* Sin could flay:
 Death by the falling, by the rising Man
 The Resurrection of the Dead began.

IV.

This Heav'nly Parent of the human Race
 The Steps, that *Adam* fell by, could retrace;
 Could bear the Suffrings requisite to save;
 Could die, a Man, and triumph o'er the Grave:
 This, for our Sakes, incarnate Love could do;
 Great is the Mystery—and greatly true.

V.

Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, and the Choir
 Of holy Virgin Witnesfes, conspire
 To animate a Christian to endure
 Whatever Crofs God gives him, for his Cure:
 Looking to *Jesus*, who has led the way
 From Death to Life, from Darknefs into Day.

VI.

Unmov'd by earthly Good, or earthly Ill,
 The Man *Christ Jesus* wrought God's blessed Will:

Death,

Death, in the Nature of the Thing, that Hour
Wherein he di'd, lost all its deadly Pow'r:
Then, then was open'd, by what he sustain'd,
The Gate of Life, and Paradise regain'd.

F R I D A Y.

How the Sufferings and Death of CHRIST are available
to Man's Salvation.

I.

WITH Hearts deep rooted in Love's holy Ground
Should be ador'd this Mystery profound
Of God's Messiah, suff'ring in our Frame;
The Lamb *Christ Jesus*—blessed be his Name!
Dying, in this Humanity of ours,
To introduce his own Life-giving Pow'rs.

II.

Herein is Love! descending from his Throne,
The Father's Bosom, for our Sakes alone,
What Earth, what Hell, could wrathfully unite
Of Ills, he vanquish'd with enduring Might:
Legions of Angels ready at Command,
Singly he chose to bear, and to withstand.

III. To

III.

To bear, intent upon Mankind's Relief,
 Ev'ry Excess of ev'ry Shame, and Grief;
 Of inward Anguish, past all Thought severe;
 Such as pure Innocence alone could bear:
 Dev'lish Temptation, Treachery, and Rage,
 Naked, for us, did Innocence engage.

IV.

Nail'd to a Cross it suffer'd, and forgave;
 And show'd the Penitent its Pow'r to save:
 It's Majesty confess'd by Nature's Shock;
 Darkness—and Earthquake—and the rent Rock,
 And opening Graves—the Prelude to that Pow'r,
 Which rose in suff'ring Love's momentous Hour.

V.

No other Pow'r could save, but *Jesus* can;
 The living God was in the dying Man:
 Who, perfected by Suff'rings, from the Grave
 Rose in the Fullness of all Pow'r to save:
 With that one blessed Life of God to fill
 The vacant Soul, that yieldeth up its Will.

VI.

To learn is ev'ry pious Christian's Part,
 From his great Master, this most holy Art;

L

This

This our high Calling, Privilege, and Prize,
With Him to suffer, and with Him to rise
To live—to die—meek, patient, and resign'd
To God's good Pleasure, with a Christ-like Mind.

S A T U R D A Y.

How CHRIST by his Death overcame Death.

I.

JESUS is crucifi'd—the previous Scene
Of our Salvation, and his glorious Reign:
Mysterious Process! tho', by Nature's Laws,
Such an Effect demanded such a Cause:
For none but He could form the grand Design,
And raise, anew, the human Life divine.

II.

No less a Mystery can claim Belief,
Than what belongs to our redeeming Chief:
Divine, and supernatural indeed
The Love that mov'd the Son of God to bleed;
But what he was, and did, in each Respect,
Was real Cause producing its Effect.

III. Children

III.

Children of *Adam* needs must share his Fall;
 Children of *Christ* can re-inherit All:
 This was the one, and therefore chosen Way,
 For Love to manifest its full Display:
 Absurd the Thought of arbitrary Plans;
 Nature's one, true Religion this — and Man's.

IV.

All that we know of God, and Nature too,
 Proves the Salvation of the Gospel true;
 Where all unites in one consistent Whole,
 The Life of God renew'd within the Soul:
 Renew'd by *Christ* — He only could restore
 The Heav'n in Man to what it was before:

V.

Could raise God's Image, clos'd in Death by Sin,
 And raise Himself, the Light of Life, therein:
 The one same Light that makes angelic Bliss;
 That spreads an Heav'n thro' Nature's whole Abyss:
 The Light of Nature, and the Light of Men,
 That gives the Dead his Pow'r to live again.

VI.

The Way, the Truth, the Life — whatever Terms
 Prefer'd, 'tis Him that ev'ry Good affirms;

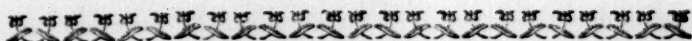
The one true Saviour; all is Dung and Dross,
 In saving Sense, but *Jesus* and his Cross:
 All Nature speaks; all Scripture answers thus——
Salvation is the Life of CHRIST in us.



E A S T E R C O L L E C T.

ALMIGHTY GOD! whose blessed Will was done
 By Jesus Christ, our Lord, thine only Son;
 Death overcome, and open'd unto Men
 The Gate of everlasting Life again;
 Grant us, baptiz'd into his Death, to die
 To all Affections, but to Things on high;
 That when, by thy preventing Grace, we find
 The good Desires to rise within our Mind,
 Our Wills may tend as thine shall still direct,
 And bring the good Desires to good Effect;
 Thro' Him, the one Redeemer from the Fall,
 Who liv'd and di'd, and rose again for all.





E A S T E R D A Y.

I.

THE Morning dawns; the third approaching Day
Can only show the Place where *Jesus* lay:
Angels descend——Remember what he said——
He is not here, but risen from the dead;
Betray'd into the Hands of sinful Men,
The Son of Man must die, and rise again.

II.

So sang the Prophets, ever since the Fall;
Of Rites ordain'd the Meaning this, thro' all:
This, by the various Sacrifice of old,
Memorial Type, and Shadow, was foretold:
Even false Worship, careless what it meant,
Gave to this Truth an ignorant Consent.

III.

Christ is the Sum, and Substance of the whole
That God has done, or said, to save a Soul:
To raise himself a Church; when that is done,
The World becomes the Kingdom of his Son:
An Heav'n restor'd to the redeem'd, the born
Of him, who rose on this auspicious Morn.

He

IV.

He that was dead, in order to restore,
Behold! he is alive for evermore:
An heav'nly *Adam*, full impow'rd to give
The Life, that Men were first design'd to live:
Fountain of Life, come whosoever will
To quench his Thirst, and freely take his Fill.

V.

Mankind, in Him, are Life's predestin'd Heirs;
His rising Glories the First-fruits of theirs:
Hearts, that renounce the Slavery to Sin,
Feel of his Pow'r the living Warmth within:
Of strength'ning Faith, of joyous Hope possest,
And Heav'n-producing Love, within the Breast.

VI.

The Breast—the Temple of the Holy Ghost,
When once enliven'd by this heav'nly Host:
His Resurrection, the sure Proof of ours,
Will there exert his Death-destroying Pow'rs;
'Till all his Sons shall meet before his Throne
In glorious Bodies, fashion'd like his own.



A N
H Y M N
F O R
E A S T E R D A Y.

I.

THE LORD *is risen!* He who came
To suffer Death, and conquer too,
Is *risen*; let our Song proclaim
The Praise to Man's REDEEMER due:

To Him whom GOD, in *tender LOVE*,
Always, alike, to bless inclin'd,
Sent to redeem us, from above;
To *save*, to *sanctify* Mankind.

C H O R U S.

WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praise,
HE who di'd, and rose again;
Lamb of GOD, and slain to raise
MAN, to Life redeem'd—AMEN.

II. That

(80)

II.

That Life which *Adam* ceas'd to live,
When to this World he turn'd his Heart,
And to his Children could not give,
The SECOND ADAM *can* impart.

We, on our *earthly* Parent's Side,
Could but receive a Life of Earth;
The LORD from HEAVEN, He liv'd, and died,
And rose to give us *Heav'nly* Birth.

CHO. *WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praise, &c.*

III.

This mortal Life, this living Death,
Shews that in *Adam* we all die;
In CHRIST we have immortal Breath,
And Life's *unperishing* Supply:

HE took our Nature, and sustain'd
The *Mis'ries* of it's sinful State;
Sinless HIMSELF, for Us regain'd
To Paradise an Open Gate.

CHO. *WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praise, &c.*

IV. As

(81)

IV.

As *Adam* rais'd a Life of Sin,
So CHRIST, the Serpent-bruising Seed,
By GOD's Appointment could begin
The Birth, in Us, of LIFE *indeed*:

He did begin; Parental Head,
As *Adam* fell, so JESUS stood;
Fulfill'd all Righteousness, and said
'Tis FINISH'D!—on the sacred Wood.

CHO. *WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praise, &c.*

V.

Finish'd *his* Work, to quench the Wrath,
That SIN had brought on *Adam's* Race;
To pave the *sole*, and certain Path
From *Nature's* Life, to that of *Grace*:

For Joy of *this*, GOD's only SON
Endur'd the *Cross*, despis'd the *Shame*,
And gave the Victory, *so* won,
For *imitating* LOVE to claim.

CHO. *Worthy of all Pow'r and Praise, &c.*

M

VI. To

VI.

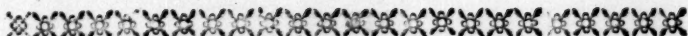
To tread the Path that JESUS trod,
Aided by him, be our Employ;
To *die* to Sin, and *live* to GOD,
And yield him the fair purchas'd Joy:

To all the Laws that LOVE has made
Stedfast, unshaken to attend;
He died, He rose, *Himself* our Aid,
Lo! I am with you to the End.

C H O R U S.

WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praise,
HE who died and rose again;
Lamb of GOD, and slain to raise
MAN, to Life redeem'd—AMEN.





On WHITSUNDAY.

I.

JESUS, ascended into Heav'n again,
Bestow'd this won'drous Gift upon good Men,
That various Nations, by his Spirit led,
All understood what Galileans said:
He gave the Word, who form'd the list'ning Ear,
And Truth became in ev'ry Language clear.

II.

One Country's Tongue, to his Apostles known,
To ev'ry pious Soul became its own:
The well dispos'd, from all the World around,
With holy Wonder, heard the Gospel Sound;
Their Hearts prepar'd to hear it—God's Command
No Obstacle in Nature could withstand.

III.

Nature itself, if ev'ry Heart was right,
All jarring Languages would soon unite:
Her's is but one, intelligible Guide;
But Tongues are numberless where Hearts divide:
The Babel Projects bring them to their Birth,
And scatter Discord o'er the Face of Earth.

M 2.

IV. The

IV.

The Prince of Peace now sending, from above,
His Holy Spirit of uniting Love,
By its miraculous Effusion, show'd
How great a Pow'r he promis'd, and bestow'd;
Pow'r to reverse Confusion, and impart
One living Word to ev'ry honest Heart.

V.

Deaf to its Influence the Wicked stood,
And mock'd the just Amazement of the Good;
For want of Sense, ascribing to new Wine
Their joint Acknowledgments of Grace divine:
The World's devout Epitome was taught,
And hid from Pride the Miracle, when wrought.

VI.

Known to the Meek, but from the Worldly Wife,
From Scoffers hid, the wonderful Supplies
Of God's good Spirit, now as near to Men,
Whose Hearts are open to the Truth, as then:
Blest, in all Climates, all Conditions, they
Who hear this inward Teacher, and obey.



On TRINITY SUNDAY.

CO-EQUAL *Trinity* was always taught
By the Divines most fam'd for pious Thought:
The Men of Learning fill'd, indeed, the Page
With dissonant Disputes, from Age to Age;
But with themselves, so far as one can read,
About their Schemes are not at all agreed;
When they oppos'd, by Reason, or by Wrath,
This grand Foundation of the Christian Faith.

For what more fundamental Point, or grand,
Than our ascending Saviour's own Command?
"Go and baptize all Nations in the Name"——
Of Whom, or What? (For thence the surest Aim
Of Christian Doctrine must appear the most)
——The Name of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST——
Our Lord's Interpretation here we see,
Of——"Thou shalt have no other Gods but Me"——

For can the Phrase, so highly sacred, show
The Name of God to be omitted? No;
By its essential Trinity express'd,
It show'd what Faith *Christ* will'd to be profess'd:
One God the *Jews* had own'd; and one Supreme,
With others lower, was the *Pagan* Theme;
How One was true, and how Supreme prophan'd,
Our Lord's *baptismal* Ordinance explain'd.

The

The one Divinity of Father, Son,
 And Spirit, teaches Christian Thought to shun
 Both *pagan*, and *rabbinical* Mistake,
 And understand what holy Prophets spake;
 Or in the ancient Writings, or the new,
 To which this Doctrine is the sacred Clue;
 That so conducts us to the saving Plan
 Of true Religion, as no other can.

For, were the Son's Divinity deni'd,
 The Father's must, of course, be set aside;
 Or be a dark one—How can it be bright,
 But by its own eternal, inborn Light?
 The Glory of the Father is the Son,
 Of all his Powers begotten, or begun,
 From all Eternity; take Son away,
 And what the Father can delight in, say.

The Love, paternally divine, implies
 Its proper Object, whence it must arise,
 That is, the Son; and so the filial too
 Implies paternal Origin in View;
 And hence the third distinctly glorious Tie
 Of Love, which both are animated by:
 All is one God, but He contains divine,
 Living Relations, evidently *Trine*.

So far from hurting *Unity*, that hence
 The Fullness rises of its perfect Sense;

And

And ev'ry barren, spiritless Dispute,
 Against its Truth, is pluck'd up by the Root:
 The Faith is solid to repose upon,
 Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;
 By whom Mankind, of threefold Life possess'd,
 Can live, and move, and have its Being blest.

Not by *Three* Gods; or One supremely great,
 With two *Inferiors*; or the wild Conceit,
 God, *Michael, Gabriel*; or aught else, devis'd
 For Christians, in no *Creature's* Name baptiz'd;
 But of the whole inseparable THREE,
 Whose fertile Oneness causes all to be;
 And makes an Heav'n thro' Nature's whole Abyss,
 By its Paternal, Filial, Spirit Bliss.



On the S A M E.

I.

ONE God the Father——certainly this Term
 Does not a barren Deity affirm;
 Without the Son; without the native Light,
 By which its fiery Majesty is bright;
 Without the Spirit of the Fire, and Flame
 Of Life divine, eternally the same.

II. More

II.

More One——than any Thing beside can be,
Because of its inseparable Three;
Which Nothing can diminish, or divide,
Tho' it should break all Unity beside;
For This, as self-begetting, self-begot,
And to itself proceeding, it can not.

III.

This total Oneness of its threefold Bliss,
Life, Light, and Joy of Nature's vast Abyss,
No Tongue so well can utter, but the Mind,
That seeks for somewhat to object, may find;
No End of Questions, if we must contest
A Truth, by Saints, of ev'ry Age, exprest.

IV.

The Church did always, always will, agree
In its one Worship of the Holy Three;
As taught, by *Christ*, that Unity divine
Was full and perfect, that is, Unitrine:
He said,——*Baptize all Nations, and proclaim
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The Name.*

V.

The Holy! Holy! Holy! of the Host
Of Heav'n is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;

Not

Not Holy——Holier——and Holiest——
But one, triune, same Holiness confess;
One God, one Loving, and Beloved, Love;
On Earth below ador'd, in Heav'n above.

VI.

One living Fullness of all perfect Good;
Its own essential Fountain, Stream, and Flood:
And when, according to the Christian Creed,
Men worship God in Spirit, Word, and Deed;
Faith, Hope, and Love's Triunity of Grace,
Will find, in their true, single Heart, a Place.



A

CAUTION against DESPAIR.

DESPAIR is a cowardly Thing,
And the Spirit suggesting it bad;
In spite of my Sins I will sing,
That Mercy is still to be had.

For he that has shown it so far,
As to give me a sensible Heart,
How heinous soever they are,
Delights in the merciful Part.

N

By

By Affliction, so heavy to bear,
 He searches the Wound He would cure;
 'Tis his, to be kindly severe,
 'Tis mine, by his Grace to endure.

O! comfort thyself in his Love,
 Poor sinful and sorrowful Soul,
 Who came, and still comes, from above,
 To the Sick, that would fain be made whole.

Who said, and continues to say,
 In the Deep of a penitent Breast,
 Come Sinner, to me come away,
 I'll meet thee, and bring thee to Rest.

A Refusal to come is absurd;
 I'll put myself under his Care;
 I'll believe his infallible Word,
 And never, no never despair.



A Penitential SOLILOQUY.

WHAT! tho' no Objects strike upon the Sight!
 Thy sacred Presence is an *inward* Light!
 What! tho' no Sounds should penetrate the Ear!
 To list'ning Thought the Voice of Truth is clear!
 Sincere Devotion needs no outward Shrine;
 The Center of an *unble* Soul is thine!

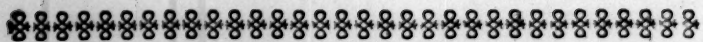
There

There may I worship! and there may'st thou place
 Thy Seat of Mercy, and thy Throne of Grace!
 Yea fix, if CHRIST my Advocate appear,
 The dread Tribunal of thy Justice there:
 Let each vain Thought, let each impure Desire
 Meet, in thy Wrath, with a *consuming* Fire.

Whilst the kind Rigours of a righteous Doom
 All deadly Filth of *selfish Pride* consume,
 Thou, Lord! can'st raise, tho' punishing for Sin,
 The Joys of peaceful Penitence within:
 Thy Justice and thy Mercy both are sweet,
 That make our *Suff'rings* and *Salvation* meet.

Befall me, then, whatever God shall please!
 His Wounds are healing, and his Grievs give Ease:
 He, like a true Physician of the Soul,
 Applies the Medicine that may make it whole:
 I'll do, I'll *suffer* whatsoe'er he wills;
 I see his Aim thro' all these transient Ills.

'Tis to infuse a *salutary* Grief,
 To fit the Mind for *absolute* Relief:
 That purg'd from ev'ry *false* and finite Love,
 Dead to the World, alive to Things above,
 The Soul may rise, as in its *first* form'd Youth,
 And worship God in *Spirit* and in *Truth*.



An Encouragement to earnest and importunate PRAYER.

Luke 18, 1. *And he spake a Parable unto them, to this End, that Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.*

A Blessed Truth for Parable to paint,
That Men should always pray, and never faint!
Just the Reverse of this would Satan say,
That Men should always faint, and never pray:
He wants to drive poor Sinners to Despair;
And Christ to save them by prevailing Pray'r.

The Judge, who feared neither God nor Man,
Despis'd the Widow when she first began
Her just Request; but she, continuing on
The same Petition, wearied him anon;
He could not bear to hear her praying still,
And did her Justice, tho' against his Will.

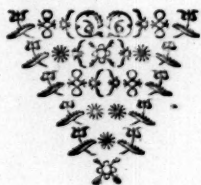
Can Perseverance force a Man, unjust,
To execute, however loth, his Trust?
And will not God, whose fatherly Delight
Is to save Souls, so precious in his Sight,
Hear his own Offspring's persevering Call,
And give the Blessing which He has for all?

Yes,

Yes, to be sure, He will; the lying No
Is a downright Temptation of the Foe;
Who first emboldens Sinners to presume,
As if a righteous Judgment had no Room;
And, having led them into grievous Faults,
With the Despair of Mercy, then, assaults.

Dear Soul, if thou hast listen'd to the Lies
Which, at the first, the Tempter would devise,
Let him not cheat thee with a second Snare,
And drag thee into Darknefs, by Despair;
Pray, against all his Wiles, for God will hear,
And will avenge Thee of him, never fear.

He gives the Grace to sorrow for thy Sin,
The Sign of kindling Penitence within;
Let not the Smoke disturb thee, for, no doubt,
The Light and Flame will follow, and break out;
And Love arise to overcome Restraint,
That Thou may'st always pray, and never faint.





A SOLILOQUY,

On reading the 5th and 8th Verses of the 37th Psalm.

*Leave off from Wrath, and let go Displeasure: Fret not thyself,
else shalt thou be moved to do Evil. V. 8.*

IN^d Psalm, this Evening order'd to be read,
 Fret not thyself—the Royal Psalmist said.
His Reason why, succeeding Words instill;
Or else, says he, 'twill *move thee to do ill*.
Now tho' I know that Fretting does no Good,
Its evil Movement have I understood?

Move to do Evil! then, dear Soul of mine
Stir it not up, if that be its Design:
Its being vain is Cause enough to shun;
But if indulg'd some Evil must be done:
And thou, according to the holy King,
Must be the Doer of this evil Thing.

Men use thee ill—that Fault is theirs alone;
But if thou use thyself ill, that's thy own:
Meekness and Patience is much better Treasure;
Then *leave off Wrath, and let go all Displeasure*:
Tho' thou art ever so ill treated—yet—
Remember *David*; and forbear to fret.

Commit

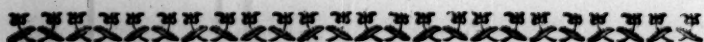
*Commit thy Way unto the Lord, and put thy Trust in Him,
and He will bring it to pass. V. 5.*

*Commit thy Way unto the Lord—*Resign
Thyself intirely to the Will divine:
All real Good, all Remedy for Ill,
Lies in conforming to His blessed Will:
By all Advice that holy Books record,
Thou must *commit thy Way unto the Lord.*

*And put thy Trust in Him—*all other Trust,
Plac'd out of Him, is foolish and unjust:
His loving Kindness is the only Ground,
Where solid Peace and Comfort can be found:
What other Prospects either sink, or swim,
Do thou stand Firm, and *put thy Trust in Him.*

*And He will bring thy Way to pass—*the whole
Of all that thou canst wish for to thy Soul:
He wills to give it, and thy seeking Mind,
By Faith and Patience, cannot fail to find:
To Him, whatever good Desire it has,
Commit, and trust, and He will bring to pass.





An E P I S T L E

From the Author to his Sister, with the foregoing
Soliloquy inclosed.

Dear Sister,

 If Soliloquy conduce,
(Meant, as the Name declares, for private Use)
To your Contentment—if such Kind of Fruit
Pleases your Taste, you're very welcome to't:
Tho' pluck'd, onè Day in April, from the Ground,
It keeps, in Pickle, all the Seasons round.

'Tis Summer now, and Autumn comes anon;
Winter succeeds, and Spring when that is gone;
But be it Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
To nurture Fretting is a simple Thing:
A Weed so useless, to the Use of Reason,
Can, absolutely, never be in Season.

Without much Nurfing, that the Weed will grow,
I wish I had some Reason less to know;
Some less to see, how Folly, when it grew
In my own Ground, could cultivate it too;
Could hedge it round, and cherish, and suppose
That, being mine, the Thistle was a Rose.

You know the Saying, of I know not whom,
“ *Little Misfortunes serve 'till greater comes;*”

And

And Saying, somewhere met with, I recall,
" That 'tis the greatest to have none at all :"
 Rare Case perhaps; they reach, we often see,
 All Sorts of Persons, Him, Her, You, or Me.

This being then, Experience says, the Case,
 What Kind of Conduct must a Man embrace?
 My 'Pothecary, as you think, replies——
 Pray take 'em quietly, if you be wise;
 Bitter they are, 'tis true, to Flesh and Blood;
 But if they were not——they would do no Good.

One Time, when 'Pothecary Patience found
 That his Persuasion got but little Ground,
 He call'd in Doctor Gratitude, to try
 If his Advice could make me to comply;
 I recommended Patience, Sir, said he,
 Pray will you speak, for he regards not me.

Patience! a Custard Lid——said Dr. Grat,
 His Case wants, plainly, something more than that;
 'Tis a good Recipe——but Cure is longer
 Than it should be; we must have something stronger:
 A creeping Pulse!——bare Patience will not do——
 To get him Strength, he must be thankful too.

He must consider——and so on he went,
 To show Thanksgiving's marvellous Extent;
 And what a true *Catholicon* it was;
 And what great Cures it had but brought to pass;

O

And

And how best Fortunes, wanting it, were curst;
And how it turn'd to good the very worst.

O what a deal he said!—and in the Light,
Wherein he plac'd it, all was really right:
But like good Doctrine, of some good Divine,
Which, while 'tis preach'd, is admirably fine,
When Doctor Gratitude had left the Spot,
All that he said was charming—and forgot.

Your Doctor's Potion, Patience, and the Bark,
May hit both mental, and material Mark;
One serves to keep the Ague from the Mind,
As t'other does, from its corporeal Rind:
There is, methinks, in their respective Growth,
A fair Analogy betwixt 'em both.

For what the Bark is to the growing Tree,
To human Mind, that, Patience seems to be;
They hold the Principles of Growth together,
And blunt the Force of Accident, and Weather:
Bar'd of its Bark, a Tree, we may compute,
Will not remain much longer on its Root.

And Mind in Mortals, that are wisely will'd,
Will hardly bear to have its Patience peel'd:
Nothing, in fine, contributes more to Living,
Phyfic, or Food, than Patience and Thanksgiving;
Patience defends us from all outward Hap;
Of inward Life Thanksgiving is the Sap.

VERSES

VERSES written under a PRINT,

REPRESENTING

The Salutation of the B. VIRGIN.

SEE represented here, in Light and Shade,
The Angels Visit to the blessed Maid;
To *Mary*, destin'd, when the Time should come,
To bear the *Saviour* in her virgin womb;
Explaining to her the mysterious Plan
Of Man's Redemption—*his becoming Man*.

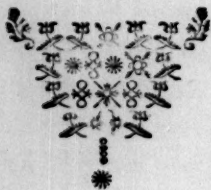
When ev'ry previous Wonder had been done,
The Virgin then was to conceive a Son;
And, to prepare her for the grand Event,
From God his Father *Gabriel* was sent,
To hail the chosen Organ of his Birth
Of *God with us*,—of *JESUS* upon Earth.

Unable to express celestial Things
Imagination adds expanded Wings
To human Form exact, and beauteous Face;
Which Angels have, but with angelic Grace,
Free from all Grossness and Defect; nor seen
But with a pure chaste Eye, divinely keen.

Such *Mary's* was, whose Posture here design'd
The most profound Humility of Mind;
Modestly asking how the Thing could be;
And saying, when inform'd of God's Decree,
Behold the Handmaid of the Lord! his Will
Let him, according to thy Word, fulfill.

What fair Instruction may the Scene impart
To them, who look beyond the Painter's Art!
Who, in th' angelic Message from above,
See the Revealing of God's gracious Love
To ev'ry Soul, that yields itself to all
That pleases Him, whatever may befall!

Whatever Circumstance of heav'nly Grace
Might be peculiar to the Virgin's Case,
That holy Thing, that saves a Soul from Sin,
Of God's good Spirit must be born *within*:
For all *Salvation* is, upon the whole,
The Birth of JESUS in the human Soul.



DITTO, under a PRINT

REPRESENTING

CHRIST in the Midst of the DOCTORS.

ENGAG'D, amidst the Doctors here, behold,
In deep Discourse, a Child of twelve Years old;
Who show'd, whatever Question they prefer'd,
A Wisdom that astonish'd all who heard,
And found, in asking, or in answ'ring Youth,
Of Age so tender, such a Force of Truth.

Observe his mild, but penetrating Look;
Those bearded Sages poring o'er their Book:
That meek old Priest, with placid Face of Joy;
That pharisaic Frowner at the Boy:
That pensive Rabbi, seeming at a Stand;
That serious Matron, lifting up her Hand.

A Group of Heads, as painting Fancy taught,
Hints at the various Attitude of Thought
In diff'rent Hearers, all intent upon
The wond'rous Graces that in Jesus shon:
Each Aspect witnessing the same Surprise,
From whence his Understanding should arise.

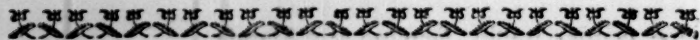
We know, at present, what the learned Jew,
Disputing in the Temple, little knew;

That

That, thro' this Child, in every Answer made,
 God's own eternal Wisdom was display'd;
 That their Messiah, then, the Truths instill'd
 Which, grown to Man, He perfectly fulfill'd.

We know that his corporeal Presence then
 On Earth, as Man, was requisite for Men;
 That, by his Spirit, He is present still,
 And always was, to Men of upright Will:
 To saving Truth, whatever Doctors say,
 His inward Guidance must assure the Way.

Whether his Actions therefore be pourtray'd
 In printed Letter, or in figur'd Shade,
 The Books, the Pictures, that we read, or see,
 Should raise Reflection, in some due Degree;
 And serve as Memorandums, to recall
 The Teacher Jesus, in the Midst of All.



PASCAL's Character of Himself.

I Love and honour a poor humble State,
 Because my Saviour *Jesus Christ* was poor;
 And Riches too, that help us to abate
 The Miseries, which other Men endure.

I render back no Injuries again;
 Because I wish the Doer's Case like mine;

In

In which, nor Good, nor Evil, as from Men
Is minded much, but from an Hand divine.

I aim, sincerely, to be just and true;
For my good Will to all Mankind extends:
A Tendernefs of Heart, I think, is due,
Where stricter Ties unite me to my Friends.

Whether in Conversation, or alone,
Still to my Mind God's Prefence I recall:
My Actions wait the Judgment of his Throne,
And 'tis to Him I confécrate them all.

These are my Thoughts, and briefly thus display'd;
I thank my Saviour for them ev'ry Day;
Who, of a poor, weak, sinful Man, has made
A Man exempt from Vice's evil Sway.

Such is the Force of his inspiring Grace!
For all my Good to that alone I owe;
Since, if my own corrupted Self I trace,
I'm Nothing else but Misery and Woe.



ARMELLE NICHOLAS's Account of Herself.

From the F R E N C H.

TO the God of my Love, in the Morning, said she,
Like a Child to its Parent, when waking I flee;
With a Longing to serve him, and please him, I rise,
And before him kneel down, as if seen by these Eyes:
I resign up myself to his absolute Will,
Which I beg that in me he would always fulfill;
That the Pray'rs of the Day, by whomever prefer'd,
For the Good of each Soul, may be also thus heard.

If, oblig'd to attend on some household Affair,
I have scarce so much Time as to say the Lord's Pray'r,
This gives me no Trouble: my dutiful Part
Is Obedience to Him, whom I have at my Heart,
As well at my Work, as retiring to pray,
And his Love does not suffer in mine a Decay;
He has taught me Himself, that a Work, which I do
For his Sake, is a Pray'r very real and true.

I dress in his Presence, and learn to confess
That his provident Kindness supplies me with Dress:
In the midst of all outward Employment I find
A Conversing with him of an intimate Kind:
How sweet is the Labour! his loving Regard
So supporting ones Mind, that it thinks nothing hard;
While

While the Limbs are at Work, in the seeking to please
So belov'd a Companion, the Mind is at Ease.

In his Presence I eat and I drink; and reflect
How Food, of his Gift, is the growing Effect;
How his Love to my Soul is so great, and so good,
Just as if it were fed with his own Flesh and Blood:
What a Virtue this Feeder, his Meat, and his Drink
Has to kindle one's Heart, I must leave you to think;
He alone can express it, no Language of mine,
Were my Life spent in speaking, could ever define.

When perhaps by hard Usage, or Weariness prest,
I myself am too apt to be fretful at best,
Love shows me, forthwith, how I ought to take Heed
Not to nurse the least Anger, by Word or by Deed;
And He sets such a Watch at the Door of my Lips,
That of hasty cross Words there is nothing that slips;
Such irregular Passions, as seek to surprise,
Are crush'd, and are conquer'd, as soon as they rise.

Or, if e'er I give Place to an Humour so bad,
My Mind has no Rest 'till Forgiveness be had;
I confess all my Faults, as if He had not known,
And my Peace is renew'd, by a Goodness his own;
In a Manner so free, as if, after my Sin,
More strongly confirm'd than before it had been:
By a Mercy so tender my Heart is reclaim'd,
And the more to love Him by its failing inflam'd.

P

Sometimes

Sometimes I perceive that he hideth his Face,
 And I seem like a Person depriv'd of all Grace;
 Then I say——'Tis no Matter, altho' thou conceal
 Thyself as thou pleasest, I'll keep to my Zeal;
 I'll love Thee, and serve Thee, however this Rod
 May be sent to chastise, for I know Thou art God;
 And with more Circumspection I stand upon Guard,
 'Till of such a great Blessing no longer debar'd.

But a Suff'ring, so deep, having taught me to try
 What I am in my Selfhood, I learn to rely
 More firmly on Him, who was pleas'd to endure
 The severest Extremes, to make way for our Cure:
 To conform to his Pattern, as Love shall see fit,
 My Faith in the *Saviour* resolves to submit;
 For no more than my Self (if the Word may go free)
 Can I live without Him, can He help loving me.

Well assur'd of his Goodness, I pass the whole Day,
 And my Work, hard or easy, is felt as a Play;
 I am thankful in Feelings, but, Pleasure or Smart,
 It is rather Himself that I love in my Heart.
 When they urge me to Mirth, I think, O! were it known
 How I meet the best Company when I'm alone!
 To my dear Fellow-creatures what ties me each Hour
 Is the Love of my God, to the best of my Pow'r.

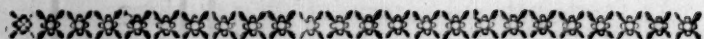
At the Hour of the Night, when I go to my Rest,
 I repose on his Love, like a Child at the Breast;

And

And a sweet, peaceful Silence invites me to keep
 Contemplating Him, to my dropping asleep:
 Many Times a good Thought, by its gentle Delight,
 Has with-held me from Sleep, a good Part of the Night,
 In adoring his Love, that continues to share
 To a poor, wretched Creature, so special a Care.

This——after my Heart was converted at last,
 Is the Life I have led for these twenty Years past:
 My Love has not chang'd, and my innermost Peace,
 Tho' it ever seem'd full, has gone on to increase:
 'Tis an infinite Love that has fill'd me, and fed
 My still rising Hunger to eat of its Bread;
 So satisfi'd still, as if such an Excess .
 Could have Nothing more added, than what I possess.





R E F L E C T I O N S

On the foregoing ACCOUNT.

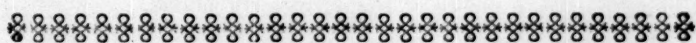
HOW full a Proof of Heav'ns *all-present* Aid
Was good *Armelle*, a simple Servant Maid!
A poor *French* Girl, by Parentage and Birth
Of low, and mean Condition upon Earth;
By Education ignorant indeed,
She, all her Life, could neither write nor read.

But she had *that* which all the Force of Art
Could neither give, nor take away—an *Heart*;
An honest, humble, well disposed Will,
The true Capacity for higher Skill
Than what the World, with all its learned Din,
Could teach—she learn'd her Lesson from *within*;
Plain, single Lesson of essential Kind,
The *Love* of God's *pure Presence* in her Mind.
Her artless, innocent, attentive Thought
Was at the *Source* of all *true* Knowledge taught;
There she could read the Characters impress'd
Upon the Mind of ev'ry human Breast;
The native Laws prescrib'd to ev'ry Soul;
And *Love*, the one Fulfiller of the Whole.

This *holy Love* to know, and practice well,
Became the sole Endeavour of *Armelle*:

Of

Of outward Things, the Management and Rule,
She wisely took from this *internal* School:
In ev'ry Work well done by *such* a Hand,
The Work was *severe*, but the Thing was *grand*.
There was a Dignity in all she did,
Tho' from the World by meaner Labours hid;
If mean *below*, not so esteem'd *above*,
Where all the *Grand* of Labour is the *Love*:
In vain to boast Magnificence of Scene;
It is all *Meanness*, if the *Love* be *mean*.



St. CECILIA's HYMN.

O! Born of a Virgin, most lowly and meek,
Thou sent of thy Father lost Creatures to seek,
Vouchsafe, in the Manner that pleaseth thee best,
To kindle thy Love, in my virginal Breast;
Let the Words of my Mouth, and the Thoughts of my
Heart,
Obey the sweet Force, which thy Grace shall impart;
Whilst Angels assist me to offer my Vows
To the God of my Life, my Redeemer and Spouse.

My Life, I esteem, O Creator divine,
As a loving Impression out-flowing from thine;
As an act of thy Bounty, that gives us a Part
Of the Light, Love and Glory, which thou thyself art:
May

May I always as little thy Pleasure oppose,
 As the pure simple Nature from whence I arose;
 And by thee, and for thee, created, fulfill
 In Thought, Word and Deed, thy adorable Will.

By this blessed Will, howsoever made known,
 With a dutiful Joy will I govern my own;
 And, deaf to all tempting Inchantments of Sin,
 I will hearken to Thee, my Redeemer within;
 Thy Words will I ponder by Night, and by Day,
 And the Light of thy Gospel shall mark out my Way:
 'Till at length I arrive at the Honour I claim,
 To live like a Virgin, baptiz'd in thy Name.



A

LETTER to a LADY,

OCCASIONED

By her desiring the Author to revise and
 polish the Poems of Bishop KEN.

YOUR Book again with Thanks——of worthy Men
 One of the worthiest was Bishop *Ken*.
 Without Offence to Authors, far above
 Ten Men of Learning is one Man of Love:
 How many Bishops, and Divines renown'd,
 Time after Time, the Catechism expound!

And

(III)

And which, of all, so help it to impart
Th' essential Doctrine, Purity of Heart?

His Choice of Poetry, when civil Rage
O'erturn'd a Throne, the last revolving Age;
When Churches felt, as well as States, the Shock
That drove the pious Pastor from his Flock;
His Choice of Subjects, not of Party kind,
But simply fit for ev'ry Christian Mind,
Are Proofs of gen'rous Virtue, and sublime,
And high Encomiums on the Force of Rhime.

His Rhimes, if those of *Dryden*, or of *Pope*,
Excel on Subjects of a diff'rent Scope,
It is because they only chose the Mold
Where Ore shone brightest, whether Lead, or Gold:
He, less concern'd for superficial Glare,
Made Weight, and Worth, his more especial Care,
They took the Tinsel of the fabl'd Nine,
He the substantial Metal from the Mine.

His Phrase (sometimes same Sentence may be past
On theirs) might have more artificial Cast;
But, in the main, his Pieces, as they stand,
Could scarce be alter'd by a second Hand:
Patchwork Improvements, in the modern Stile,
Bestow'd upon some venerable Pile,
Do but deface it—Poems to revise
That *Ken* has writ—another *Ken* must rise.

The

The Dedication, where the Case is shown
 Of a Greek Saint, of old, so like his own;
 The Preface, Introduction, and the View
 To *Jesus*——Point which all his Works pursue——
 Arise to Mind, and tempt to try the Case
 Of representing the imperfect Trace;
 To make, as Memory can best recall
 It's leading Thoughts, one Preface out of all.

Imagine then the good old Man reclin'd
 On Couch, or Chair, and musing in his Mind,
 How to adjust the Prefatory Hint,
 To all the Lines that he gave Leave to print;
 Thinking on *Gregory*, whose former Fate
 Bore such Resemblance to his own of late;
 Thinking on *Jesus*, and oppress'd with Pain,
 Inditing thus th' apologizing Strain.

“ In all my Pains I court the sacred Muse,
 “ Verse is the only Laudanum I use;
 “ Verse, and the Name of *Jesus*, in the Line,
 “ The Christian's universal Anodyne;
 “ To hymn his saving Love to all Mankind
 “ Softens my Grief, and recreates my Mind;
 “ Thy Glory, *Jesu*, while my Songs intend,
 “ May thy good Spirit bless them to that End!

“ Like destin'd *Jonah* cast into the Deep,
 “ To save the Vessel from the stormy Sweep,

“ And

“ And, wafted providentially to Shore,
“ I risk the boist’rous Element no more;
“ But whilst alone I tread the distant Strand,
“ Safe o’er the Waves that all may come to Land,
“ Whom once I call’d Companions on the Sea,
“ I pray to *Jesus*, whom the Winds obey.

“ Thus *Nazianzen Gregory*, of old,
“ Whom Faction drove from his beloved Fold,
“ Could will a *Jonah*’s Lot, to be cast o’er,
“ If his Dismission might the Calm restore.
“ However short of this illustrious Saint,
“ Yet I can find, from Virtues that I want,
“ A Cause to pray that reigning Feuds may cease,
“ To hope in *Jesus* for a calming Peace.

“ The Saint, expell’d by a tumultuous Rage,
“ Chear’d with diviner Songs his drooping Age;
“ With Will resign’d, in his retir’d Abode,
“ On Christian Themes compos’d the various Ode:
“ Thus, to my Closet prompted to retire,
“ Nothing on this Side Heav’n do I require;
“ Employ’d in Hymns, tho’ with unequal Skill,
“ To consecrate to *Jesus* all my Will.

“ With Pain and Sicknefs, when the Saint was griev’d,
“ His anxious Mind a sacred Song reliev’d;
“ Oft, when oppress’d, the Subject which he sang,
“ Mix’d with Devotion, sweeten’d ev’ry Pang;

Q

“ So,

“ So, being banish'd by unruly Heat,
“ With Hymns I seek to solace my Retreat;
“ Be my Confinement ever so extreme,
“ The Love of *Jesus* is a special Theme.

“ When the Apostate *Julian* decreed
“ That Pagan Poets Christians should not read,
“ The Saint, who knew the subtle Edict's Cause,
“ Made Verse to triumph o'er the Tyrant's Laws:
“ May I, while Poetry is unrestrain'd,
“ Tho' more in these, than pagan Times, profan'd,
“ Show, that what real Charms it has belong
“ To *Jesus*, Founder of the Christian Song.

“ When *Gregory* was forc'd to leave his Flock,
“ He chose in Verse the Gospel to unlock;
“ That flowing Numbers might th' Attention gain,
“ So long forbidden to his preaching Strain:
“ My Care for them, whom I was forc'd to leave,
“ Taught, and untaught, what Doctrine to receive,
“ Would hint in Rhimes, to all whom they shall reach,
“ What *Jesus* only, in themselves, can teach.

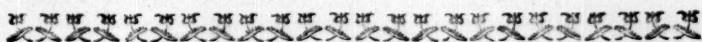
“ For sake of Peace did *Gregory* withdraw,
“ And wish'd more Leaders to observe that Law;
“ By which Resigners of Dominion, here,
“ Purchase much greater in the heav'nly Sphere:
“ In Hopes of Peace, more joyfully I shook
“ Preferment off, than e'er I undertook;

“ For

“ For all the Flock, and banish’d Head beside,
“ My Comfort is that *Jesus* can provide.

“ When worldly Politics, and Lust of Rule,
“ Prevail’d against him in a Christian School,
“ The Saint retir’d, and labour’d to disperse
“ Ungrateful Discord by harmonious Verse:
“ Sharing his Fate, I share in his Desire
“ Of Discord drown’d, and of an hymning Lyre
“ To tune the Hopes of Peace; and in the Name
“ Of *Jesus*, rightly hop’d for, to proclaim.

“ This Prince of Peace, this Origin divine,
“ Vouchsafe to aid the well intended Line,
“ To teach the Reader’s Heart, and, by his Grace,
“ Make these poor Labours useful in their Place.
“ O might they raise, in any single Soul,
“ One Spark of Love, one Glimpse of the great Whole,
“ That will possess it, when by Thee possess’d,
“ *Jesus!* Th’ eternal Song of all the blest!”



A HINT to Christian POETS.

WHERE now the *Jove*, the *Phœbus*, and the *Nine*,
 Invok’d in Aid of Greek, and Roman Line;
The Verse-inspiring Oracle, and Stream,
Delphos, and *Helicon*, and every Theme

Of charming Fictions, which the Poets sung,
To shew the Beauties of a reigning Tongue ?

The Wars of Gods, and Goddeffes, and Men,
Employ'd an *Homer's*, and a *Virgil's* Pen :
An *Epicurus* taught, that, with this Ball,
The Gods, at Ease, had no Concern at all :
And a *Lucretius* follow'd, to rehearse
His *Greek* Impieties, in *Latin* Verse.

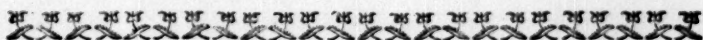
Such were the Bibles of the Pagan Age,
Sung at the Feast, and acted on the Stage ;
Transform'd to pompous, or to luscious Ode,
As *Bacchus*, *Mars*, or *Venus* was the Mode :
Dumb Deities, at Wit's profuse Expence,
Worshipp'd with Sounds that echoed to no Sense.

The *Christian* Bard has, from a *real* Spring
Of Inspiration, other Themes to sing ;
No vain Philosophy, no fabled Rhime,
But sacred Story, simple and sublime,
By holy Prophets told ; to whom belong
The Subjects worthy of the Pow'rs of Song.

Shun then, ye born with Talents that may grace
The most important Truths, their hapless Case ;
From ranting, high, theatrical Bombast,
To low Sing-song of meretricious Cast :
Shun ev'ry Step, by which a *Pagan* Muse
Could lead her Clients to the Stage, or Stews.

Let

Let no Examples tempt you to profane
The Gift——abhorrent of all hurtful Strain:
Contemn the vicious, tho' prevailing Fame,
That gains, by prostituting Verse, a Name:
Take the forbearing Hint; and all the rest
Will rise spontaneous in your purer Breast.



ON THE
DISPOSITION of MIND,
REQUISITE FOR
The right Use and Understanding of the
HOLY SCRIPTURES.

TO hear the Words of Scripture, or to read,
With good Effect, requires a *threefold* Heed;
If incompleat, it only can produce
Hearings, and Readings, of no sort of Use.

The first INTENTION; or a fix'd Design
To learn the Truth concerning Things divine;
If previous Disposition be not good,
How shall a serious Point be understood?

The next ATTENTION; not the outward Part,
But the fair Listening of an honest Heart:

Sound

Sound may, and Figure, strike the Ear and Eye,
But Sense and Meaning to the Mind apply.

The last RETENTION; or the keeping pure,
From hurtful Mixtures, what is clear and sure:
In vain the Purpose, and the Pains have been
To gain a Good, if not secur'd within.

Without INTENTION Truth no more can stay,
Than Seed can grow upon a public Way;
The more it is affecting, plain, and grand,
The less will heedless Persons understand.

Without ATTENTION 'twill have no more Fruit,
Than Seed on stony Ground, for want of Root;
That makes a Show with hasty Shoots awhile,
And then betrays the Barrenness of Soil.

Without RETENTION all is lost at last,
Like Seed among the Thorns and Briars cast:
So worldly Cares, and worldly Riches both,
May mix with Truth, and choak it in its Growth.

As Ground produces goodly Crops of Corn,
If good, and free from Footstep, Stone, or Thorn;
That of good Hearts has Properties as plain——
To *seek* the Truth, *receive* it, and *retain*.



On the same SUBJECT,
IN A
LETTER to Mr. PONTHEU.

WE ought to read, my worthy Friend *Ponthieu*,
All holy Scriptures, with a Scripture View:
Writ for our Learning, as their Aim and Scope
Is Patience, Comfort, and the blessed Hope
Of everlasting Life, a Reader's Aim,
To understand them right, should be the same.

The Prosecution of this happier Quest
If Doubts and Difficulties shall molest;
And huge Debates, on Passages obscure,
Be suffer'd to eclipse the plain and sure;
The more he reads, the more this rambling Art
Will fill his Head, but never touch his Heart;
With controversial Circumstances fill,
On which the Learned have employ'd their Skill,
With such Success, that scarce the plainest Text
Can be produc'd, but what they have perplex
In such a Manner, that, while all assign
To Scripture Page Authority divine,
The Compliment is rather paid, for Sake
Of such Constructions as they please to make.

Down from the Pope to the obscurest Sect,
Too many Proofs are seen of this Effect;

Of

Of making one same Scripture a Retreat
 For ev'ry Party's opposite Conceit:
 Profaner Wits, observing this, mistook,
 And laid the Fault upon the Bible Book;
 Taking the same Variety of Ways,
 By fancied Meanings for its ancient Phrase,
 To cry it down, as Sects were wont to use
 To cry it up, for their peculiar Views.

As this Excess, from Age to Age, has grown
 To such a monstrous Height within our own,
 What a sincere, impartial, honest Mind
 In Search of Truth, does it require, to find!
 What calm Attention, what unfeign'd Desire
 To hear its Voice does Truth itself require!
 In Scripture Phrase, what an *unceasing* Pray'r
 Should for its sacred Influence prepare!
 Because, whatever Comments we recall,
 The Disposition of the Mind is all.

'Tis in this Point (undoubtedly the main)
 That sacred Books do differ from prophane:
 They do not ask, so much, for letter'd Skill
 To understand them, as for simple Will:
 For as a single, or clear-sighted Eye
 Admits the Light, like an unclouded Sky,
 So is the Truth, by Scripture Phrase design'd,
 Receiv'd into a well disposed Mind;
 By the same Spirit, ready to admit
 The written Word, as they possess'd who writ;

Who

Who writ, if Christians do not vainly boast,
By Inspiration of The Holy Ghost.

In Books so writ this great Advantage lies,
That the first Author of them never dies;
But is still present to instruct, and show,
To them who seek him, what they need to know;
Still, by his chosen Servants, to unfold,
As He sees fit, the Mysteries of old;
To re-confirm what any sacred Pen
Has writ, by Proof within the Hearts of Men.

This ^{is} the true and solid Reason, why
No Difficulties, now objected, lie
Against the Volumes writ so long ago,
And in a Language that few People know;
Subject, as Books, to Errors and Mistakes,
Which oft transcribing, or translating makes;
While Manners, Customs, Usages of Phrase
Well known of old, but not so in our Days,
For many obvious Reasons, must elude
The utmost Force of criticising Feud:
Still, all Editions verbally contain
The simple, necessary Truths and plain,
Of Gospel Doctrine; and the Spirit's Aid,
Which is the chief, is not at all decay'd.

Nor can it hurt a Reader to suspend
His Judgement, where he does not comprehend

R

A darker

A darker Text; however it appear,
 He knows it cannot contradict a clear:
 So that with all the Helps, of ev'ry Kind,
 The shortest, and the surest, is to mind
 When read, or heard, and inwardly digest
 The plainest Texts, as Rules to all the rest;
 To pray for that Good Spirit, which alone
 Can make its former Inspirations known;
 The promis'd Comforter, th' unerring Guide,
 Who, by Christ's Word, was always to abide
 Within His Church, not only in the past,
 But in all Ages, while the World should last;
 A Church distinguish'd, in the sacred Code,
 By his perpetual Guidance and Abode.

Such is the Teacher whom our Saviour chose,
 And writ no Books, as human Learning knows;
 Loth as it is, of later Years, to preach,
 That by this Teacher He will always teach;
 Bless all the Means of Learning, or the Want,
 To them who after His Instructions pant:
 Of reading Helps, what holy Men express'd,
 When mov'd to write, are certainly the best;
 But for the real, understanding Part,
 The Book of Books is ev'ry Man's own Heart.

A STRIC-



A S T R I C T U R E

O N T H E

Bishop of Gloucester's Doctrine of GRACE.

W R I T I N G, or Scripture, sacred or profane,
Can only render History more plain
Of what was done, or said, by God or Man,
Since the Creation of the World began:
Tho' ev'ry Word in sacred Page be true,
To give *Account*, is all that it can do.

Now an Account of Things, as done, or said,
Is not a *living* Letter, but a *dead*;
A Picture only, which may represent,
But cannot give us what is really meant:
He that has got a Map into his Hand
May use the *Name*, but knows it is not *Land*.

So in *the Bible* when we come to look,
(That is, by way of Eminence, *The Book*)
We must not fancy that it can bestow
The Things themselves, which we desire to know;
It can but yield, however true and plain,
Verbal Directions how we may obtain.

Tho' a Prescription be directly sure,
Upon the Patient's taking it, to cure,

No one imagines that the worded Bill
Becomes, itself, the Remedy for Ill;
The Med'cines taken, as the Bill directs,
Procure the salutiferous Effects.

Who then can place in any written Code
The Holy Ghost's, the Comforter's Abode?
* *Constant Abode—supreme Illumination—*
What Copy can be *This*, or what Translation?
The Spirit's Dwelling, by th' attesting Pen
Of all th' inspir'd, is in the Hearts of Men.

Were *Books* his constant Residence indeed,
What must the Millions do who cannot *read*?
When they, who can, so vary in their Sense,
What must distinguish true from false Pretence?
If they must follow where the learned guide,
What diff'rent Spirits in one Book abide?

Genius for *Paradox*, however bright,
Can not well justify this Oversight:
Better to own the Truth, for the Truth's Sake,
Than to persist in such a gross Mistake:
Books are but Books; th' illuminating Part
Depends on God's good Spirit, in the *Heart*,

The

* For though, according to the Promise, his ordinary Influence occasionally
assists the faithful of all Ages; yet his constant Abode, and supreme Illumina-
tion, is in the sacred Scriptures of the New Testament. P. 39. *The Doctrine*
of Grace, &c. by the Bishop of Gloucester.

*The Comforter, Christ said, will come unto,
 Abide with, dwell in, (not your Books, but) you:
 Just as absurd an Ink and Paper Throne
 For God's Abode, as one of Wood or Stone:
 If to adore an Image be Idolatry,
 To deify a Book is Bibliolatry.*



O N T H E Conversion of St. PAUL.

IN *Paul's* Conversion we discern the Case
 Of human Talents, wanting heavenly Grace:
 What Persecutions, 'till he saw the Light,
 Against the Christian Church did he excite!
 By his own Reason led into Mistake,
 Amongst the Flock what Havock did he make!
 Within himself when, verily, he thought,
 That, all the while, he did but what he ought.

His Use of Reason cannot be deni'd,
 Nor legal Zeal, nor moral Life beside;
 Blameless as any *Jew*, or *Greek* could claim,
 Who shew'd Aversion to the Christian Name;
 His Fund of Learning some are pleas'd to add;
 And yet, with all th' Endowments which he had,
 From Place to Place, with eager Steps, he trod,
 To persecute the real Church of God.

When

When to *Damascus*, for the like Intent,
 With the High Priest's Authority he went;
 Struck to the Ground, by a diviner Ray,
 The *reas'ning, legal, moral* Zealot lay;
 To the plain Question put by *JESUS*——*why*
Persecute me? had only to reply,
What shall I do?——his Reason, and his Wrath
 Were both convinc'd, and he embrac'd the Faith.

His outward lost, his inward Sight renew'd,
 Truth in its native Evidence he view'd;
 With three Days Fast he nourish'd his Concern,
 And, a new Conduct well prepar'd to learn,
 Good *Ananias*, whom he came to bind,
 Was sent to cure, and to baptise the Blind:
 A destin'd Martyr, to his *Jewish* Zeal,
 Of *Christian* Faith confers the sacred Seal.

Of nobler Use his Reason, while it stood
 Without a *Conference* with *Flesh* and *Blood*,
 Still, and submissive; when, within, begun
 The Father's Revelation of the Son;
 Whom, 'till the *Holy Spirit* rise to show,
 No Pow'r of Thought can ever come to know;
 The saving Mystery, obscur'd by Sin,
 Itself must manifest itself, *within*.

Thus, taught of God, *Paul* saw the Truth appear
 To his enlighten'd Understanding clear:

The

The Pow'r of *Christ* himself, and nothing less,
Could move its Persecutor to profess:
He learn'd, and told it from the real Ground,
And prov'd, to all the *Christian* World around,
That true Religion had its true Foundation,
Not in Man's *Reason*, but God's *Revelation*.



A C O N T R A S T

B E T W E E N

Human Reason and divine Illumination,

Exemplified in three different CHARACTERS. .

A N humble Christian, to whose inward Sight
God shows the Truth, and then inspires to write;
Because of deeper Certainties declar'd,
Than what the Mind perceives, when unprepar'd,
From them, who measure all on which he treats,
By the fix'd Standard of their own Conceits,
Meets with Contempt; and very few will own
The real Truths, which he has really shown.

A sharp Philosopher, who thinks to find
By his own Reason, his own Strength of Mind,
Sublimar Things, that lie so far beyond
The Scenes to which such Forces correspond;

From

From them, who love to speculate like him,
And think all Light, but that of Reason, dim,
Meets with Admirers; tho' he reasons wrong,
And draws the Dupes, if plausible, along.

Now, tho' a Searcher should no more despise
The use of Reason, than he should of Eyes;
Yet, if there be a still superior Light,
Than Faculty of Reason has, or Sight;
Which all Religion seems to pre-suppose,
That God on such, as rightly seek, bestows;
In higher Matters how should he decide,
Who takes his Reason, only, for his Guide?

Such Words as Nature, Reason, Common Sense,
Furnish all Writers with one same Pretence;
Altho', in many an acknowledg'd Case,
They must fall short, without superior Grace:
So that, in Things of more momentous kind,
Nature itself directs us not to mind,
If sacred Truth be heartily desir'd,
The greatest Reas'ners, but the most inspir'd.

Whence comes the Value for the Scripture Page,
So justly due, so paid thro' ev'ry Age?
Not writ by Men of Learning, and of Parts,
But honest, humble, and enlighten'd Hearts:
Who, when they reason'd, reason'd very well;
But how enabl'd, let their Writings tell :

Not

Not one of all, but who ascribes the Force
Of Truth discover'd to an higher Source.

Take these three Men, so diff'rent in their Way,
For Instance, *Behmen*, *Bolingbroke*, and *Hay* :
They all philosophize on sacred Themes,
And build on Reason, the two last, their Schemes :
The first affirms, that his *Principia* flow
From what God's Spirit gave him Pow'r to know ;
As much a promis'd, as a certain Guide,
With *Chriff*'s Disciples *ever* to abide.

If *Bolingbrokian* Reason must prevail,
All *Inspiration* is an idle Tale :
Writers by that, from *Moses* down to *Paul*,
I spare to mention how he treats them all :
Now if he err'd, whence did that Error spring ?
His *Reason* told him there was no such Thing ;
Foundress, in her philosophizing Cast,
Of all his *first* Philosophy, and *last*.

Hay, better taught, and more ingenuous Spark,
Gropes with his Reason betwixt Light and Dark ;
Now, gentle Glimmerings of Truth displays ;
Now, lost in Fancy's intricater Maze,
A motley Mixture of such Things has got,
As Reason could discover, and could not :
Which all the Builders on its boasted Plan
Prove to be just as manifold as Man.

S

This

This *Behmen* knew; and, in his humble Way,
 Became enlighten'd by a steadier Ray;
 First taught himself, by what he heard and saw,
 Of *Grace* and *Nature* he explain'd the Law;
 That sacred Spirit, from which both arose,
 Taught him, of both, the Secrets to disclose
 To them, who, using Eyes, and Reason too,
 Were fit for Truth in a diviner View.

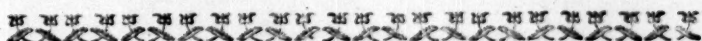
He does not write from Reason; nor appeals,
 Of course, to what that Faculty reveals;
 Yet, if the common Privilege be mine,
 Reason may see, that Something more divine
 Lies hid, in what the Books of *Behmen* teach,
 Tho' it surpass its apprehensive Reach;
 May see, from what it really apprehends,
 That all mere Reas'ners *Behmen* far transcends.

Fond of his Reason as a Man may be,
 He should confess its limited Degree;
 And, by its fair Direction, seek to find
 A surer Guide to Things of deeper Kind:
 The most sharp-sighted seek for other Men,
 Who may have seen what lies beyond their Ken;
 And, in religious Matters, most Appeals
 Are made by Men to that, which *God* reveals.

How is it possible to judge, aright,
 Of heav'nly Things, but by an heav'nly Light?

Contemn'd

Contemn'd by *Bolingbroke*, by *Hay* confels'd,
 By *Behmen*, possibly at least, possess'd:
 Truly inspir'd, as pious Minds have thought,
Jacob was known to live as he had taught;
 And at his last departing Moment cry'd,
 Now I go hence to *Paradise*——and di'd.



SOCRATES'S REPLY,
 CONCERNING
 HERACLITUS'S WRITINGS.

WHEN *Socrates* had read, as Authors note,
 A certain Book that *Heraclitus* wrote;
 Deep in its Matter, and obscure beside;
 Ask'd his Opinion of it, he repli'd,
 All that I understand is good and true,
 And what I don't is, I believe, so too.

Thus answer'd *Socrates*, whom Greece confest
 The wisest of her Sages, and the best;
 By Justice mov'd, and Candour, of a Piece
 With that Philosopher's Repute in Greece:
 Worthy of Imitation, to be sure,
 When a good Writer is sometimes obscure.

All the haranguing, therefore, on the Theme
 Of deep Obscurity, in *Jacob Behme*,

Is but itself obscure; for he might see
 Farther, 'tis possible, than you, or me:
 Meanwhile, the Goodness of his plainer Page
 Demands the Answer of the Grecian Sage.

The *Stuff* and *Nonsense*, *Labyrinth* and *Maze*,
Madness, *Enthusiasm*, and such like Phrase,
 Its quick Bestowers are oblig'd to own,
 Ought not to move us, by its eager Tone,
 More than they ought, in Reason, to be mov'd,
 Should we so paint a Work which they approv'd,

He, whom the fair Socratical Remark
 Describes, was call'd *σκότειος*, or the *dark*;
 Yet his wise Reader, from the Good in View,
 Thought that his darker Passages were true:
 He would not judge of what, as yet, lay hid,
 By what he did not see, but what he did.

The Books of *Behme*, as none are tied to read,
 To blame unread they have as little need:
 As they who read them most, the most commend,
 Others, at least, may venture to suspend;
 Or think, with reference to such Books as these,
 Of HERACLITUS, and of SOCRATES.

THOUGHTS



THOUGHTS upon HUMAN REASON,

OCCASIONED BY

Reading some extravagant Declamations
in it's Favour.

YES, I have read them—but I cannot find
Much Depth of Sense in Writers of this Kind:
They all retail, as they proceed along,
Or superficial Sentiments, or wrong:
Of Reason! Reason! they repeat the Cries,
And Reason's Use—which Nobody denies.

All Sharers in it follow, I suppose,
Each one his Reason, as he does his Nose;
When he intends to reach a certain Spot,
Whether he finds the Road to it, or not:
With equal Sense a *Postulatum* begs
The Use of Reason, as the Use of Legs.

Full well these rational Adepts declaim
On Points, at which their Reason can take Aim;
But when they talk beyond them, what Mistakes,
Of various Kind, their various Reason makes!
All are for one same Rule; and in its Use
All singly clear, and mutually abstruse.

What

What plainer Demonstration can be had,
 That their original Pretence is bad;
 Who say——Their own, or human Reason's, Light
 Must needs direct them to determine right?
 What greater Proof of a superior Skill
 Needful to Reas'ners, reason how they will?

Sense to discern, and Reason to compare,
 Are Gifts that merit our improving Care;
 But want an inward Light, when all is done,
 As Seeds, and Plants do that of outward Sun:
 Main Help neglected, tasteless Fruits arise;
 And Wisdom grows insipid in the Wife.

Tho' all these Reason-Worshippers profess
 To guard against fanatical Excess,
 Enthusiastic *Heat*——their fav'rite Theme
 Draws their Attention to the *cold* Extreme;
 Their Fears of *torrid* Fervors freeze a Soul;
 To shun the *Zone* they send it to the Pole.

The very Sound of rational, and plain,
 Contents, where Sense is neither of the twain,
 A World of Readers; whose polite Concern
 Is to be learned, without Pains to learn:
 To please their Palates, with a modish Treat,
 Cheap is the Cost——and here is the *Receipt*——

“ Let Reason, first, Imagination, Passions,
 “ Be clean drest up in pretty-worded Fashions;

“ Then

- “ Then let Imagination, Passions, Reason,
“ Change Places round, at each commodious Season;
“ ’Till Reason, Passions, and Imagination
“ Have prov’d the Point, by their compleat Rotation.



O N

FAITH, REASON, and SIGHT,

CONSIDERED AS

The three distinct Mediums of human
PERCEPTION.

THERE is a threefold correspondent Light,
That shines to *Faith*, to *Reason*, and to *Sight*:
The first, *Eternal*; bringing into View
Celestial Objects, if the *Faith* be true;
The next, *Internal*; which the reas’ning Mind
Consults in Truths of an ideal Kind;
The third, *External*; and perceiv’d thereby
All *outward* Objects that affect the Eye.

Each Light is good within its destin’d Sphere;
Nor with each other do they interfere:
Faith does not reason, *Reason* does not see,
Nor *Sight* extend beyond a fixt Degree:
Yet Faith in Light of a superior Kind
Cannot be call’d irrational, or blind;

Because

Because an higher Certainty, display'd,
Includes the Force of all inferior Aid.

As Body, Soul, and Spirit make a Man,
Each has the Help of its appointed Plan;
Sight, Hearing, Smell, and Taste, and feeling Sense,
What the *corporeal* Nature wants, dispense:
Thinking, Comparing, Judging, and the whole
Of reasoning Faculties, assist the *Soul*:
Faith, and whatever else may be express'd
By Grace celestial, makes the *Spirit* blest.

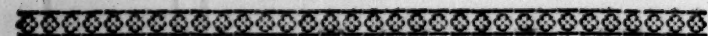
To heal Defect, or to avoid Excess,
The greater Light should still correct the less;
And form, within the right obedient Will,
A *seeing, reas'ning, and believing* Skill:
While Body moves as outward Sense directs;
And Soul perceives what Reason's Light reflects;
And Spirit, fill'd with Lustre from above,
Obeys by Faith, and operates by Love.

A sober Person, tho' his Eyes are good,
Slights not the Truths by Reason understood;
Nor just Conclusions, under the Pretence
Of Contradiction to his seeing Sense;
Knowing the Limits too that Reason hath,
He does not seek to quench the Light of Faith;
But rationally grants, that it may teach
What human Stretch of Reason cannot reach.

As Sight to Reason, in the Things that lie
 Beyond the Ken of the corporeal Eye,
 Unhurt, uninjur'd, yields itself of course,
 So well-taught Reason owns a higher Force;
 By Faith enlighten'd, it enjoys a Rest
 In clearer Light to find its own suppress;
 Suffering no more, for want of its Display,
 Than Moon and Stars in full meridian Day.

To make the reas'ning Faculty of Man
 Do more, or less to help him, than it can,
 Is equally absurd; but worse to flight,
 Or want the Benefits of *Faith*, than *Sight*:
 If he who sees no outward Light be blind,
 How *dismal dark* must be the *faithless* Mind!
 The one is only natural Defect,
 The other wilful, obstinate Neglect.

Pretence of Reason for it is Pretence
 Foolish and fatal, in the saddest Sense;
 For Reason cannot alter what is true,
 Or any more prevent, than Eyes can do;
 Both, by the Limits which they feel, proclaim
 The real Want of a celestial Flame:
 How is it possible to see, in fine,
 The Things of God, without a *Light divine*?



A
D I A L O G U E
B E T W E E N
RUSTICUS, THEOPHILUS, and ACADEMICUS,
O N T H E
Nature, Power, and Use of human Learning, in Matters of Religion.

From Mr. LAW's Way to divine Knowledge.

RUSTICUS.

YES, *Academicus*, you love to hear
The Words of *Jacob Behmen* made so clear;
But the Truth is, the fundamental Good,
At which he aims, you have not understood;
Content with such good Notions as beset
Your learned Reason, and your searching Wit,
To make a Talk about, you gather still
More ample Matter for your Hear-say Skill:
You know your self, as well as I, that this
Is all your Joy in him; and hence it is
That you are so impatient, ev'ry Day,
For more and more of what his Pages say;
So vex'd, and puzzl'd, if you cannot find
Their Meaning open'd to your eager Mind;

Nor

Nor add new Notions, and a stronger Force,
To heighten still your Talent of Discourse.

With all your Value for his Books, as yet,
This Disposition makes you to forget
How oft they tell you, and how well they show,
That this inordinate Desire *to know*,
This heaping up of Notions, one by one,
For subtle Fancy to descant upon,
While *Babel*, as you think, is overthrown,
Is building up a new one of your own;
Your *Babylonish* Reason is the Pow'r,
That seeks Materials to erect its Tow'r:
The very Scriptures, under such a Guide,
Will only nourish your high-soaring Pride;
Nor will you penetrate, with all your Art,
Of *Jacob's* Writings the substantial Part.

The Works of *Behmen* would you understand?
Then, where he stood, see also that you stand;
Begin where he began; direct your Thought
To seek the Blessing only, that he sought;
The Heart of God; that, by a right true Faith,
He might be sav'd from Sin, and Satan's Wrath
While thus the humble Seeker stood resign'd,
The Light of God broke in upon his Mind:
But you, devoted to the Pow'r, alone,
Of speculative Reason, all your own,
Would reach his Ladder's Top at once, nor try
The Pains of rising, Step by Step, so high——

But, on this Subject, by your Looks, I see
You'd rather hear *Theophilus* than me.

THEOPHILUS.

Why really, *Academicus*, the Main
Of all that *Rusticus*, so bluntly plain,
Has here been saying, tho' it seem so hard,
Hints Truth enough to put you on your Guard;
Much in the same Mistake your Mind has been,
That many of my learned Friends are in;
Who, tho' Admirers, to a great Degree,
Of Truths in *Jacob Behmen*, which they see,
Yet, of all People, have the least Pretence
To real Benefit receiv'd from thence:
Train'd up in Controversy, and Dispute;
Accustom'd to maintain, or to refute,
All Propositions, only by the Light
Of their own Reason judging what is right,
They take this Guide in Truths of ev'ry Kind,
Both where it sees, and where it must be blind;
So that in Regions, where a Light divine
Demonstrates Truth, and Reason cannot shine,
The real Good is hidden from their View,
And some such System rises up, in Lieu,
As Birth or Education, Mode or Place,
In Course of Life, has led them to embrace.

Thus with the learned *Papist*, in his Creed,
The learned *Protestant* is not agreed;

Not

Not that, to either, Truth and Light have taught
 To entertain so opposite a Thought;
 But Education's contrary Supplies
 Have giv'n them *protestant*, and *popish* Eyes;
 And Reason being the accustom'd Light
 Of both the Parties, and of either Sight,
 Decisions *protestant*, and *popish* too,
 Can find it Work enough, and Tools enoo,
 To shape Opinions of a diff'rent Growth,
 Whilst Learning is an open Field to both;
 And, of its Harvest, the inur'd to reap
 With greater Skill can show the greater Heap.

ACADEMICUS.

So then I must, as I perceive by you,
 Renounce my Learning, and my Reason too,
 If I would gain the necessary Lights
 To understand what *Jacob Behmen* writes:
 I cannot yield, as yet, to such Advice;
 Nor make the Purchase at so dear a Price:
 I hope the Study of the Scripture Text
 Will do for me; and leave me unperplext
 With his deep Matters——Little did I know
 That Learning had, in you, so great a Foe.

THEOPHILUS.

Be not uneasy; Learning has in me
 No Foe at all, not in the least Degree;

No more than has the Science, or the Skill,
 To build an House to dwell in, or a Mill
 For grinding Corn—I think an useful Art
 Of human Things the noblest, for my Part:
 Knowledge of Books or Languages, or aught
 That any Person has been duly taught,
 I would not ask him to renounce, or say
 They might not all be useful, in their Way:
 I would not blame, within its proper Place,
 The Art of throwing Silk, or making Lace;
 Or any Art, confin'd to its own Sphere;
 But then the Measure of its Use is there:
 Some we call liberal, and some we call
 Mechanic; now the Circle of them all
 Does but show forth, in its most perfect Plan,
 The natural Abilities of Man;
 The Pow'rs, and Faculties of human Mind,
 Whether the Man be well, or ill inclin'd:
 The most unjust, and wicked Debauchee,
 Regarding neither God, nor Man, may be,
 In any one, or more, of all the Train,
 Of greater Skill than others can obtain.

But now, Redemption of the human Race
 By *Christ*, with all its Mysteries of Grace,
 Is, in itself, as it has always been,
 Of quite another Nature; nor akin
 To Art, or Science, which, for worldly Views,
 The natural, or outward Man, can use:

It

It is an inward Fitness to revive
 That heav'nly Nature, which was once alive
 In Paradise; that blissful Life within
 The human Creature, which was lost by Sin:
 It breathes a Spark of Life, to re-create
 The poor fall'n Man in his first happy State;
 By which, awaken'd into new Desires,
 After his native Country he enquires;
 How he may rise above this earthly Den,
 And get into his Father's House again.

This is Redemption; or the Life divine
 Off'ring it self, on one Hand, with Design
 That inward Man, who lost it, to restore
 To all the Bliss which he was in before;
 And, on the other, 'tis the Man's Desire,
 Will, Faith, and Hope, which earnestly aspire
 After that Life; the Hunger, Thirst, and Call
 To be deliver'd, by it, from the Fall.

Now whether Man, in this awaken'd Strife,
 Breathe forth his Longings after this good Life,
 In Hebrew, Greek, or any English Sound,
 Or none at all, but silent Sigh profound,
 Can be of no Significancy; He,
 That knows but one, or uses all the three,
 Neither to him, more distant, or more near,
 Will this redeeming Life of God appear:
 Can you conceive it more to shine upon
 Men of more Languages, than Men of one?

He

He who can make a Grammar for *High Dutch*,
 Or *Welch*, or *Greek*, can you suppose, as such,
 In Faith, and Hope, and Goodness, will excell
 A Man, that scarce his Mother Tongue can spell?
 If this Supposal, then, be too absurd,
 No Hurt is done, no Enmity incurr'd,
 To Learning, Science, Reason, critic Wit,
 By giving them the Places which they fit;
 Amongst the Ornaments of Life below,
 Which the most profligate as well may know,
 (One of the most abandon'd vicious Will)
 As one who, fearing God, escheweth Ill.

Therefore no Truths, concerning this divine
 And heav'nly Life, can come within the Line
 Of all this Learning; as exalted far
 Above the Pow'r of Trial at its Bar;
 Where both the Jury, and the Judges too,
 Are born with Eyes incapable to view;
 Living, and moving in this World's Demefne,
 They have their Being in another Scene;
 The Life divine no abler to descry,
 Than into Heav'n can look an Eagle's Eye.

If you, well read in ancient Books, my Friend,
 To publish *Homer's Iliad* should intend,
 Or *Cæsar's Commentaries*, and make out
 Some Things more plain — you have the Skill no doubt;
 As well provided for the Work, perhaps,
 As one to make his Baskets, one his Traps;

But

But if you think that Skill in ancient Greek,
 And Latin, helps you, of it self, to seek,
 Find, and explain the Spirit, and the Sense
 Of what *Christ* said, it is a vain Pretence,
 And quite unnatural; of equal Kind
 With the Endeavour of a Man born blind,
 Who talks about exhibiting the Sight
 Of diff'rent Colours, beautifully bright.

Doctrines, wherein Redemption is concern'd,
 No more belong to Men as being learn'd,
 Than Colours do to him, who never saw
 The Light, that gives to all of them the Law:
 From like unnatural Attempt proceeds
 That huge Variety of Sects, and Creeds,
 Which, from the same true Scripture, can deduce
 What serves each diff'rent Error, for its Use:
Papist, or *Protestant*, *Socinian* Class,
 Or *Arian*, can as easily amass
 The Texts of Scripture, and by Reason's Ray,
 One as another, urge the endless Fray;
 Retort Absurdities, whenever prest,
 Prove its own System, and confute the rest;
 Just as blind Men, in their Disputes, can do
 Each others Notions of red, green, or blue.

The Light of the celestial inward Man,
 That died in Paradise, when Sin began,
 Is *Jesus Christ*; and consequently, Men
 By Him alone can rise to Life again:

U

He

He, in the Heart of Man, must sow the Seed,
 That can awaken heav'nly Life indeed:
 Nothing but this can possibly admit
 Return of Life, or in the least be fit,
 Or capable, or sensible of Pow'r
 From *Jesus Christ*, in his redeeming Hour:
 The Light, and Life, which he intends to raise,
 Have no Dependence upon Word, and Phrase;
 Life, in it self, be it of Heav'n, or Earth,
 Must have its whole Proceſſion from a Birth:
 Would it not sound absurdly, in your Mind,
 That, if a Man be naturally blind,
 Care must be had to teach him Grammar well,
 Or in the Art of Logic to excell;
 That he will best obtain, when this is done,
 Knowledge of Light and Colours from the Sun?
 Yet not one Jot is it the less absurd
 To think that Skill in Greek, or Hebrew Word,
 Of Man's Redemption can explain the Whole,
 Or let the Light of God into his Soul.

This Matter, *Academicus*, if you
 Can set in a more proper Light——pray do.





A

POETICAL VERSION of a LETTER

FROM THE

Earl of Essex to the Earl of Southampton.*

MY LORD,

Untaught by Nature, or by Art,
To give the genuine Dictates of my Heart
The Gloss of Compliment, I never less,
Than now, should aim at that polite Excess;
Now, that my wand'ring Thoughts are fix'd upon,
Not Martha's *many* Things, but Mary's *one*.

'Tis not from any ceremonious View,
But to discharge a real, needful Due
From Friend to Friend in Absence, that I write
To mine, secluded from his wonted Sight;
By Force oblig'd to give, and to receive
A long—perhaps, a last departing Leave;

U 2

For

* A Copy of the original Letter may be seen in Cogan's Collection of Tracts from Lord Somer's Library, Vol. 4, P. 132. under the Title of
"A precious and most divine Letter, from that famous and ever to be renowned Earl of Essex, (Father to the now Lord General his Excellency) to the Earl of Southampton, in the latter End of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.

For small, by ev'ry Test of human Ken,
The Hopes of meeting, in this World, again.

Under such Circumstances, I recall
My Friend, whose Honour, Person, Fortune, All,
So dear to me, make Bolom Wish to swell,
That he may always prosper, and do well;
Where'er he goes, whate'er he takes in Hand,
Under the Favour, Service, and Command
Of his protecting Providence, from whom
All Happiness, if truly such, must come.

My Friend's Abilities, and present State
Of natural Endowments how I rate;
To God what Glory, to himself what Use,
The best Exertion of them might produce,
I shall not here express; enough to note
That, at such Times as I was most remote
From all dissembling, Witnesses enoo
Can vouch my speaking what I thought was true.

The Truths, which Love now prompts me to remind
Your Lordship of, are of the following Kind:
First; that whatever Talents you possess,
They are *God's* Gifts, whom you are bound to bless:
Next; that you have them, not as Things your own,
Tho' for your Use, yet not for yours alone;
But as an human Stewarty, or Trust,
Of which Account is to be giv'n, and just:

So

So that, in fine, if Talents are appli'd
 To serve the Spirit of the World, in Pride,
 And vain Delights, as he, who rules the Scenes
 Of guilty Joy, the Prince of Darknefs, means,
 It is Ingratitude, Injustice too,
 Yea, 'tis perfidious Treachery in you :
 For if a Servant, of your own, should dare
 To use the Goods, committed to his Care,
 To the Advantage of your greatest Foe,
 What would you think of his behaving so ?
 Yet how with *God* would you yourself do less,
 Having from him whatever you possess,
 And serving with it, in the Donor's Stead,
 That Foe to him by whom the World is led ?

A serious Thought if you can ever lend
 To Admonition, from your truest Friend ;
 If the Regard due to your Country sways ;
 Which you may serve so many glorious Ways ;
 If an all-ruling, righteous Pow'r above
 Can raise your Dread of Justice, or your Love
 If you your self will to your self be true,
 And everlasting Happiness pursue,
 Before the Joys of any worldly Scheme,
 The short Delusions of a pleasing Dream,
 Of which, whatever it may represent,
 The Soul, soon wak'd, must bitterly repent ;
 If these Reflections, any of them, find
 Due Estimation in your prudent Mind ;

Take

Take an Account of what is done, and past,
 And what the Future may demand, forecast:
 The Leagues, whatever they import, repeal,
 To which good Conscience has not set the Seal:
 And fix your Resolution firm, to serve
 Him, from whose Will no loyal Thought can swerve;
 That gracious God, from whom, in very Deed,
 All your Abilities and Gifts proceed;
 Whether of bodily, or mental Trace;
 Without, within; of Nature, or of Grace.

Then He, who cannot possibly deny
 Himself, or give his Faithfulness the Lie,
 Will honour his true Servant, and impart
 That real Peace of Mind, that Joy of Heart,
 Of which until you are become possessor,
 Your Heart, your Mind, shall never be at Rest;
 And when you are, by having well approv'd
 The one true Way, it never shall be mov'd.

This, I foresee, your Lordship may object,
 Is Melancholy's vaporous Effect;
 That I am got into a Pris'ner's Stile;
 Far enough from it all the jocund While
 That I was free like you, and other Men;
 And, Fetters gone, should be the same again.

To which I answer——say it tho' you should,
 Yet cannot I distrust a God so good;

Or

Or Mercy failing me, so greatly shown,
 Or Grace forsaking, but by Fault my own:
 So deeply bound to him, my Heart so burns
 To make his Mercy suitable Returns,
 That not to try, of all th' Apostate Class
 Worse should I be than any ever was:
 I have with such repeated, solemn Strefs,
 Avow'd the Penitence which I profess;
 From Time to Time so call'd on not a few,
 To witness, and to watch, if it was true,
 That of all Hypocrites, if found to lie,
 That e'er were born, the hollowest were I.

But should I perish in my Sins, and draw
 Upon my self my own Damnation's Law,
 Will it not be your Wisdom to embrace
 God's offer'd Mercy, of a saving Grace?
 To profit by Example, if you see
 The fearful Case of miserable Me?

A longer Time was I a Slave to Sin,
 And a corrupted World, than you have been;
 Had many a too, too slowly answer'd Call,
 That made still harder my Return from Thrall:
 To come to *Christ* was requisite, I knew,
 But softer Pace, I flatter'd me, would do;
 The Journey's End contented I remain'd
 To see, and own, tho' still 'twas unattain'd:
 Therefore the same good Providence that call'd,
 With a kind Violence, has pull'd and haul'd;

As

As public Eye may, outwardly, at least,
Have seen, and drag'd me to the Marriage Feast.

Kind, in this World, Affliction's heaviest Load,
That, in another, Bliss might be bestow'd;
Kind the repeated Stripes, that should correct
Of too great Knowledge a too small Effect:
God grant your Lordship may, with less Alloy,
Feel an unfeign'd Conversion's inward Joy,
As I do now; and find the happy Way,
Without the Torments of so long Delay!

To the Divines (and there were none beside
That nam'd Conversion to me) I repli'd—
Could my Ambition enter, and possess
Your narrow Hearts, your Meekness would be less;
Were my Delights, to which it gives the Rise,
Tasted by you, you would be less precise:
But you, my Lord, have the momentous Hint,
From one that knows the very utmost Stint
Of all that can amuse you, whilst you live,
Of all Contentments which the World can give.

Think then, dear Earl, that I have stak'd, and buoy'd
The Ways of Pleasure, fatally enjoy'd,
And set them up, as Marks at Sea, for you
To keep true Virtue's Channel in your View:
Think, tho' your Eyes should long be shut, and fast,
They *must*, they *must* be open'd at the last:

Truth

Truth will compel you to confess, like me,
 That to the wicked *Peace* can *never* be.
 With my own Soul, that Heav'n may deign to aid
 My Heart's Address, this Covenant is made;
 My Eyes shall never yield to Sleep, at Night,
 Nor Thoughts attend the Bus'ness of the Light,
 'Till I have pray'd my God, that you may take
 This plain, but faithful Warning, for his Sake,
 With a believing Profit—then, in you
 Your Friends, your Country will be happy too;
 And all your Aims succeed—Events so blest
 Would fill with Comfort, not to be express'd,

Your Lordship's Cousin, and true Friend—so ti'd
 That worldly Cause can never once divide—

ESSEX.



The ITALIAN BISHOP.

An ANECDOTE.

THERE is no Kind of a fragmental Note,
 That pleases better than an Anecdote;
 Or Fact unpublisch'd; when it comes to rise,
 And give the more agreeable Surprise:
 From long Oblivion sav'd, an useful Hint
 Is doubly grateful, when reviv'd in Print:

X

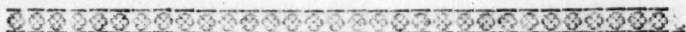
A late

A late and striking Instance of this Kind
 Delighted many an attentive Mind;
 This Anecdote, my Task is, to rehearse,
 As highly fit to be consign'd to Verse.

There liv'd a Bishop, once upon a Time,
 Where is not said, but *Italy* the Clime;
 An honest, pious Man, who understood
 How to behave as a true Bishop should;
 But thro' an Opposition, form'd to blast
 His good Designs, by Men of diff'rent Cast,
 He had some tedious Struggles, and a Train
 Of rude Affronts, and Insults to sustain;
 And did sustain; with calm unruffled Mind
 He bore them all, and never once repin'd:
 An intimate Acquaintance, one who knew
 What Difficulties he had waded thro'
 Time after Time, and very much admir'd
 A Patience so provok'd, and so untir'd,
 Made bold to ask him, if he could impart,
 Or teach the Secret of his happy Art;
 Yes, said the good old Prelate, that I can,
 And 'tis a plain and practicable Plan;
 For all the Secret, that I know of, lies
 In making a right Use of my own Eyes.
 Beg'd to explain himself, how that should be——
 Why, in whatever State I am, said he,
 I first look up to Heav'n; as well aware,
 That to get thither is my main Affair.

I then

I then look down upon the Earth; and think,
 In a short space of Time, how small a Chink
 I shall possess of its extensive Ground;
 And then I cast my seeing Eyes around,
 Where more Distress appears, on ev'ry Side,
 Amongst Mankind, than I myself abide.
 So that, reflecting on my own Concern,
 First—where true Happiness is plac'd, I learn:
 Next—let the World, to what it will, pretend,
 I see where all its Good and Ill must end.
 Last—how unjust it is, as well as vain,
 Upon a fair Discernment, to complain.
 Thus, looking up, and down, and round about,
 Right use of Eyes may find my Secret out:
 With Heav'n in view—his real Home—in fine,
 Nothing on Earth shou'd make a Man repine.



O N

R E S I G N A T I O N.

To a FRIEND in TROUBLE.

DEAR Child, know this, that He, who gave thee Breath,
 Almighty God, is Lord of Life and Death,
 And all Things that concern them, such as these,
 Youth, Health, or Strength; Age, Weakness, or Disease;
 X 2 Wherefore,

Wherefore, whatever thy Affliction be,
 Take it as coming from thy God to Thee:
 Whether to teach thee Patience be its End,
 Or to instruct such Persons as attend,
 That Faith and Meekness, tried by Suff'rings past,
 May yield Increase of Happiness at last:
 Or whether it be sent for some Defect,
 Which He, who wants to bless thee, would correct;
 Certain it is, that if thou dost repent,
 And take thy Cross up patiently, when sent,
 Trusting in Him, who sends it thee, to take
 For *Jesus Christ* his Son, thy Saviour's, Sake,
 Wholly submitting to his blessed Will,
 Whose Visitation seeks thy Profit still;
 All that thou dost, or ever canst endure,
 Will make thy everlasting Joy more sure.

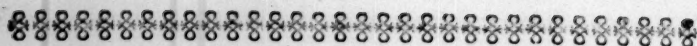
Take therefore what befalls thee in good Part,
 As a Prescription of Love's healing Art;
 Whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth too,
 Saith Paul, and scourgeth with a saving View;
 It is the Mark, by which he owns a Child,
 Without it, not so honourably stil'd:
 Fathers according to the Flesh, when they
 Correct them, Children rev'rence, and obey;
 How much more justly may that Father claim,
 By whom we live eternally, the same?
 They oft chastise thro' Humour of their own,
 He always for our greater Good alone;

Chast'ning,

Chast'ning below, that we may rise above
Holy, and happy in our Father's Love.

These Things for Comfort, and Instruction fit,
In Holy Scripture, for our Sakes, are writ,
That with a patient, and enduring Mind,
In all Conditions we may be resign'd;
And reverencing our Father, and our Friend,
Take what his Goodness shall be pleas'd to send.
What greater Good, considering the Whole,
Than Christ's own Likeness in a Christian Soul
By patient Suff'ring? Think what Ills, before
He enter'd into Joy, our Saviour bore;
What Things he suffer'd, to retrieve our Loss,
And make his Way to Glory, thro' the Cross,
The Way for us; he wanted none to make,
But for the poor lost human Sinner's Sake;
For them he suffer'd more than Words can tell,
Or Thought conceive; reflect upon it well,
Dear Child! and whether Life, or Death remains,
Depend on Him to sanctify thy Pains;
To be Himself thy strong Defence, and Tow'r,
To make thee know and feel his saving Pow'r:
Still taught by Him repeat—*Thy Will be done!*
And trust in God thro' his beloved Son.

A POE-



A

POETICAL VERSION of a LETTER,
FROM
JACOB BEHMEN, to a FRIEND,
On the same OCCASION.

DEAR Brother in our Saviour *Christ*—His Grace
And Love premis'd, in your afflictive Case;
I have consider'd of it, and have brought
The Whole, with Christian sympathetic Thought,
Before the Will of the most High, to see
What it would please Him to make known to me.

And thereupon, I give you, Sir, to know,
What a true Insight he was pleas'd to show,
Into the Cause and Cure of all your Grief,
And present Trial; which I shall, in brief,
Set down for a Memorial, and declare
For you to ponder with a serious Care.

First then, the Cause, to which we must assign
Your strong Temptation, is the *Love divine*;
The Goodness supernatural, above
All Utterance, flowing from the God of Love;

Seeking

Seeking the creaturely and human Will,
To free it from Captivity to Ill:

And then, the Struggle with so great a Grace,
In human Will, refusing to embrace;
Tho' tender'd to it with a Love so pure,
It seeks itself, and strives against a Cure;
From its own Love to transitory Things,
More than to GOD, the real Evil springs.

'Tis Man's own Nature, which, in its own Life,
Or Center, stands in Enmity and Strife,
And anxious, selfish, doing what it lists,
(Without God's Love) that tempts him, and resists:
The Devil also shoots his fi'ry Dart,
From Grace, and Love to turn away the Heart.

This is the greatest Trial; 'tis the Fight,
Which *Christ*, with his internal Love and Light,
Maintains within Man's Nature, to dispel
God's Anger, Satan, Sin, and Death, and Hell;
The human Self, or Serpent to devour,
And raise an Angel from it by his Pow'r.

Now if God's Love in Christ did not subdue,
In some Degree, this Selfishness in you,
You would have no such Combat to endure;
The Serpent then, triumphantly secure,
Would, unoppos'd, exert its native Right,
And no such Conflict in your Soul excite.

For

For all the huge Temptation and Distress
 Rises in Nature, tho' God seeks to bless;
 The Serpent feeling its tormenting State,
 (Which, of itself, is a mere anxious Hate)
 When God's amazing Love comes in, to fill,
 And change the selfish to a god-like Will.

Here *Christ*, the Serpent-bruise, stands in Man,
 Storming the Devil's hellish, self-built Plan;
 And hence the Strife within the human Soul;
Satan's to kill, and *Christ's* to make it whole;
 As by Experience, in so great Degree,
 God, in his Goodness, causes you to see.

Now, while the Serpent's Head is bruise'd, the Heel
 Of *Christ* is stung; and the poor Soul must feel
 Trembling, and Sadness, while the Strivers cope,
 And can do nothing but stand still in Hope;
 Hardly be able to lift up its Face,
 For mere Concern, and pray to God for Grace.

The Serpent, turning it another Way,
 Shows it the World's alluring, fine Display;
 Mocking its Resolution to forego,
 For a *new Nature*, the engaging Show;
 And represents the taking its Delight
 In present Scenes, as natural, and right.

Thus, in the Wilderness with *Christ* alone,
 The Soul endures Temptation of its own;

While

While all the Glories of this World display'd,
Pleasures, and Poms, surround it, and persuade
Not to remain so humble, and so still,
But elevate itself in own Self-will.

The next Temptation, which befalls of Course
From Satan, and from Nature's selfish Force,
Is when the Soul has tasted of the Love,
And been illuminated from above;
Still in its Self-hood it wou'd seek to shine,
And, as its own, possess the Light divine.

That is, the foulish Nature, take it right,
As much a Serpent, if without God's Light,
As *Lucifer*, this Nature still would claim
For *own Propriety* the heav'nly Flame;
And elevate its Fire to a Degree,
Above the Light's good Pow'r, which cannot be.

This domineering Self, this Nature Fire,
Must be transmuted to a Love Desire:
Now, when this Change is to be undergone,
It looks for some own Pow'r, and finding none,
Begins to doubt of Grace, unwilling quite
To yield up its self-willing Nature's Right.

It ever quakes for Fear, and will not die
In Light divine, tho' to be blest thereby:
The Light of Grace it thinks to be Deceit,
Because it worketh gently without Heat:

Y

Mov'd

Mov'd too by outward Reason, which is blind,
And, of itself, sees nothing of this Kind.

Who knows, it thinketh, whether it be true
That God is in Thee, and enlightens too?
Is it not Fancy? for thou dost not see
Like other People, who, as well as thee,
Hope for Salvation, by the Grace of God,
Without such Fear, and Trembling at his Rod.

Thus the poor Soul, accounted for a Fool,
By all the Reas'ners of a gayer School,
By all the graver People, who embrace
Mere verbal Promises of future Grace,
Sighs from its deep internal Ground, and pants
For such enlight'ning Comfort as it wants;

And fain would have; but Nature can, alas!
Do Nothing, of itself, to bring to pass;
And is, thro' its own Impotence, afraid
That God rejects it, and will give no Aid;
Which, with regard to the Self-will, is true;
For God rejects it, to implant a new.

The own Self-will must die away, and shine,
Rising thro' Death, in saving Will divine;
And, from the Opposition which it tries
Against God's Will, such great Temptations rise:
The Devil too is loth to lose his Prey,
And see his Fort cast down, if it obey.

For,

For, if the Life of *Christ* within arise,
 Self-Lust, and false Imagination dies;
 Wholly it cannot in this present Life,
 But by the Flesh maintains the daily Strife;
 Dies, and yet lives; as they alone can tell,
 In whom *Christ* fights against the Pow'rs of Hell.

The third Temptation is in Mind, and Will,
 And Flesh and Blood, if Satan enter still;
 Where the false Centers lie in Man, the Springs
 Of Pride, and Lust, and Love of earthly Things;
 And all the Curfes wish'd by other Men,
 Which are occasion'd by this Devil's Den.

These in the Astral Spirit make a Fort,
 Which all the Sins concenter to support;
 And human Will, esteeming for its Joy
 What *Christ*, to save it, combates to destroy,
 Will not resign the Pride-crested Tow'r,
 Nor live obedient to the Saviour's Power.

Thus I have giv'n you, loving Sir, to know
 What our dear Saviour has been pleas'd to show
 To my Consideration; now, on This,
 Examine well what your Temptation is:
 We must *leave all*, and *follow Him*, He said,
 Right Christ-like poor, like our redeeming Head.

Now, if Self-Lust stick yet upon your Mind,
 Or Love of earthly Things, of any Kind,

Then, from those Centers, in their working Force,
 Such a Temptation will rise up of Course:
 If you will follow, when it does arise,
 My Child-like Counsel, hear what I advise.

Fix your whole Thought upon the bitter Woe,
 Which our dear Lord was pleas'd to undergo;
 Consider the Reproach, Contempt, and Scorn,
 The worldly State so poor, and so forlorn,
 Which he was so content to bear; and then,
 His suff'ring, dying for us sinful Men.

And thereunto give up your whole Desire,
 And Mind, and Will; and earnestly aspire
 To be as like him as you can; to bear,
 (And with a Patience bent to persevere)
 All that is laid upon you; and to make
 His Process your's, and purely for his Sake;

For Love of Him, most freely to embrace
 Contempt, Affliction, Poverty, Disgrace;
 All that can happen, so you may but gain
 His blessed Love within you, and maintain;
 No longer willing with a Self-desire,
 But such as *Christ* within you shall inspire.

Dear Sir, I fear lest something still amiss,
 Averse to him, cause such a Strife as this:
 He wills you, in his Death, with Him to die
 To your own Will, and to arise thereby

In his arising; and that Life to live,
Which he is striving in your Soul to give.

Let go all earthly Will; and be resign'd
Wholly to Him, with all your Heart and Mind:
Be Joy, or Sorrow, Comfort, or Distress,
Receiv'd alike, for He alike can bless,
To gain the Victory of Christian Faith
Over the World, and all Satanic Wrath.

So shall you conquer Death, and Hell, and Sin;
And find, at last, what *Christ* in you hath been:
By sure Experience will be understood,
How all hath happen'd to you for your Good:
Of all his Children this hath been the Way;
And Christian Love here dictates what I say.



O N

BEARING the CROSS.

A D I A L O G U E.

I.

TAKE up the Cross which thou hast got,
For Love of CHRIST, and bear it not
As *Simon of Cyrene* did,
Compell'd to do as he was bid.

“ Pray,

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II.

" Pray, am not I, who cannot free
" Myself, compell'd as much as he?
" I cannot shun it, and, of Course,
" Must bear this heavy Cross by Force.

III.

What dost thou get then by Disgust
At bearing that, which bear thou must?
Nothing abates the Force of Ill,
Like a *resign'd* and *patient* Will.

IV.

" 'Tis true; but how shall I obtain
" Such an Abatement of my Pain?
" Compulsion tempts me to repine
" At *Simon's* Case becoming mine.

V.

Look then at JESUS gone before;
Reflect on what thy SAVIOUR bore;
Bore, tho' he could have been set free,
Death on the Cross, for *Love* of thee.

VI. " He

" He did so——*Lord!* what shall I say?
 " Do thou enable me to pray,
 " If 'tis not possible to shun
 " This bitter Cross——*Thy Will be done!*



A

S O L I L O Q U Y

O N T H E

Cause and Consequence of a doubting
Mind.

I Muse, I doubt, I reason, and debate——
 Therefore, I am not in that perfect State,
 In which, when its Creation first began,
 God plac'd his own beloved Image, Man;
 From whose high Birth, at once design'd for all,
 This ever poring Reason proves a Fall.

Whilst *Adam* stood in that immortal Life,
 Wherein pure Truth excluded Doubt and Strife,
 He knew, he saw, by a diviner Light,
 All that was good for Knowledge, or for Sight;
 But when the Serpent-Subtlety of Hell
 Brought him to doubt, and reason——then he fell.

Fell,

Fell, by declining from an upright Will,
 And sunk into a State of Good and Ill:
 The very State of such a World as this
 Became a Death to his immortal Bliss:
 Bliss, which his Reason gave him not, before
 The Loss ensu'd, nor after could restore.

From him descending, all the human Race
 Must needs partake the Nature of his Case:
 Just as the Trunk, the Branches, or the Fruit,
 Derive their Substance from the parent Root:
 What Life, or Death, into the Father came,
 The Sons, tho' guiltless, could but have the same.

If I am one, if ever I must live
 The blissful Life, which God design'd to give;
 As Reason dictates, or as some Degree
 Of higher Light enables one to see,
 It cannot rise from being born on Earth,
 Without a second, new, and heav'nly Birth.

The Gospel Doctrine, which assures to Men
 The joyful Truth of being *born again*,
 Demands the free Consent of ev'ry Will,
 That seeks the Good, and to escape the Ill:
 In all the fav'd, right Reason must allow
 Such Birth effected, tho' it knows not how.

Such was the Faith in Life's redeeming Seed,
 Of poor fall'n Man the Comfort, and the Creed:

Such

Such was the Hope before, and since the Flood,
In ev'ry Time and Place, of all the good:
'Till the *new Birth* of JESUS, from above,
Reveal'd below the Mystery of Love.

His Virgin Birth, Life, Death, and Re-ascent,
Explain what all God's Dispensations meant——
God give me Grace to shun the doubting Crime!
Since nothing follows intermediate Time,
But Life, or Death, eternally to rule
A *blessed* Christian, or a *curfed* Fool.



A
PLAIN ACCOUNT
OF THE
Nature and Design of true RELIGION.

I.

WHAT is Religion?——Why it is a Cure,
Giv'n in the Gospel, *gratis*, to the Poor,
By *Jesus Christ*, the Healer of the Soul;
Which all who take are sure to be made whole;
And they who will not, all the Art of Man
May strive to cure them, but it never can.

Z

II. *Cure*

II.

Cure for what Malady?——For that of Sin,
From whence all other Maladies begin;
It had its Rise in *Adam*, first of all,
And all his Sons, partaking of his Fall,
Want a *new Adam* to beget them free
From *Sin* and *Death*; and *Jesus Christ* is *He*.

III.

How is it giv'n?——By raising a *new Birth*
Of heav'nly Life, surviving that of Earth;
Which may, at any Time, at some it must,
Return its mortal Body to the Dust;
And then the Born of *God* in *Christ* again
Will rise immortal, true angelic Men.

IV.

Why in the Gospel?——Gospel is, indeed,
In its true living Sense, the *holy Seed*,
By God's great Mercy, first, in *Adam* sown,
And first, in *Christ*, to full Perfection grown:
Fullness, from which all holy Souls derive,
And Bodies too, the Pow'r to be alive.

V.

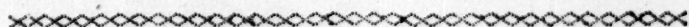
Why GRATIS giv'n?——Because the *Love-desire*
Of God, in *Christ*, can never work for Hire:

It's

It's Nature is to love for Loving's Sake,
To give itself to ev'ry Will to take;
To them it brings, amidst the darkest Night,
It's *Life* and *Immortality to Light*.

VI.

Why to the Poor?—Because *they* feel their Want,
Which Trust in *Riches* is so loth to grant:
The Rich have *something* which they call *their own*;
The Poor have *nothing*, but to *Christ* alone
They owe Themselves, and pay him what they owe,
And what Religion is—They only know.



ON THE
TRUE MEANING
OF THE
Scripture Terms LIFE and DEATH,
When applied to M E N.

TRUE *Life*, according to the Scripture Plan,
Is God's own Likeness in his Image Man;
This was the Life that *Adam* ceas'd to live,
Or lost by Sin; and therefore could not give:
So that his Offspring, all the born on Earth,
Want a *new* Parent of this heav'nly Birth.

This, *Christ* alone, God's *Image* most *expressi*,
 The *second* Adam, gives them to possess;
 Becoming Man, reversing human Fall,
 And raising up the *first*, true Life in all;
 Healing our Nature's deadly Wound within,
 And quenching Wrath, or Death, or Hell, or Sin.

For all such Words describe one evil Thing,
 Or Want of Good; that has one only Spring,
 The Love of God, in *Christ*, which form'd at first
 A *blest* Adam, and redeem'd a *curst*
 By his *own* Act—Good *only* was design'd
 For *Adam*, and, in him, for all Mankind.

He fell from Good, misusing his free Will,
 Into this World, this Life of Good and Ill;
 From whence, the willing to be sav'd revive
 Thro' Faith and Penitence, in *Christ* alive;
 A *second* Death succeeds, if they refuse;
 For *chusing* Creatures must have what they *chuse*.

Not bare *Existence*, when we go from hence,
 Is *Immortality*, in Scripture Sense;
 For thus, alike immortal, are confess'd
 The good, the bad; the ruin'd, and the blest;
 Whose *inbred* Tempers hint the Reason, why
 They *live* for ever, or for ever *die*.

God's Likeness, Light and Spirit in the Soul,
 Make, as at first, its blest immortal Whole;

'Tis

'Tis *Death* to want them; vain is all Dispute;
 The Gospel only reaches to the Root:
 All the inspir'd have understood it thus;
 Immortal *Life* is that of CHRIST *in Us*.



ON THE

Ground of 'True and False Religion.

EXPLAIN Religion by a thousand Schemes,
 Still *God* and *Self* will be the two Extremes;
 In Him the one true Good of it is found;
 In Self, of all Idolatry, the Ground:
 False Worship, paid at all its various Shrines,
 One same Departure from his Love defines.

By Love to Him *blest* Angels kept their State;
 Which the *Apostate* lost by curst Hate;
 Setting up *Self* in the ALMIGHTY'S Room,
 It sunk them down into its dreadful Gloom:
 On Separation from his Love, the Source
 Of all Felicity was lost of Course.

By Love to Him, the first created Man
 Was highly blest; 'till *Selfishness* began,
 Tho' Serpentine Delusion, to arise,
 And tempt above God's Wisdom to be wise;

When

When he had chosen to prefer his own,
The naked, miserable *Self* was known.

Hence we inherit such a Life as this,
Dead, of itself, to *paradise* Bliss:
Hence all our Hopes of a diviner Birth
Depend on *Christ*, and his Descent on Earth;
Subduing Self, as *Adam* should have done,
And loving God thro' his beloved Son.

The *Mediator* betwixt God and Men,
Who brings their Nature back to Him again,
Sav'd from all sinful Self, or deadly Wrath,
Or hellish Evil, by the Pow'r of *Faith*
Working by *Love*, of which it is the Strength;
And must attain the full true Life at Length.

Born of this holy, *Virgin* Seed divine,
To a *new* Life within this mortal Shrine,
The faithful breathe a Spirit from above,
And make of Self a Sacrifice to Love:
By *Christ* redeem'd they rise from *Adam's* Fall,
From Earth to Heav'n, where God is all in all.



P E T E R's
DENIAL of his MASTER.

I.

THO' all forsake thee, Master, yet not I;
I'll go to Prison with thee, or to die,
Said Peter——yet how soon did he deny!

II.

A striking Proof, that, even to good Will,
The Help of Grace is necessary still,
To save a Soul from falling into Ill.

III.

His Master told him how the Case would be,
But Peter could not see himself, not He;
'Till Grace withdrew, that he might come to see.

IV.

Peter, so valiant on a selfish Plan,
Quite frightened by a Servant Maid, began
To curse, and swear, and did not know the Man.

V. 'Twas

(176)

V.

'Twas thus that *Satan* sifted him like *Wheat*,
And made him think his *Courage* was so great;
While *JESUS* pray'd that he might see the *Cheat*.

VI.

High-minded in himself, he fell—How low,
The *Cock* instructed him, foretold to crow:
His real Self then *Peter* came to know.

VII.

He that would *die* with him, tho' all forsook,
Dissolv'd in Tears, when *JESUS* gave a Look;
And learn'd *Humility* by *Love's* Rebuke.

VIII.

Lesson for us is plain from *Peter's* Case,
That real *Virtue* is the Work of *Grace*,
And of its Height *Humility* the Base.



O N

ON THE
CAUSE, CONSEQUENCE, and CURE
OF
SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

SUPPOSE an Heater burning in the Fire
To be alive, to will, and to desire;
To reason, feel, and have, upon the whole,
What we will call an understanding Soul;
Conscious of pow'rful Heat within its Mold,
And Colour bright above the burnish'd Gold.

Suppose that *Pride* should catch this Heater's Heart,
And from the Fire persuade it to depart;
To show itself, and make it to be known,
That it can raise a Splendor of its own;
An own rich Colour, an own potent Heat,
Without Dependence on the Fire, compleat.

It leaves, in Prospect of so fine a Show,
The fiery Bosom where it learnt to glow;
Cools by Degrees, till all its golden Hue
Is vanish'd, and its Pow'r of heating too;
Its own, once hidden, Nature domineers,
And the dark, cold, self-iron Lump appears.

A a

Transfer

Transfer this feign'd, imaginary Pride,
To that which really does, too oft, betide;
When human Souls, endu'd with Grace divine,
Become ambitious, of themselves, to shine;
And, proud of Qualities which Grace bestows,
Forfake its Bosom for self-shining Shows.

And thence conceive the natural Effects
Of Pride, in either single Men, or Sects;
That for Variety of selfish Strife
Forfake the one, true Cause of all true Life;
The heav'nly Spirit-fire of Love, within
Whose sacred Bosom all their Gifts begin.

From which, if Reason, Learning, Wit, or Parts,
Tempt their Ambition to withdraw their Hearts,
There must ensue, whatever they may mean,
The Disappearance of the glowing Scene;
From the most gifted vanishing of Course,
When dis-united from its real Source.

As only Fire can possibly restore
The Heater's Force, to what it was before;
So that of Love alone consumes the Dross
Of wrathful Nature, and repairs its Loss;
It will again unite with all Defire,
That casts itself into the holy Fire.



T H E
BEGGAR and the DIVINE.

IN some good Books one reads of a Divine,
Whose memorable Case deserves a Line;
Who, to serve God the best, and shortest Way,
Pray'd, for eight Years together, every Day,
That in the Midst of Doctrines and of Rules,
However taught and practis'd by the Schools,
He would be pleas'd to bring him to a Man
Prepar'd to teach him the compendious Plan.

He was himself a *Doctor*, and well read
In all the Points to which Divines were bred;
Nevertheless, he thought, that what concern'd
The most illiterate, as well as learn'd,
To know and practise, must be something still
More independent on such kind of Skill:
True Christian Worship had, within its Root,
Some simpler Secret, clear of all Dispute;
Which, by a living Proof that he might know,
He pray'd for some Practitioner to show.

One Day, possess'd with an intense Concern
About the Lesson which he sought to learn,
He heard a Voice that sounded in his Ears——
“Thou has been praying for a Man eight Years;

“ Go to the Porch of yonder Church, and find
“ A Man prepar’d according to thy Mind.”

Away he went to the appointed Ground;
When, at the Entrance of the Church, he found
A poor old Beggar, with his Feet full sore,
And not worth Two-pence all the Cloaths he wore.
Surpris’d to see an Object so forlorn——
“ My Friend,” said he, “ I wish thee a good Morn——
“ Thank thee,” repli’d the Beggar, “ but a bad
“ I don’t remember that I ever had——
Sure he mistakes, the Doctor thought, the Phrase——
“ Good Fortune, Friend, befall thee all thy Days!——
“ Me, said the Beggar, many Days befall,
“ But none of them unfortunate at all——
“ God blefs thee, answer plainly, I request——
“ Why, plainly then, I never was unblest——
“ Never? Thou speakest in a mystic Strain,
“ Which more at large I wish thee to explain.——

“ With all my Heart——Thou first didst condescend
“ To wish me kindly a good Morning, Friend;
“ And I repli’d, that I remember’d not
“ A bad one ever to have been my Lot:
“ For, let the Morning turn out how it will,
“ I praise my God for ev’ry new one still:
“ If I am pinch’d with Hunger, or with Cold,
“ It does not make me to let go my Hold;
“ Still I praise God——Hail, Rain, or Snow, I take
“ This blessed Cordial, which has Pow’r to make

“ The

" The foulest Morning, to my Thinking, fair;
" For Cold and Hunger yield to Praise and Pray'r.
" Men pity me as wretched, or despise;
" But whilst I hold this noble Exercise,
" It cheers my Heart to such a due Degree,
" That ev'ry Morning is still good to me.

" Thou didst, moreover, with me lucky Days,
" And I, by reason of continual Praise,
" Said that I had none else; for come what wou'd
" On any Day, I knew it must be good
" Because God sent it; Sweet or Bitter, Joy
" Or Grief, by this angelical employ,
" Of praising him, my Heart was at its Rest,
" And took whatever happen'd for the best;
" So that my own Experience might say,
" It never knew of an unlucky Day.

" Then didst thou pray—God blest thee—and I
said

" I never was unblest; for being led
" By the good Spirit of imparted Grace
" To praise his Name, and ever to embrace
" His righteous Will, regarding that alone,
" With total Resignation of my own,
" I never could, in such a State as this,
" Complain for want of Happiness or Bliss;
" Resolv'd, in all Things, that the Will divine,
" The Source of all true Blessing, should be mine."

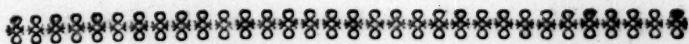
The

The Doctor, learning from the Beggar's Case
Such wond'rous Instance of the Pow'r of Grace,
Propos'd a Question, with Intent to try
The happy Mendicant's direct Reply——
“ What wouldst thou say, said he, should God think fit
“ To cast thee down to the infernal Pit?

“ He cast me down? He send me into Hell?
“ No——He loves me, and I love Him too well:
“ But put the Case he should, I have two Arms
“ That will defend me from all hellish Harms,
“ The one, Humility, the other, Love;
“ These I would throw below him, and above;
“ One under his *Humanity* I'd place,
“ His *Deity* the other should embrace;
“ With both together so to hold him fast,
“ That he should *go* wherever he would *cast*,
“ And then, whatever thou shalt call the Sphere,
“ Hell, if thou wilt, 'tis Heav'n if he be there.

Thus was a great Divine, whom some have thought
To be the justly fam'd *Taulerus*, taught
The holy Art, for which he us'd to pray,
That to serve God the most compendious Way,
Was to hold fast a loving, humble Mind,
Still praising Him, and to his Will resign'd.

The



FRAGMENT of an HYMN,
ON THE
GOODNESS of GOD.

O Goodness of God! more exceedingly great
Than Thought can conceive, or than Words can
repeat;

Whatsoever we fix our Conceptions upon
It has some Kind of Bounds, but thy Goodness has none:
As it never began, so it never can end,
But to all thy Creation will always extend;
All Nature partakes of its proper Degree,
But the Self-blinded Will that refuses to see.

Whensoever new Forms of Creation began,
Thy Goodness adjusted the beautiful Plan;
Adjusted the Beauties of Body and Soul,
And plac'd in the Center the Good of the whole;
That shon, like a Sun, the Circumference round,
To produce all the Fruits of beatifi'd Ground;
To display, in each possible Shape and Degree,
A Goodness eternal, essential to Thee.

Blest Orders of Angels surrounded thy Throne,
Before any Evil was heard of, or known;
'Till a Self-seeking Chief's unaccountable Pride
Thine immutable Rectitude falsely beli'd;

And

And despising the Goodness that made him so bright,
Would become independent, and be his own Light;
And induc'd all his Host to so monstrous a Thing,
As to act against Nature's omnipotent King.

Then did Evil begin, or the Absence of Good,
Which from Thee could not come—from a Creature it
could;

Who, made in thy Likeness, all happy and free,
Could only be good, as an Image of Thee:
When an Angel profan'd his angelical Trust,
And departed from Order, most righteous and just;
Self-depriv'd of the Light, that proceeds from thy Throne,
He fell to the Darkness, by Nature, his own.

For Nature, itself, is a Darkness express,
If a Splendor from thee does not fill it and bless;
An Abyss of the Pow'rs of all *creaturely* Life,
Which are, in themselves, but an impotent Strife,
Of Action, Re-action, and Whirling around,
'Till the Rays of thy Light pierce the jarring Profound;
'Till thy Goodness compose the dark, natural Storm,
And enkindles the Bliss of Light, Order, and Form.

Thy unchangeable Goodness, when Wrath was begun,
Soon as e'er it beheld what an Angel had done,
Exerted itself in restoring anew,
A celestial Abode, and Inhabitants too;
Made a temporal World in the desolate Place,
And thy Likeness, a Man, to produce a new Race;
That

That the Evil brought forth might in Time be suppress'd,
And a new Host of Creatures succeed to be blest.

When the Man, whom thy Counsel design'd to have
stood,
Fell into this Mixture of Evil and Good;
And, against thy kind Warning, consented to taste
Of the Fruit, that would lay his own *Paradise* waste;
Thy Mercy then sought his Redemption from Sin,
And implanted the Hope of a *Saviour* within;
Of a Man to be born, in the Fullness of Time,
To supply his Defect, and abolish his Crime.

All the Hopes of good Men, since the Ruin began,
Were deriv'd from the Grace of this wonderful Man:
His Life, in the Promise, has secretly wrought
Its intended Effect, in their penitent Thought,
Who believ'd in thy Word, in whatever Degree
They knew, or knew not, how his Coming would be:
A true Faith in a Saviour was one, and the same,
Both before his blest Coming, as after he came.

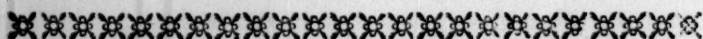
Patriarchal, Mosaic, prophetical Views,
The Desire of all Nations, or *Gentiles*, or *Jews*,
Who obey'd, in the midst of their natural Fall,
The Degree of his Light, which enlighten'd them all,
Still center'd in him, the MESSIAH, the Man
Who should execute fully thy merciful Plan;
And impart the true Life, which thy Goodness design'd,
By creating a Man, to descend to Mankind.

B b

When

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When this Son of thy Love was incarnate on Earth,
And the WORD was made *Flesh* by a Virginal Birth,
Thy Angelical Host usher'd in the great Morn,
With the *Tidings* of *Joy*, that a SAVIOUR was born;
Of Joy to all People, who, round the whole Ball,
Should partake of the Goodness, that came to save all;
To erect, upon Earth, a true Kingdom of Grace,
And of Glory to come, for whoe'er would embrace.



UNIVERSAL GOOD

T H E

OBJECT of the DIVINE WILL,

A N D

EVIL the necessary Effect of the CREA-
TURE's Opposition to it.

THE God of Love, delighting to bestow,
Sends down his Blessing to the World below:
A grateful Mind receives it, and above
Sends up Thanksgiving to the God of Love:
This happy Intercourse could never fail,
Did not a false, perverted Will prevail.

For Love divine, as rightly understood,
Is an unalterable Will to Good:

Good

Good is the Object of His blessed Will,
 Who never can concur to real Ill;
 Much less *decree, predestinate, ordain*——
 Words oft employ'd to take his Name in vain.

But he permits it to be done, say you——
 Plain then, I answer, that He does not *do*;
 That, having will'd created Angels free,
 He still permits, or wills them so to be;
 Were his Permission ask'd, before they did
 An evil Action, he would soon forbid.

Before the Doing he forbids indeed,
 But disobedient Creatures take no heed:
 If He, according to your present Plea,
 Withdraws his Grace, and so they disobey,
 The Fault is laid on Him, not them at all;
 For who can stand whom He shall thus let fall?

Our own Neglect must be the previous Cause,
 When it is said, the *Grace of God withdraws*;
 In the same Sense, as when the brightest Dawn,
 If we will shut our Windows, is withdrawn;
 Not that the Sun is ever the less bright,
 But that our Choice is not to see the Light.

Free to receive the Grace, or to reject,
Receivers only can be God's *elect*;
Rejecters of it *reprobate* alone,
 Not by divine *Decree*, but by their *own* :

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His Love to *all*, his Willing none to *fin*,
Is a Decree that never could begin.

It is the Order, the eternal Law,
The true free Grace, that never can withdraw;
Observance of it will, of course, be blest,
And Opposition to it self-distrest;
To them, who love its gracious Author, all
Will work for Good, according to St. *Paul*.

An easy Key to each abstruse Text,
That modern Disputants have so perplex;
With arbitrary Fancies on each Side,
From God's pure Love, or Man's Freewill deny'd;
Which, in the Breast of Saints, and Sinners too,
May both be found self-evidently true.



O N T H E

Disinterested Love of GOD.

THE Love of God with genuine Ray
Inflam'd the Breast of good *Cambray*;
And banish'd from the Prelate's Mind
All Thoughts of interested Kind:
He saw, and Writers of his Class,
(Of too neglected Worth, alas!)

Disinterested

Disinterested Love to be
The Gospel's very A. B. C.

When our *redeeming Lord* began
To practice it himself, as Man;
And, for the Joy then set before
His loving View, such Evils bore;
Endur'd the Cross, despis'd the shame——
Had he an interested Aim?
Surely the least Examination
Shews, that the Joy was our Salvation.

For us he suffer'd, to make known
The Love that seeketh not its own;
Suffer'd, what nothing but so pure
A Love could possibly endure:
No less a Sacrifice than this
Could bring poor Sinners back to Bliss;
Or execute the saving Plan
Of reuniting God and Man.

This Love was *Abra'm's* Shield and Guard;
Was his exceeding great Reward;
This Love the patriarchal Eye,
And that of *Moses* could descry;
In this disinterested Sense
They sought Reward, or Recompense,
City, or Country, Heav'n above,
The Seat of Purity and Love.

This

This the high Calling, this the Prize,
The Mark of *Paul's* so steady Eyes;
For, with the self-forgetting *Paul*,
Pure Love of God in *Christ* was all:
The Text of the beloved *John*
Has all, that Words can say, in one;
For GOD IS LOVE——compendious Whole
Of all the Blessings of a Soul.

What Helps to this a Soul may want,
Pure Love is ready still to grant;
But with a View to wean it still
From selfish, mercenary Will:
Of all Reward, all Punishment,
This is the End, in God's Intent,
To form, in Offsprings of his own,
The Bliss of loving His alone.

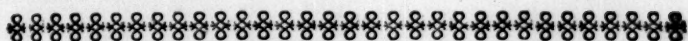
Sole Rule of all Affection due
Both to ourselves, and others too;
Meaning of ev'ry Scripture Text,
By interested Love perplext:
Promise, or Precept, Gospel Call,
Or legal Love, fulfils them all;
From Base arising up to Spire,
Superior both to Fear and Hire.

Love of disinterested Kind,
The Man who thinks it too refin'd

May,

(191)

May, by ambiguous Language, still
Persist in metaphysic Skill;
Even the justly fam'd *Cambray*,
In such a Case, could only pray,
That *Love* itself would only dart
Some feeling Proof into his Heart.



On the same SUBJECT.

I.

I Love my God, and freely too,
With the same Love that he imparts;
That He, to whom all Love is due,
Engraves upon pure loving Hearts.

II.

I love, but this celestial Fire
Ye starry Pow'rs! Ye do not raise:
No Wages, no Reward's Desire,
Is in the purely shining Blaze.

III.

Me, nor the Hopes of heav'nly Bliss,
Or Paradific Scenes excite;
Nor Terrors of the dark Abyfs,
Of Death's eternal Den, affright.

IV. No

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IV.

No bought, and paid-for Love be mine,
I will have no Demands to make ;
Disinterested, and divine
Alone, that Fear shall never shake.

V.

Thou, my *Redeemer*, from above,
Suffering to such immense Degree,
Thy Heart has kindled mine to Love,
That burns for Nothing but for *Thee*.

VI.

Thy Scourge, thy Thorns, thy Cross, thy Wounds,
Are ev'ry one of them a Source,
From whence the Nourishment abounds
Of endless Love's unfading Force.

VII.

These sacred Fires, with holy Breath,
Raise in my Mind the gen'rous Strife ;
While, by the Ensigns of thy Death
Known, I adore the LORD of LIFE.

VIII. Extinguish

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VIII.

Extinguish all celestial Light,
The Fire of Love will not go out ;
The Flames of Hell extinguish quite,
Love will pursue its wonted Rout.

IX.

Be there no Hope if it persist——
Persist it will, nor ever cease ;
No Punishment if 'tis dismiss——
What caus'd it not will not decrease.

X.

Should'st thou give Nothing for its Pains,
It claims not any Thing as due ;
Should'st thou condemn me, it remains
Unchang'd by any selfish View.

XI.

Let Heav'n be darken'd if it will,
Let Hell with all its Vengeance roar ;
My God alone remaining, still
I'll love Him, as I did before.

C c

ON



ON THE
Meaning of the Word WRATH,
As applied to GOD in SCRIPTURE.

THAT *God is Love*——is in the Scripture said;
That He is *Wrath*——is no where to be read;
From which, by literal Expression free,
“ *Fury* (he saith himself) *is not in me:*”
If Scripture, therefore, must direct our Faith,
Love must be He, or in Him; and not Wrath.

And yet the Wrath of God, in Scripture Phrase,
Is oft express'd, and many diff'rent Ways:
His Anger, Fury, Vengeance, are the Terms,
Which the plain Letter of the Text affirms;
And plain, from two of the Apostle's Quire,
That *God is Love*——and a *consuming Fire*.

If we consult the Reasons that appear,
To make the seeming Difficulty clear,
We must acknowledge, when we look above,
That God, as God, is overflowing Love:
And wilful Sinners, when we look below,
Make (what is call'd) the Wrath of God to flow.

*Wrath, as St. Paul saith, is the treasur'd Part
Of an impenitently harden'd Heart:*

When

When Love reveals its own eternal Life,
Then Wrath and Anguish fall on evil Strife;
Then lovely Justice, in itself all bright,
Is burning Fire to such as hate the Light.

If Wrath and Justice be indeed the same,
No Wrath in God—is liable to blame;
If not ; if righteous Judges may, and must,
Be free Themselves from Wrath, if they be just,
Such Kind of Blaming may, with equal Sense,
Lay on a Judge the Criminal's Offence.

God, in Himself unchangeable, in fine,
Is one, eternal Light of Love divine;
In Him there is no Darknefs, faith St. *John*,
In Him no Wrath—the Meaning is all one :
'Tis our own Darknefs, Wrath, Sin, Death, and Hell,
Not to love Him, who first lov'd us so well.





T H E

Foregoing Subject more fully illustrated,

I N A

Comment on the following Scripture.

GOD so loved the World, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting Life. St. John, 3, 16.

I.

GOD so loved the World!—by how tender a Phrase
The Design of his Father our Saviour displays!
Love, according to Him, when the World was undone,
Was the Father's sole Reason for giving his Son.
No Wrath in the Giver had *Christ* to atone,
But to save a poor perishing World from *it's own*.
A Belief in the Son carries with it a Faith,
That the Motive paternal was Love, and not Wrath.

II.

Ev'ry good, perfect Gift, cometh down from above,
From the Father of Lights, thro' the Son of his Love;
As in Him there is no Variation or Change,
Neither "*Shadow of turning*", it well may seem strange
That

That, when Scripture assures us so plainly, that He,
 His Will, Grace, or Gift, is so perfectly free,
 Any Word should be strain'd to inculcate a Thought
 Of a Wrath in his Mind, or a Change to be wrought.

III.

All Wrath is the Product of creaturely Sin;
 In immutable Love it could never begin;
 Nor, indeed, in a Creature, 'till opposite Will
 To the Love of its God had brought forth such an Ill;
 To the Love that was pleas'd to communicate Bliss
 In such endless Degrees, thro' all Nature's Abyfs;
 Nor could Wrath have been known, had not Man left
 the State,
 In which Nature's God was pleas'd Man to create.

IV.

He saw, when this World in its Purity stood,
 Every Thing he had made, and "*behold! it was good;*"
 And the Man, its one Ruler, before his sad Fall,
 As the Image of God, had the Goodness of All:
 When He fell, and awakned Wrath, Evil, and Curse
 In himself and the World, was God become worse?
 Who so lov'd the World still, that, when Wrath was
 begun,
 To redeem the lost Creature, he gave his own Son——

V. Freely

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V.

Freely gave Him; not mov'd or incited thereto
By a previous *appeasing*, or payment of Due
To his *Wrath*, or his *Vengeance*, or any such Cause
As should *satisfy* Him for the Breach of his Laws:
This Language the Jew *Nicodemus* might use;
But our *Saviour's* to Him had more excellent Views;
" God so *loved* the World," (are his Words,) " that He
gave
" His only-begotten" in order to save,

VI.

Love's prior, unpurchas'd, unpaid-for Intent
Was the Cause, why the only-begotten was sent,
That thro' Him we might live; and the Cause why He
came,
Was to manifest Love, ever one and the same;
Full Conquest of Wrath ever striving to make,
And blotting Transgressions out for *it's own sake*;
Wanting no *Satisfaction* itself, but to give
Itself, that the World might receive it, and live——

VII.

Might believe on the Son, and receive a new Birth
From the Love, that in *Christ* was incarnate on Earth;
When a Virgin brought forth, without help of a Man,
The Restorer of GOD's true, original Plan;

The

The one Quencher of Wrath, the Atoner of Sin,
And the "*Bringer of Justice and Righteousness in;*"
The Renewer, in Man, of a Pow'r, and a Will
To satisfy Justice—that is, to fulfill.

VIII.

There is nothing that Justice and Righteousness hath
More opposite to it, than Anger and Wrath;
As repugnant to all that is equal and right,
As Falshood to Truth, or as Darknes to Light.
Of GOD, in Himself, what the Scripture affirms
Is Truth, Light, and Love—plain significant Terms;
In his Deity, therefore, there cannot befall
Any Falshood, or Darknes, or Hatred at all.

IX.

Such Defect can be found in that Creature alone,
Which against his good Will seeks to set up it's own;
Then, to GOD, and his Justice, it giveth the Lie,
And it's Darknes and Wrath are discover'd thereby:
What, before, was subservient to Life, in due Place,
Then usurps the Dominion, and Death is the Case;
Which the Son of GOD only could ever subdue,
By doing all that which Love gave Him to do.

X.

If the Anger of GOD, Fury, Wrath, waxing hot,
And the like human Phrases that Scripture has got,

Be

Be insisted upon, why not also the rest,
 Where GOD, in the Language of Men, is express
 In a Manner, which, all are oblig'd to confess,
 No Defect in his Nature can mean to express ?
 With a GOD, who is LOVE, ev'ry Word should agree;
 With a GOD, who hath said, "*Fury is not in me.*"

XI

The Disorders in Nature, for none are in GOD,
 Are intitled his Vengeance, his Wrath, or his Rod,
 Like his Ice, or his Frost, his Plague, Famine, or Sword—
 That the Love, which directs them, may still be ador'd :
 Directs them, till Justice, call'd his, or call'd ours,
 Shall regain, to our Comfort, it's primitive Pow'rs ;
 The true, saving Justice, that bids us endure
 What Love shall prescribe, for effecting our Cure.

XII.

By a Process of Love, from the Crib to the Cross,
 Did the only-begotten recover our Loss ;
 And shew in us Men how the Father is pleas'd,
 When the Wrath in our Nature by Love is appeas'd ;
 When the Birth of His Christ, being formed within,
 Dissolves the dark Death of all Selfhood and Sin ;
 Till the Love that so lov'd us, becomes, once again,
 From the *Father and Son*, a *Life-Spirit* in Men.

THE



T H E
T R U E G R O U N D S
O F

Eternal and immutable RECTITUDE.

TH' eternal Mind, ev'n *Heathens* understood,
Was infinitely *powerful*, *wise*, and *good*:
In their Conceptions, who conceiv'd aright,
These three essential Attributes unite:
They saw, that, wanting any of the three,
Such an all-perfect Being could not be.

For Pow'r, from Wisdom suff'ring a Divorce,
Would be a foolish, mad, and frantic Force:
If both were join'd, and wanted Goodness still,
They would concur to more pernicious Ill:
However nam'd, their Action could but tend
To Weakness, Folly, Mischief without End.

Yet some of old, and some of present Hour,
Ascribe to God an arbitrary Pow'r;
An absolute Decree; a mere Command,
Which Nothing causes, Nothing can withstand:
Wisdom and Goodness scarce appear in Sight;
But all is measur'd by resistless Might.

The verbal Question comes to this, in fine,
 Is Good, or Evil, made by *Will divine*,
 Or such by *Nature*? Does Command enact
 What shall be right, and then 'tis so in Fact?
 Or is it right, and therefore, we may draw
 From thence the Reason of the righteous Law?

Now, tho' 'tis Proof, indisputably plain,
 That all is right, which *God* shall once ordain;
 Yet, if a Thought shall intervene between
 Things and Commands, 'tis evidently seen
 That Good will be commanded: Men divide
 Nature, and Laws, which really coincide.

From the divine, eternal Spirit springs
 Order, and Rule, and Rectitude of Things;
 Thro' outward Nature, his apparent Throne,
 Visibly seen, intelligibly known:
 Proofs of a boundless Pow'r, a Wisdom's Aid,
 By Goodness us'd, eternal, and unmade.

Cudworth perceiv'd, that what Divines advance
 For Sov'reignty alone is Fate, or Chance:
 Fate, after Pow'r had made its forcing Laws;
 And Chance, before, if made without a Cause:
 Nothing stands firm, or certain, in a State
 Of fatal Chance, or accidental Fate.

Endless Perfections, after all, conspire,
 And to adore excite, and to admire;

But

But to plain Minds, the plainest Pow'r above
Is native Goodness, to attract our Love:
Center of all its various Power, and Skill,
Is one divine, immutable Good Will.



ON THE
NATURE and REASON
OF ALL
OUTWARD LAW.

The Sabbath was made for Man; not Man for the Sabbath.

Mark 2, 27.

FROM this true Saying one may learn to draw
The real Nature of all outward Law;
In ev'ry Instance, rightly understood,
Its Ground, and Reason, is the human Good:
By all its Changes, since the World began,
Man was not made for Law; but Law for Man.

Thou shalt not eat (the first Command of all)
Of Good and Ill, was to prevent his Fall:
When he became unfit to be alone,
Woman was form'd out of his Flesh and Bone:
When both had sinn'd, then Penitential Grief,
And sweating Labour, was the Law Relief.

When all the World had sinn'd, save one good Sire,
Flood was the Law that sav'd its Orb from Fire:
 When *Fire* itself upon a *Sodom* fell,
 It was the Law to stop a growing Hell:
 So on—The Law with Riches, or with Rods,
 Come as it will, is *good*, for it is God's.

Men who observe a Law, or who abuse,
 For selfish Pow'r, are blind as any *Jews*;
 On Sabbath, constru'd by *rabbinic* Will,
 God must not save, and Men must seek to kill;
 Such Zeal for Law has *pharisaic* Faith,
 Not as 'tis good, but as it worketh Wrath.

JESUS, the perfect Law-fulfiller, gave
 The Victory that taught the Law to save;
 Pluck'd out its Sting, revers'd the cruel Cry,
 —*We have a Law by which he ought to die*—
 Dying for Man, this Conquest he could give,
 I have a Law by which he ought to live.

Whilst in the Flesh, how oft did he reveal
 His saving Will, and god-like Pow'r to heal!
 They whom Defect, Disease, or Fiend posselt,
 And pardon'd Sinners by his Word had Rest;
 He, on the *Sabbath*, chose to heal, and teach;
 And *Law*-proud *Jews* to slay him for its Breach.

The Sabbath, never so well kept before,
 May justify one Observation more;

Our

Our *Saviour* heal'd, as pious Authors say,
 So many Sick upon the *Sabbath* Day,
 To shew that *Rest*, and *Quietness* of Soul,
 Is best for one who wants to be made whole;

Not to indulge an Eagerneſs too great,
 Of outward Hurry, or of inward Heat;
 But with an humble Temper, and resign'd,
 To keep a Sabbath in a hopeful Mind;
 In *Peace*, and *Patience*, meekly to endure,
 'Till the *good Saviour's* Hour is come, to cure.



DIVINE LOVE,

T H E

Essential Characteristic of true RELIGION.

RELIGION's Meaning when I would recall,
Love is to me the plainest Word of all;
 Plainest; because that what I *love*, or *hate*,
 Shews me directly my internal State:
 By its own Consciousness is best defin'd,
 Which way the *Heart* within me stands inclin'd.

On what it lets its Inclination rest,
 To that its real Worship is address'd:
 What ever Forms or Ceremonies spring
 From Custom's Force, *there* lies the real Thing:

Jew

Jew, Turk, or Christian, be the Lovers Name,
If fame the Love, Religion is the fame.

Of all Religions if we take a View,
There is but one that ever can be true;
One *God*, one *Christ*, one *Spirit*, none but He;
All else is *Idol*, whatsoe'er it be;
A Good that our Imaginations make,
Unless we love it purely for his Sake.

Nothing but gross Idolatry alone
Can ever love it, merely, for its own:
It may be good, that is, may make appear
So much of God's *one* Goodness to be clear;
Thereby to raise a true, religious Soul
To Love of *Him*, the one eternal whole;

The one unbounded, undivided Good,
By all his Creatures partly understood:
If therefore Sense of its apparent Parts
Raise not his Love or Worship in our Hearts,
Our selfish Wills or Notions we may feast,
And have no more Religion than a Beast.

For brutal Instinct can a Good embrace,
That leaves behind it no reflecting Trace;
But thinking Man, whatever be his Theme,
Should worship Goodness in the great Supreme;
By inward Faith, more sure than outward Sight,
Shou'd eye the Source of all that's good, and right.

Religion

Religion then is *Love's* celestial Force,
That penetrates thro' all to its true Source;
Loves all along, but with proportion'd Bent,
As Creatures further the divine Ascent;
Not to the Skies or Stars; but to the part
That will be always uppermost — the *Heart*.

There is the Seat, as holy Writings tell,
Where the most High Himself delights to dwell;
Whither attracting the desirous Will
To its true Rest, he saves it from all Ill;
Gives it to find, in his *Abyssal* Love,
An Heav'n *within*, in other Words, *above*.



O N

Works of MERCY and COMPASSION,

CONSIDERED

As the Proofs of TRUE RELIGION.

OF true Religion, Works of Mercy seem
To be the plainest Proof, in *Christ's* Esteem;
Who has himself declar'd what he will say
To all the Nations, at the Judgement Day:
Come, or *depart*, is the predicted Lot
Of brotherly Compassion shewn, or not.

Then,

Then, they who gave poor hungry People Meat,
And Drink to quench the thirsty Suff'rer's Heat;
Who welcom'd in the Stranger at the Door,
And with a Garment cloath'd the naked Poor;
Who visited the Sick to ease their Grief,
And went to Pris'ners, or bestow'd Relief——

These will be deem'd *religious Men*, to whom
Will sound——*ye blessed of my Father, come,
Inherit ye the Kingdom, and partake
Of all the Glories founded for your Sake:
Your Love to others I was pleas'd to see,
What you have done to them was done to me.*

Then, they who gave the hungry Poor no Food;
Who with no Drink the parch'd with Thirst bedew'd;
Who drove the helpless Stranger from their Fold,
And let the Naked perish in the Cold;
Who to the Sick no friendly Visit paid,
Nor gave to Pris'ners any needful Aid——

These will be deem'd of *irreligious Mind*;
And hear the——*Go, ye Men of curs'd Kind,
To endless Woes, which ev'ry harden'd Heart
For its own Treasure has prepar'd——depart:
Shewn to a Brother, of the least Degree,
Your merciless Behaviour was to me.*

Here, all ye learned, full of all Dispute,
Of true and false Religion lies the Root:

The

The Mind of *Christ*, when he became a Man,
 With all its Tempers, forms its real Plan;
 The *Sheep* from *Goats* distinguishing full well—
 His Love is *Heav'n*; and Want of it is *Hell*.



V E R S E S

Designed for an INFIRMARY.

DEAR loving Sirs! behold, as ye pass by,
 The poor sick People with a pitying Eye:
 Let Pains, and Wounds, and Suff'rings of each Kind,
 Raise up a just Compassion in your Mind:
 Indulge a gen'rous Grief at such a Sight,
 And then bestow your *Talent*, or your *Mite*.

Thus to bestow is really to obtain
 The surest Blessing upon honest Gain:
 To help th' afflicted, in so great a Need,
 By your Supplies, is to be rich indeed:
 The Good, the Pleasure, the Reward of Wealth
 Is to procure your Fellow-creatures Health.

In other Cases, Men may form a Doubt,
 Whether their Alms be properly laid out;
 But in the Objects, here, before your Eyes,
 No such Distrust can possibly arise;

E c

Too

Too plain the Miseries! which well may melt
An Heart, sincerely wishing them unfelt.

The Wife consider this terrestrial Ball,
As Heav'n's design'd INFIRMARY for all,
Here came the GREAT PHYSICIAN of the Soul,
To *heal* Man's Nature, and to make him *whole*:
Still, by his SPIRIT, present with all those,
Who lend an Aid to lessen human Woes.

A godlike Work; who forwards it is sure,
That ev'ry Step advances his own Cure:
Without Benevolence, the View to Self
Makes worldly Riches an unrighteous Pelf;
While blest thro' Life, the Giver, for his Love,
Dies to receive its huge Reward above.

To them who tread the certain Path to Bliss,
That leads thro' Scenes of Charity like this,
Think what the Saviour of the World will say——
“ *Ye blessed of my Father, come your Way;*
“ *'Twas done to me, if done to the distressed:*
“ *Come, ye true Friends, and be for ever blest.*



A N
H Y M N to J E S U S.

I.

COME, Saviour *Jefus!* from above,
Assist me with thy heav'nly Grace;
Withdraw my Heart from worldly Love,
And for thy Self prepare the Place.

II.

Lord! let thy sacred Presence fill,
And set my longing Spirit free;
That pants to have no other Will,
But Night and Day to think on thee.

III.

Where'er thou leadeft, I'll purfue,
Thro' all Retirements, or Employs;
But to the World I'll bid adieu,
And all its vain delufive Joys.

IV.

That Way with humble Speed I'll walk,
Wherein my *Saviour's* Footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I talk
Of any other Love but thine.

V.

To Thee my longing Soul aspires;
To Thee I offer all my Vows:
Keep me from false and vain Desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse!

VI.

Henceforth, let no profane Delight
Divide this consecrated Soul!
Possess it Thou, who hast the Right,
As Lord and Master of the Whole.

VII.

Wealth, Honours, Pleasures, or what else
This short-enduring World can give,
Tempt as they will, my Heart repels,
To Thee alone resolv'd to live.

VIII. Thee

VIII.

Thee one may love, and thee alone,
With inward Peace, and holy Blis;
And when thou tak'st us for thy own,
Oh! what an Happiness is this!

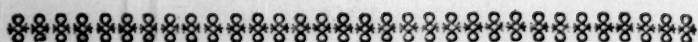
IX.

Nor Heav'n, nor Earth do I desire,
Nor Mysteries to be reveal'd;
'Tis Love that sets my Heart on Fire:
Speak thou the Word, and I am heal'd.

X.

All other Graces I resign;
Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to restore:
Grace is thy *Gift*, it shall be mine
The GIVER only to adore.





A N

HYMN on SIMPLICITY.

From the G E R M A N.

I.

JESU! teach this Heart of mine
True *Simplicity* to find;
Child-like, innocent, divine,
Free from *Guile* of ev'ry Kind:
And since, when amongst us vouchsafing to live,
So pure an Example it pleas'd Thee to give;
O! let me keep still the bright Pattern in View,
And be, after thy Likeness, right simple and true.

II.

When I read, or when I hear
Truths that kindle good Desires;
How to act, and how to bear
What Heav'n-instructed Faith requires;
Let no subtle Fancies e'er lead me astray,
Or teach me to comment thy Doctrines away;
No Reas'nings of selfish Corruption within,
Nor Sights by which Satan deludes us to Sin.

III. Whilst

III.

Whilst I pray before thy Face,
Thou! who art my highest Good!
O! confirm to me the Grace,
Purchas'd by thy precious Blood:
That, with a true filial Affection of Heart,
I may feel what a real Redeemer thou art;
And, thro' thy Atonement to Justice above,
Be receiv'd, as a Child, by the Father of Love.

IV.

Give me, with a Child-like Mind,
Simply to believe thy Word;
And to do whate'er I find
Pleases best my dearest Lord:
Resolving to practice thy gracious Commands;
To resign myself wholly up into thy Hands:
That, regarding Thee simply in all my Employ,
I may cry, *Abba! Father!* with dutiful Joy.

V.

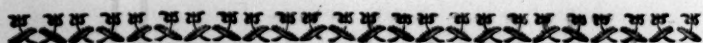
Nor within me, nor without,
Let *Hypocrisy* reside;
But whate'er I go about,
Mere *Simplicity* be Guide:
Simplicity guide me in Word, and in Will;
Let me live——let me dye——in *Simplicity* still:

Of

Of an Epitaph made me let this be the Whole——
Here lies a true Child, that was simple of Soul.

VI.

JESU ! now I fix my Heart,
Prince of Life ! and Source of Bliss !
Never from Thee to depart,
Till thy Love shall grant me this :
Then, then, shall my Heart all its Faculties raise,
Both *here*, and *hereafter*, to sing to thy Praise :
O ! joyful ! my Saviour says, *so let it be !*
AMEN, *to my Soul*,——HALLELUJAH ! to *Thee !*



A

FAREWELL to the WORLD.

From the F R E N C H.

I.

WORLD adieu, thou real Cheat !
Oft have thy deceitful Charms
Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms :
Now I see, as clear as Day,
How thy Follies pass away.

II. Vain

II.

Vain thy entertaining Sights;
False thy Promises renew'd;
All the Pomp of thy Delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
Object of the noblest Love.

III.

Farewell Honour's empty Pride!
Thy own nice, uncertain Gust,
If the least Mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the Dust:
Worldly Honours end in Gall,
Rise to Day, To-morrow fall.

IV.

Foolish Vanity, farewell!
More inconstant than the Wave;
Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
Purest Tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST, shall set me free.

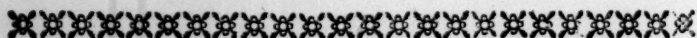
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V.

Never shall my wandering Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys;
Since in God alone I find
Solid and substantial Joys :
Joys that, never overpast,
Thro' Eternity shall last.

VI.

Lord, how happy is a Heart,
After Thee while it aspires !
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shalt answer its Desires :
It shall see the glorious Scene
Of thy everlasting Reign.



An H Y M N.

From the F R E N C H.

I.

HOW charming! to be thus confin'd
Within this lovely Tow'r;
Where, with a calm, and quiet Mind,
I pass the peaceful Hour:
Stronger than Chains of any Kind
Is Love's enduring Pow'r.

II. These

II.

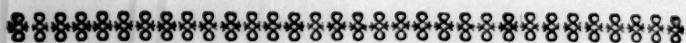
These very Ills are my Delight;
My Pleasures rise from Pains;
The Punishments, that most affright,
Become my wish'd-for Gains:
Whatever Torments they excite,
Pure-fighting Love remains.

III.

Pain is no Object of my Fear,
Tho' Help is not in View;
Sure as I am, from Evils here,
That Blessings will ensue:
To sov'reign Beauty it is clear,
That sov'reign Love is due.

IV.

I suffer; but along with Smart
Is Grace and Virtue sent:
Presence of God, who takes my Part,
So sweetens all Event!
He is the Patience of my Heart,
The Comfort, and Content.



T H E
SOUL'S Tendency towards it's true Centre.

I.

STONES towards the Earth descend;
Rivers to the Ocean roll;
Every Motion has some End:
What is thine, beloved Soul?

II.

Mine is, where my Saviour is;
There with him I hope to dwell:
JESU is the central Bliss;
Love the Force that doth impel.

III.

Truly, thou hast answer'd right:
Now may Heav'ns attractive Grace,
Tow'rs the Source of thy Delight,
Speed along thy quick'ning Pace!

IV. Thank

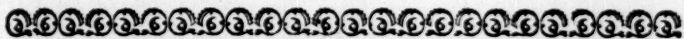
(221)

IV.

Thank thee for thy gen'rous Care:
Heav'n, that did the Wish inspire,
Through thy instrumental Pray'r,
Plumes the Wings of my Desire.

V.

Now, methinks, aloft I fly:
Now, with Angels bear a Part:
Glory be to God on High!
Peace to ev'ry Christian Heart!



THE
Desponding SOUL's WISH.

I.

MY Spirit longeth for thee,
Within my troubled Breast;
Altho' I be unworthy
Of so divine a Guest.

II. Of

(222)

II.

Of so divine a Guest,
Unworthy tho' I be;
Yet has my Heart no Rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

III.

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No Rest is to be found.

IV.

No Rest is to be found,
But in thy blessed Love;
O! let my Wish be crown'd,
And send it from above!



The A N S W E R.

I.

CHEAR up desponding Soul;
Thy Longing, pleas'd, I see;
'Tis Part of that great Whole,
Wherewith I long'd for thee.

II. Wherewith

(223)

II.

Wherewith I long'd for thee,
And left my Father's Throne;
From Death to set thee free,
To claim thee for my own.

III.

To claim thee for my own,
I suffer'd on the Cross:
Oh! were my Love but known,
No Soul could fear its Loss.

IV.

No Soul could fear its Loss,
But, fill'd with Love divine,
Would *die* on its *own* Cross,
And *rise* for ever *mine*.



An

An H Y M N to J E S U S.

From the Latin of St. BERNARD.

I.

JESU! the Soul that thinks on Thee,
How happy does it seem to be!
What Honey can such Sweets impart,
As does thy Presence to the Heart!

II.

No Sound can dwell upon the Tongue,
Nor Ears be ravish'd with a Song,
Nor Thought by pondering be won,
Like that of God's beloved Son.

III.

JESU! the Penitent's Retreat,
The wearied Pilgrim's Mercy Seat:
If they that *seek* thee are carest,
How are the *Finders* of thee blest!

IV.

JESU! the Source of *Life* and *Light*,
That mak'st the Mind so blest and bright;

Fullness

Fullness of Joy Thou dost inspire
Beyond the Stretch of all Desire.

V.

This can no Tongue that ever spoke,
Nor Hand express by figur'd Stroke:
It is *Experience* that must prove
The Pow'r of JESUS, and his Love.



A PARAPHRASE
ON THE
PRAYER, used in the CHURCH LITURGY,
For all Sorts and Conditions of Men.

I.

IT will bear the repeating again and again,
Will the Pray'r for all Sorts and Conditions of Men;
Not to this, or that Place, Name, or Nation confin'd,
But embracing, at once, the whole Race of Mankind;
With a Love universal instructing to call
On the one great creating Preserver of All;
That his Way may be known upon Earth, and be found
His true saving Health, by the Nations all round.

G g

II. He,

II.

He, who willeth all Men to be fav'd, and partake
 Of the Bliss, which distinguish'd their primitive Make;
 To arise to that Life, by a second new Birth,
 Which *Adam* had lost, at his *Fall* upon Earth;
 Will accept ev'ry Heart, whose unfeigned Intent
 Is to pray for that Blessing, which he himself meant,
 When he gave his own Son, for whoever should will
 To escape, by his Means, from the Regions of Ill.

III.

But tho' all the whole World, in a Sense that is good,
 To be God's House, or Church, may be well understood;
 And the Men who dwell on it, his Children, for whom
 It has pleas'd him that *Christ* the Redeemer should come;
 Yet his Church must consist, in all saving Respect,
 Of them who receive him, not them who reject;
 And his true, real Children, or People, are they,
 Who, when call'd by the Saviour, believe and obey.

IV.

Now this excellent Pray'r, in this Sense of the Phrase,
 For the Catholic Church more especially prays;
 That it may be so constantly govern'd, and led
 By the *Spirit* of God, and of *Jesus* its Head,
 That all such as are taught to acknowledge its Creed,
 And profess to be *Christians*, may be so indeed;

May

May hold the one Faith, in a Peace without Strife,
And the Proof of its Truth, a right practical Life,

V.

No partial Distinction is here to be fought;
For the Good of Mankind still enlivens the Thought;
Since God, by the Church, in its Catholic Sense,
Salvation to all is so pleas'd to dispense,
That the farther her Faith, and her Patience increase,
More Hearts will be won to the Gospel of Peace;
'Till the World shall come under Truth's absolute Sway,
And the Nations, converted, bring on the great Day.

VI.

Mean while, tho' Eternity be her chief Care,
The Suff'ers in Time have a suitable Share:
She prays to the fatherly Goodness of God,
For all whom Affliction has under its Rod;
That inward, or outward, the Cause of their Grief,
Mind, Body, Estate, He would grant them Relief,
Due Comfort, and Patience, and finally bless
With the most happy Ending of all their Distress.

VII.

The Compassion, here taught, is unlimited too,
And the Whole of Mankind the petitioning View:

As none can foresee, whether Christian, or not,
 What Afflictions may fall in this World to his Lot;
 The Church, which considers whose Providence sends,
 Prays that all may obtain its beneficent Ends;
 And whenever the Suff'rings, here needful, are past,
 By Repentance and Faith, may be sav'd at the last.

VIII.

The particular Mention of such, as desire
 To be publickly pray'd for, as made in our Quire,
 Infers to all others God's merciful Grace;
 Tho' we hear not their Names, who are in the like Case;
 It excites our Attention to Instances known,
 Of Relations, or Neighbours, or Friends of our own;
 For the Pray'r, in its Nature, extends to all those,
 Who are in the same Trouble, Friends to Us, or Fo:s.

IX.

All which she entreats, for his Sake, to be done,
 Who suffer'd to save them, *Christ Jesus*, his Son;
 In respect to the World, the Redeemer of All;
 To the Church of the Faithful, most chiefly, saith *Paul*;
 And to them, who shall suffer, whoever they be,
 In the *Spirit* of *Christ*, in the highest Degree:
 How ought such a Goodness all Minds to prepare,
 For an hearty *Amen* to this Catholic Pray'r!

X. The

X.

The Church is indeed, in its real Intent,
An Assembly, where Nothing but Friendship is meant;
And the utter Extinction of Foeship, and Wrath,
By the Working of Love, in the Strength of its Faith:
This gives it its holy, and catholic Name,
And truly confirms its apostolic Claim;
Showing what the one Saviour's one Mission had been,
—*Go and teach all the World*—ev'ry Creature therein.

XI.

In the Praise ever due to the Gospel of Grace,
Its Universality holds the first Place:
When an Angel proclaim'd its glad Tidings, the Morn
That the Son of the Virgin, the *Saviour* was born;
Which shall be to all People was said to compleat
The angelical Message, so good, and so great;
Full of *Glory* to *God*, in the Regions above,
And of *Goodness* to *Men*, is so boundless a Love.

XII.

This short Supplication, or Litany, read,
When the longer with-us is not wont to be said,
Tho' brief in Expression, as fully imports
The Will to all Blessings, for Men of all Sorts;

Same

Same brotherly Love, by which Christians are taught
To pray without ceasing, or limiting Thought;
That Religion may flourish upon its true Plan,
Of *Glory* to God, and *Salvation* to Man.



T H E
PRAYER of RUSBROCHIUS.

I.

O Merciful Lord! by the Good which Thou art,
I beseech Thee to raise a true Love in my Heart
For Thee, above all Things; Thee only; and then
To extend to all Sorts, and Conditions of Men:
Religious, or secular; Kindred, or not;
Or near, or far off, or whatever their Lot;
That be any Man's State rich or poor, high or low,
As myself I may love him, Friend to me, or Foe.

II.

May pay to all Men a becoming Respect,
Not prone to condemn them for seeming Defect;
But to bear it, if true, with a Patience exempt
From the proud, surly Vice of a scornful Contempt:
If shown to myself, let me learn to endure,
And obtain, by its Aid, my own Vanity's Cure;

Nor

Nor, however disdain'd, in the spitefullest Shape;
By a sinful Return ever think to escape.

III.

Let my pure, simple Aim, in whatever it be,
Thro' Praise, or Dispraise, be my Duty to Thee:
With a fixt Resolution, still eyeing that Scope
To admit of no other Fear, be it, or Hope,
But the Fear to offend Thee, the Hope to unite,
In thy Honour and Praise, with all Hearts that are right,
Wishing all the World well; but intent to fulfill,
Be they pleas'd, or displeas'd, thy adorable Will.

IV.

Preserve me, Dear Lord, from Presumption and Pride,
That upon my own Actions would tempt to confide:
Let me have no Dependence on any but Thine,
With a right Faith and Trust in thy Merits divine:
Still ready prepar'd, in each requisite Hour,
Both to will, and to work, as thou givest the Pow'r;
But may only thy Love flame thro' all my whole Heart,
And a false selfish Fire not affect the least Part.

V.

To this End, let thine Arrow pierce deeply within,
Letting out all the Filth, and Corruption of Sin;

All

All that in the most secret Recesses may lurk,
 To prevent, or obstruct, thy Intention or Work:
 O! give me the Knowledge, the Feeling and Sense,
 Of thy all-blessing Pow'r, Wisdom, Goodness immense!
 Of the Weakness, the Folly, the Malice alone,
 That, resisting thy Will, I should find in my own!

VI.

Never let me forget, never, while I draw Breath,
 What Thou hast done for me, thy Passion, and Death!
 The Wounds, and the Grievs, of thy Body, and Soul,
 When assuming our Nature thou madest it whole:
 Taughtest how to engage in thy conquering Strife,
 And regain the Access to its true divine Life:
 Let the Sense of such Love kindle all my Desire,
 To be thine my Life thro'; thine to die and expire.

VII.

To Hearts, in the Bond of thy Charity Knit,
 Ev'ry Thing becomes easy to do, or omit;
 The Labour is pleasant, the sharpest Degree
 Of Suff'ring can find Consolation in Thee:
 That which Nature affords, or an Object terrene,
 When it does not divert from a perfecter Scene,
 Is receiv'd with all Thanks, if thou pleasest to grant,
 By a Mind, if thou pleasest, as willing to want.

VIII. The

VIII.

The Amusements, on which it once set such a Store,
 Are now as insipid, as grateful before;
 With a much greater Comfort it gives up each Toy,
 Than the fondest Possessor could ever enjoy:
 If e'er I propos'd such unsuitable Ends
 To the Thought of religious, or secular Friends,
 Expel the vain Images, Fancies of Good,
 And in their Heart, and mine, make Thyself understood.

IX.

Extinguish, O Lord, let not any one take
 A Complacence in me, which is not for thy Sake;
 In me too root out the Respect, of all Kind,
 Which does not arise from thy Love in my Mind:
 No Sorrow be spar'd, no Affliction, no Cross,
 That may further this Love, or recover its Loss;
 This is always thy Meaning; O let it be mine
 To confess Myself guilty, repent, and resign.

X.

With a real Contempt of all Self-seeking Views,
 To embrace, for my Choice, what thy Wisdom shall chuse;
 Looking up still to Thee, to receive all Event
 Which it wills, or permits, with a thankful Content:
 Not regarding what Men shall do to me, or why,
 But the provident Aim of thine all-seeing Eye;

H h

Ever

Ever watchful o'er them who persist, in each Place,
To rely on its Presence——O give me thy Grace!

XI.

Tho' unworthy to ask it, poor Sinner! I trust
In the Merits, and Death of a Saviour so just;
Whom the Father, well pleas'd in his satisfi'd Will,
The Design to save Sinners saw rightly fulfil:
In me let thy Grace, O Redeemer within,
Re-establish his Justice, and purge away Sin;
That freed from its Evils, in me, may be shown
The Effect of thy all-saving Merits alone.

XII.

May Death, and its Consequence, still in my Eyes,
So remind me to live, that it may not surprize:
May the horrible Torments excite a due Dread,
Which impenitent Sinners bring on their own Head:
May I never seek Peace, never find a Delight,
But when I pursue what is good in thy Sight:
Whatsoever I do, suffer, feel to befall,
Be Thou the sole Cause, the one Reason of all!

A PRAYER,



A P R A Y E R,

F R O M

Mr. LAW'S SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

O H heav'nly Father! gracious God above!
Thou boundless Depth of never-ceasing Love!
Save me from *Self*, and cause me to depart
From sinful Works of a long-harden'd Heart;
From all my great Corruptions set me free;
Give me an Ear to hear, an Eye to see,
An Heart and Spirit to believe, and find
Thy Love in *Christ*, the Saviour of Mankind.

Made for Thyself, O God, and to display
Thy Goodness in me, manifest, I pray,
By Grace adapted to each wanting Hour,
Thy holy Nature's Life-conferring Pow'r:
Give me the Faith, the Hunger, and the Thirst,
After the Life breath'd forth from thee, at first;
Birth of thy holy JESUS in my Soul;
That I may turn, thro' Life's succeeding Whole,
From ev'ry outward Work, or inward Thought,
Which is not Thee, or in thy Spirit wrought.

On A T T E N T I O N.

SACRED Attention! true effectual Prayer!
Thou dost the Soul for Love of Truth prepare.
Blest is the Man, who, from Conjecture free,
To future Knowledge shall aspire by thee:
Who in thy Precepts seeks a sure Repose,
Stays till he sees, nor judges till he knows:
Tho' firm, not rash; tho' eager, yet sedate;
Intent on Truth, can its Instruction wait:
Aw'd by thy powerful Influence to appeal
To Heaven, which only can itself reveal;
The Soul in humble Silence to resign,
And human Will unite to the divine;
Till fir'd at length by Heaven's enlivening Beams
Pure, unconsum'd the faithful Victim flames.

A P R A Y E R,

USED BY

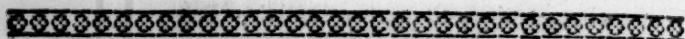
FRANCIS the First, when he was at War
with the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth.

ALmighty Lord of Hosts, by whose Commands
The guardian Angels rule their destin'd Lands;
And watchful, at thy Word, to save or slay,
Of Peace or War administer the Sway:

Thou,

Thou, who, against the great Goliath's Rage
 Didst arm the Stripling David to engage;
 When, with a Sling, a small unarmed Youth
 Smote a huge Giant, in Defence of Truth;
 Hear us, we pray thee, if our Cause be true,
 If sacred Justice be our only View;
 If Right and Duty, not the Will to War,
 Have forc'd our Armies to proceed thus far,
 Then turn the Hearts of all our Foes to Peace,
 That War, and Bloodshed in the Land may cease:
 Or, put to Flight by providential Dread,
 Let them lament their Errors, not their Dead.
 If some must die, protect the righteous all,
 And let the guilty, few as may be, fall.
 With pitying Speed the Victory decree
 To them, whose Cause is best approv'd by thee;
 That sheath'd on all Sides the devouring Sword,
 And Peace, and Justice to our Land restor'd,
 We all together, with one Heart, may sing
 Triumphant Hymns to thee, th' Eternal King.





A C O M M E N T
ON THE
FOLLOWING PASSAGE, in the general
CONFESSION of SINS,
Used in the CHURCH-LITURGY.

— *According to thy Promises declared unto Mankind in
Christ Jesu our Lord.*

ACCORDING to thy Promises—hereby,

Since it is certain that God cannot lie,
The truly penitent may all be sure
That Grace admits them to its open Door;
And they, forsaking all their former Sin,
However great, will freely be let in.

Declar'd—by all the Ministers of Peace,
God has assur'd Repentance of Release;
An intervening Penitence, we see,
Could even Change his positive Decree;
As in the *Ninivites*; if any Soul
Repent, the Promise is the sure Parole.

Unto Mankind—not only to the Jews,
Christians, or Turks, in Writings which they use;

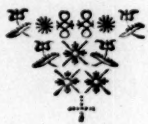
Writ

Writ on the Tablet of each conscious Heart,
Repent——from all Iniquity depart——
Not for no Purpose; for the plain Intent
Is Restoration, if a Soul repent.

*In Christ——*by whom true Scripture has assur'd
Redeeming Grace for Penitents procur'd;
The fainter Hopes, which Reason may suggest,
Are deeply, by the Gospel's Aid, imprest:
'Twas always hop'd for was the promis'd Good,
But, by his Coming, clearly understood.

*Jesu——*Jehovah's manifested Love,
In Christ, th' Anointed Saviour from above;
The Demonstration of the saving Plan,
For all Mankind, is God's becoming Man:
No Truth more firmly ascertain'd than this——
Repent, be faithful, and restor'd to Blifs.

*Our Lord——*our new, and true parental Head;
Our second Adam, in the first when dead;
Who took our Nature on him, that in Men
His Father's Image might shine forth again:
Sure of Success may Penitents implore
What God, thro' Him, rejoices to restore.





FOR THE
DUE IMPROVEMENT
OF A
FUNERAL SOLEMNITY.

AROUND the Grave of a departed Friend,
If due Concern has prompted to attend,
Deep, on our Minds, let the affecting Scenes
Imprint the Lesson, which Attendance means :
For who can tell how soon his own *Adieu*
The solemn Service may, for Him, renew ?

*He that believes on Me (what Christ had said
The Priest proclaims) shall live tho' he were dead :*
To ev'ry Heart This is the gracious Call,
On which depends its everlasting All ;
The ever hoping, loving, working Faith,
That saves a Soul from Death's devouring Wrath.

The patient *Job*, by such a Faith within,
Strengthening his Heart, could say — *This mortal Skin
Destroy'd, I know that my Redeemer lives —*
In Flesh and Blood, which his Redemption gives —
Job, from the Dust, expected to arise,
And stand before his God with seeing Eyes.

The

The royal Psalmist saw this Life of Man,
 How vain, how short, at its most lengthen'd Span:
 Conscious in Whom the Human Trust should be,
 “ *Truly my Hope, he said, is ev'n in Thee* ”——
 And pray'd for its recover'd Strength, *before*
He went from hence, here to be seen no more.

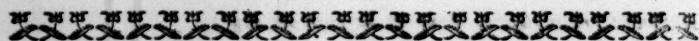
The mystic Chapter is rehears'd, wherein
Paul sings the Triumph over Death, and Sin;
 The glorious Body, freed from earthy Leav'n,
 Image and Likeness of the Lord from Heav'n;
 For such th' abounding in his Work shall gain;
Labour, we know, that never is in vain.

Hence comes the sure and certain Hope, to rise
 In *Christ*; tho' Man, as born of Woman, dies:
 True Life, which *Adam* di'd to, at his Fall,
 And *Christ*, the sinless *Adam*, can recall,
 By a new, heav'nly Birth, from Him, revives,
 And breathes, again, God's holy Breath of Lives.

A Voice from Heav'n bad hearing *John* record,
Blest are the dead, the dying in the Lord——
 In them, the Pray'r, which Man's Redeemer will'd
 That Men should pray, is perfectly fulfill'd:
 This perfect Sense the Words, that we repeat,
 Require, to make the pray'd-for Good compleat.

Thanks then are due for all the faithful dead,
 Departed hence, to be with *Christ* their Head;

And Pray'r, unfainting, for his—— *Come, ye blest——*
Come, ye true Children, enter into Rest;
Live in my Father's Kingdom, and in mine,
In Grace, and Love, and Fellowship divine.



O N

CHURCH COMMUNION,

In SEVEN PARTS;

From a LETTER of Mr. LAW's.

PART FIRST.

I.

RELIGION, Church Communion, or the Way
Of public Worship, that we ought to pay,
As it regards the Body, and the Mind,
Is of external, and internal Kind;
The one consisting in the outward Sign,
The other in the inward Truth divine.

II.

This inward Truth intended to be shown;
So far as outward Signs can make it known,

Is

Is that which gives external Modes a Worth,
Just in Proportion as they shew it forth;
Just as they help, in any outward Part,
The real, true Religion of the Heart.

III.

Now what this is, exclusive of all Strife,
Christians will own to be an inward Life,
Spirit, and Pow'r, a Birth, to say the Whole,
Of Christ himself, brought forth within the Soul;
By this all true Salvation is begun,
And carried on, however it be done.

IV.

Christianity, that has not Christ within,
Can by no Means whatever save from Sin;
Can bear no Evidence of Him — the End,
On which the Value of all Means depend:
Christian Religion signifies, no doubt,
Like Mind within, like Show of it without.

V.

The Will of God, the Saving of Mankind,
Was all that Christ had in his inward Mind;
All that produc'd his outward Action too,
In Church Communion while a perfect Jew;

Like most of his Disciples, till they came,
At *Antioch*, to have a Christian Name.

VI.

If Christ has put an End to Rites of old,
If new recall what was but then foretold,
The one true Church, the real heav'nly Ground,
Wherein alone Salvation can be found,
Is still the Same; and, to its Saviour's Praise,
His inward Tempers outwardly displays;

VII.

By hearty Love, and correspondent Rites
Ordain'd, the Members to the Head unites,
And to each other—in all stated Scenes,
The Life of Christ is what a Christian means;
Tho' Change of Circumstance may alter those,
In this he places, and enjoys Repose.

VIII.

Church Unity is held, and Faith's Increase,
By that of Spirit, in the Bond of Peace,
And Righteousness of Life; without this Tie
Forms are in vain prescrib'd to worship by,
Or Temples model'd; Hearts, as well as Hands,
An holy Church, and catholic demands.

PART SECOND.

I.

IF once establish'd the essential Part,
The inward Church, the Temple of the Heart,
Or House of God, the Substance, and the Sum
Of what is pray'd for in—*Thy Kingdom come*—
To make an outward Correspondence true,
We must recur to Christ's Example too.

II.

Now, in his outward Form of Life, we find
Goodness demonstrated of ev'ry Kind;
What he was born for, that he show'd throughout;
It was the Business that he went about;
Love, Kindness, and Compassion to display
Tow'rd ev'ry Object coming in his Way.

III.

But Love so high, Humility so low,
And all the Virtues which his Actions show;
His doing Good, and his enduring Ill,
For Man's Salvation and God's holy Will,
Exceed all Terms—his inward, outward Plan
Was Love to God, express'd by Love to Man.

IV. Mark,

IV.

Mark of the Church, which he establish'd, then,
Is the same Love, same Proof of it to Men;
Without, let Sects parade it how they list,
Nor Church, nor Unity can e'er subsist;
The Name may be usurp'd, but Want of Pow'r
Will shew the Babel, high or low the Tow'r.

V.

And where the same Behaviour shall appear
In outward Form, that was in Christ so clear,
There is the very outward Church, that He
Will'd all Mankind to shew, and all to see;
Of which whoever shews it, from the Heart,
Is both an inward, and an outward Part.

VI.

What Excommunication can deprive
A pious Soul, that is in Christ alive,
Of Church Communion? or cut off a Limb
That Life, and Action both unite to Him?
For any Circumstance of Place, or Time,
Or Mode, or Custom, which infers no Crime?

VII.

If He be That which his beloved John
Calls him, — *The Light enlight'ning ev'ry one*

That comes into the World——will he exclude
One from his Church, whose Mind he has renew'd
To such Degree, as to exert, in fact,
Like inward Temper, and like outward Act?

VIII.

Invisible, and visible Effect,
Of true Church Membership, in each Respect,
Let the one Shepherd from above behold;
The Flocks, howe'er dispers'd, are his one Fold;
Seen by their Hearts, and their Behaviour too,
They all stand present in his gracious View.



P A R T T H I R D .

I.

A Local Union, on the other Hand,
Tho' crouded Numbers should together stand,
Joining in one same Form of Pray'r, and Praise,
Or Creed express'd in regulated Phrase,
Or aught beside——tho' it assume the Name
Of Christian Church, may want the real Claim.

II.

For if it want the Spirit, and the Sign,
That constitute all Worship, as divine,

The

The Love within, the Test of it without,
In vain the Union passes for devout;
Heartless, and tokenless if it remain,
It ought to pass, in Strictness, for profane.

III.

At first, an Unity of Heart and Soul,
A Distribution of an outward Dole,
And ev'ry Member of the Body fed,
As equally belonging to the Head,
With what it wanted, was, without Suspense,
True Church Communion, in full Christian Sense.

IV.

Whether averse the Many, or the Few,
To hold Communion in this righteous View,
Their Thought commences Heresy, their Deed
Schismatical, tho' they profess the Creed;
Ways of distributing, if new, should still
Maintain the old communicative Will;

V.

Broken by ev'ry loveless, thankless Thought,
And not behaving as a Christian ought;
By want of Meekness, or a Show of Pride
Tow'rds any Soul for whom our Saviour di'd;

While

While this continues, Men may pray, and preach
In all their Forms, but none will heal the Breach.

VI.

Whatever Helps an outward Form may bring
To Church Communion, it is not the Thing;
Nor a Society, as such, nor Place,
Nor any thing besides uniting Grace:
They are but Accessories, at the most,
To true Communion of the Holy Ghost.

VII.

This is th' essential Fellowship, the Tie
Which all true Christians are united by;
No other Union does them any Good,
But that which Christ cemented with his Blood,
As God and Man; that, having lost it, Men
Might live in Unity with God again.

VIII.

What He came down to bring us from above
Was Grace and Peace, and Law-fulfilling Love;
True Spirit-Worship, which his Father fought,
Was the sole End of what He did, and taught;
That God's own Church and Kingdom might begin,
Which Moses and the Prophets usher'd in.

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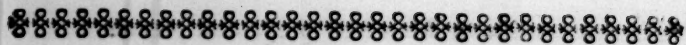
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PART FOURTH.

I.

“THE Church of Christ, as thus you represent,
“ And all the World is of the same Extent:
“ *Jews, Turks, or Pagans* may be Members too;
“ This, some may call a dreadful mystic Clue,
“ A Combination of the Quaker Schemes
“ With latitudinarian Extremes.”

II.

They may; but Names, so ready at the Call
Of such as want them, have no Force at all
To overthrow momentous Truths, and plain,
The very Points of Scripture; and the main;
Such as distinguish, in the clearest View,
Th' enlighten'd *Christian* from the half-blind *Jew*.

III.

What did the Sheet let down to *Peter* mean,
Who call'd the *Gentiles* common, or, unclean?
Let *Peter* answer—*God was pleas'd to show*
That I should call no Man whatever so;
In ev'ry Nation he that serves him right
Is clean, accepted, in his equal Sight.

If

IV.

If *Peter* said so, who will question *Paul*?
 He, in a Manner, made this Point his all;
 The real Sense of what has here been said
 In mystic *Paul* is plainly to be read;
 Nothing but obstinate Dislike to Terms
 Obscures what all the Testament affirms.

V.

The *Jews* objected, to his Gospel Clue,
 A—*What Advantage therefore hath the Jew?*
Or, of what Use is to be circumcis'd?
 So may some *Christians* say—to be baptis'd?—
 May form like Questions, like Conclusions draw,
 And urge the Church, as they did, and the Law.

VI.

Th' Apostle's Reas'ning from the common Want
 Of God's free Grace, its universal Grant
 By Jesus Christ, its Reach to all Mankind,
 For whom the same Salvation was design'd,
 Shows that his Church, as boundless as his Grace,
 extends itself to all the human Race.

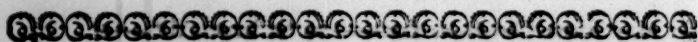
VII.

With pious *Jews* of old our King impli'd
 The one true King of all the Earth beside;

Whose regal Right, tho' he was pleas'd to call
Jacob his Lot, extended over all;
 Tho' *Israel* gloried in acknowledg'd Light,
 It's Virtue was not bounded by their Sight.

VIII.

So will a *Christian* Piety confess
 A Church of Christ, with Boundaries no less;
 Will speak, as ev'ry conscious Witness ought,
 To what it knows, but scorn the partial Thought
 Of Grace, or Truth, or Righteousness confin'd
 To Modes and Customs of external Kind.



P A R T F I F T H.

I.

THE Church consider'd only as possessor
 Of *England, Rome, Geneva*—and the rest—
 Notion of Church so popularly rise,
 Such Cause of endless Enmity and Strife,
 Did but arise in a succeeding Hour,
 When *Christians* came to have a worldly Pow'r.

The first Apostles spread, from Place to Place,
 The Gospel News of universal Grace;

Inviting

Inviting all to enter, by Belief,
Into the Church of their redeeming Chief;
Entrance accessible in ev'ry Part,
And shut to Nothing but a faithless Heart.

III.

But when the Princes of the World became,
And Kings, Protectors of the Christian Name,
Pow'r made ambitious Pastors, Ease remiss,
And Churches dwindl'd into *that* and *this*;
The one, divided, came to want, of course,
Supports quite foreign to its native Force.

IV.

Contentions rose, all tending to create
Still new Alliances of Church and State;
Form'd, and reform'd, and turn'd, and overturn'd,
As Force prevail'd, and human Passion burn'd;
Old Revolutions when by new dissolv'd,
Both Church and State accordingly revolv'd.

V.

Such is the Mixture of an human Sway,
In all external Churches at this Day;
To the same Changes liable, anew,
That Forms of Government are subject to;

While

While the one Church, in its true Sense, in Name
And Thing, remains unchangeably the same.

VI.

The private Christian, bearing Christ in Mind,
Whose Kingdom was not of a worldly Kind,
Has little, or has no Concern at all,
With these external Changes that befall;
Let Providence permit them, or prevent,
With Truth and Spirit he remains content,

VII.

Not that he thinks that Evil, more or less,
Is, in its Nature, alter'd by Success;
The Good is good, tho' suff'ring a Defeat,
The Bad but worse, if its Success be great;
He measures neither by th' Event that's past,
For what they were at first they are at last.

VIII.

But, by the Spirit of the Gospel, free,
Whatever State of Government it be,
That God has plac'd him under, to submit,
So in the Church he thinks the Freedom fit,
Whilst, on Occasion of the outward Part,
He can present what God requires—An Heart.



PART SIXTH.

I.

THE Heart is what the God of it demands,
Who dwelleth not in Temples made with Hands:
When Hands have made them, if no Hearts are found,
Dispos'd aright to consecrate the Ground,
Vainly is Worship said to be divine,
While in the Breast its Object has no Shrine.

II.

But if it has, in that devoted Breast,
A right Intention, surely, will be blest;
Tho' Forms, prescrib'd by Pastors in the Chair,
Should be adjusted with less perfect Care;
Tho', in some Points, the Services assign'd
Differ from those of apostolic Kind.

1

III.

What outward Church, or Form, shall we select,
That is not chargeable with some Defect?
Each is prepar'd, in all the rest, to grant
A Superfluity, or else a Want,
Or both; a Distance from Perfection wide,
Retorted on itself by all beside.

IV. What

IV.

What safer Remedy than pure Intent
To seek the Good by any of them meant ?
Which He, who mindeth only what the Heart
Brings of its own, is ready to impart ;
No human Pow'r, should it enjoin amiss
A ceremonious Rite, can hinder this.

V.

Even in Sacrament, what frequent Storms
Has Superstition rais'd about the Forms ?
In Rites baptismal, which the true Result ?
Immersion ? Sprinkling ? Infants ? or th' adult ?
In the Lord's Supper, does the Celebration
Make *Trans*, or *Con*, or *Non*-substantiation ?

VI.

These, and a World of Controversies more
Serve to enlarge the bibliothecal Store ;
While Champions make Antiquity their Boast,
And all pretend to imitate it most ;
Prone to neglect, for criticising Pique,
Essential Truths eternally antique.

VII.

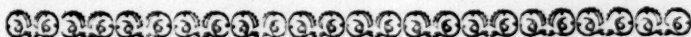
Thus inward Worship lies in low Estate,
Opprest with endless Volumes of Debate

About

About the outward; soon as old ones die,
All undecided, comes a new Supply
Of needless Doubts to a religious Soul,
Whole upright Meaning dissipates the Whole.

VIII.

Clear of all worldly, interest'd Views,
The one Design of Worship it pursues;
Turns all to Use that public Form allows,
By off'ring up its ever private Vows
For the Success of all the Good design'd
By Christ, the common Saviour of Mankind.



PART SEVENTH.

I.

A Christian, in so catholic a Sense,
Can give to none, but partial Minds, Offence:
Forc'd to live under some divided Part,
He keeps intire the Union of the Heart;
The sacred Tie of Love; by which alone,
Christ said, that his Disciples would be known.

II.

He values no Distinction, as profess
By way of Separation from the rest;

L 1

Oblig'd.

Oblig'd in Duty, and inclin'd by Choice,
In all the Good of any to rejoice;
From ev'ry Evil, Falshood, or Mistake,
To wish them free, for common Comfort's Sake.

III.

Freedom, to which the most undoubted Way
Lies in Obedience (where it always lay)
To Christ himself; who, with an inward Call,
Knocks at the Door, that is, the Heart of all;
At the Reception of this heav'nly Guest,
All Good comes in, all Evil quits the Breast.

IV.

The free Receiver, then, becomes content
With what God orders, or does not prevent:
To them that love Him, all Things, he is sure,
Must work for Good; tho' how may be obscure:
Even successful Wickedness, when past,
Will bring, to them, some latent Good at last.

V.

Fall'n as divided Churches are, and gone
From the Perfection of the Christian one,
Respect is due to any, that contains
The venerable, tho' but faint Remains

Of ancient Rule, which had not, in its View,
The Letter only, but the Spirit too.

VI.

When that Variety of new-found Ways
Which People so run after, in our Days,
Has done its utmost—when *Lo here, Lo there,*
Shall yield to inward Seeking, and sincere;
What was, at first, may come to be again
The Praise of Church Assemblies amongst Men.

VII.

Mean while, in that to which we now belong,
To mind in public Lesson, Pray'r, and Song,
Teaching, and Preaching, what conduces best
To true Devotion in the private Breast,
Willing encrease of Good to ev'ry Soul,
Seems to be our Concern upon the Whole.

VIII.

So God, and Christ, and holy Angels stand
Dispos'd to ev'ry Church, in ev'ry Land;
The Growth of Good still helping to compleat,
Whatever Tares be sown amongst the Wheat:
Who would not wish to have, and to excite,
A Disposition so divinely right?

A DYING SPEECH.

From Mr. L A W.

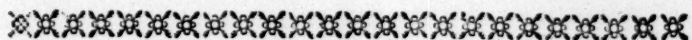
IN this unhappily divided State,
That Christian Churches have been in of late,
One must, however catholic the Heart,
Join, and conform to some divided Part:
The *Church of England* is the Part, that I
Have always liv'd in, and now choose to dye;
Trusting, that if I worship God with her,
In Spirit, and in Truth, I shall not err;
But as acceptable to Him be found,
As if, in Times for one pure Church renown'd,
Born, I had also liv'd, in Heart and Soul,
A faithful Member of the unbroken Whole.

As I am now, by God's good Will, to go
From this disorder'd State of Things below;
Into his Hands, as I am now to fall,
Who is the great Creator of us all;
God of all Churches that implore his Aid,
Lover of all the Souls that he hath made;
Whose Kingdom, that of universal Love,
Must have its blest Inhabitants above,
From ev'ry Class of Men, from all the good,
Howe'er descended from one human Blood;

So,

So, in this loving Spirit, I desire,
As in the midst of all their sacred Quire,
With Rites prescrib'd, and with a Christian View,
Of all the World to take my last Adieu;
Willing in Heart and Spirit to unite
With ev'ry Church, in what is just and right,
Holy and good, and worthy, in its Kind,
Of God's Acceptance from an honest Mind:
Praying, that ev'ry Church may have its Saints,
And rise to that Perfection which it wants.

Father! *thy Kingdom come!* thy sacred Will
May all the Tribes of human Race fulfill!
Thy Name be prais'd by ev'ry living Breath,
AUTHOR OF LIFE, and VANQUISHER OF DEATH!



A C O M M E N T
O N T H E
F O L L O W I N G S C R I P T U R E .

In the Beginning was the Word.

John, 1st and 9th.

IN the Beginning was the Word—saith JOHN—

The Life, the Light, the Truth, for all are one;
One all-creating Pow'r, all-wise, all-good,
In which, at first, the whole Creation stood;

Moving,

Moving, and acting in the Pow'r alone;
 How bright, how perfect, and no Evil known!
 How blest was Natures universal Plan,
 And the fair Image of his Maker, MAN!

The Word, the Pow'r, is *Christ*; th' Eternal Son
 Of God, by whom the Father's Will is done;
 Each is the other's Glory; and the Love
 From both the Blifs of all the blest above:
 Angels in Heav'n stand ready to obey,
 And, as the Word directs them, so do they;
 So must we Men, born here upon this Earth,
 If ever we regain the heav'nly Birth;

Lost by poor *Adam*, in the fatal Hour
 Of lusting after Knowledge without Pow'r;
 When, yielding to Temptation, tho' forbid
 To eat what was not good for him, he did:
 The Pow'r of Life consenting to forego,
 For what was told him, would be Death to know,
 He di'd to his celestial State, and then
 Could but convey an earthly one to Men.

From which to rise, and in true Life to live,
 What but the *Word*, wherein was Life, could give?
 Ingrafted, as an holy Seed within,
 And born to save the human Soul from Sin:
 The *Word* made Man by Virgin Birth, and free
 From Sin's Dominion, JESUS CHRIST is He;

Whom,

Whom, of pure Love, the Father sent to save,
And finish Man's Redemption from the Grave.

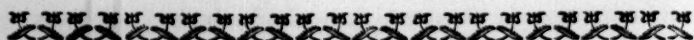
This second *Adam*, Healer of the Breach
Made by the first, nor Sin, nor Death could reach;
He conquer'd both; and, in the glorious Strife,
Became the Parent of an endless Life
To all who ever did, or shall aspire
To Life, and Spirit from this heav'nly Sire;
And cultivate the Seed which he hath sown
In ev'ry Heart, 'till the new Man be grown.

The old, we know, must die away to Dust,
And a new Image rise amongst the just;
When, at the End of temporary Scene,
Christ shall appear, eternally to reign
In all his Glory, human and divine,
When all the born of God, in Him, shall shine,
Rais'd to the Life that was at first possess'd,
And bow the Knee to JESUS, and be blest.

Since then the Cause of our eternal Life
Is CHRIST in us, what need of any Strife
In his Religion? Of *Lo Here! Lo There!*
When to all Hearts He is himself so near?
With Pow'r to save us from the Cause of Ill,
A worldly, selfish, unbelieving Will;
To bless whatever tends to make the Mind
Meek, loving, humble, patient, and resign'd.

The

The Mind to *Christ* so far as God shall draw
By Nature, Scripture, Reason, Learning, Law,
Or aught beside, so far their Use is right,
Proclaiming Him, and not themselves the Light:
From first to last His Gospel is the same;
And of all Worship, that deserves a Name,
The Word of Life by Faith to apprehend
That was in the Beginning—is the End.



A MEMORIAL ABSTRACT

OF A

Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. H—,

On Proverbs, C. 20, V. 27.

THE human Spirit, when it burns and shines,
Lamp of JEHOVAH *Solomon* defines—
Now, as a Vessel, to contain the Whole,
This Lamp denotes the Body, Oil the Soul;
(As H— observes) which, tho' itself be dark,
Is capable of Light's enkindling Spark;
But, as consider'd in it's own dark Root,
Still wants the Unction, and the Light's Recruit.

Brighter than all, that now is look'd upon,
This Lamp of God, at it's Creation shon;

The

The Body, purer than the finest Gold,
 Had no Defect in its material Mold;
 The Soul's enkindl'd Oil was heav'nly bright,
 Till evil Mixture darken'd its good Light;
 And hid the supernatural Supply,
 That fed the glorious Lamp of the *most High*.

That fatal Poison quench'd, in human Frame,
 The Spirit flowing from the vital Flame:
Adam's free Will consenting to such Food,
 Death, as its natural Effect, ensu'd:
 True Life departing left him naked, blind,
 And spiritless, in Body, Soul, and Mind;
 Dead to his *paradise* Life, a Birth
 From *Sin* began his *mortal* Life on Earth.

His Faith, his spiritual Discernment gone,
 He fell into a poring, reas'ning one;
 Into a State of Ignorance he fell,
 Which brutal Instincts very oft excel:
 What his *Self seeking* Will *would* know *was* known,
 The Light of this terrestrial Orb alone;
 Dark, in Comparifon, when this was done,
 As Moon, or Starlight to meridian Sun.

What Help when leffer Light should vanish too,
 And Death discover a still *darker* View?
 Had not the CHRIST of God, *sole* Help for Sin,
 Rais'd up *Salvation* as a *Seed within*?

M m

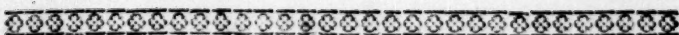
That

That sprouting forth by *Penitence*, and *Faith*,
 Could pierce thro' Death, and dissipate its Wrath;
 Till God's true Image should again revive,
 And rise, thro' Him, to its first Life alive.

This *Parent Saviour*, God's anointed Son,
 Begets the Life that *Adam* should have done;
 Reforms the Lamp; renews the holy Fire,
 And sends to Heav'n its flaming *Love-Desire*:
 'Tis He—the *Life that was the Light of Men*—
 Who fits them to be Lamps of God again;
 Restores the Vessel, Oil, and Light, and all
 The Spirit-Life that vanish'd at the *Fall*.

Reason has Nothing to proceed upon,
 Without an *Union* from this *Holy One*;
 Without a Spirit, to dispel the Damp
 Of *Nature's* Darknefs, and light up the Lamp:
 Nothing whatever, but the *Touch* divine,
 Can make its highest Faculties to shine;
 All just has helpless in their selfish Use,
 As Lamps their own enkindling to produce.

All true Religion teaches then to trim
 The Lamp, that must receive its Light from Him;
 From Him, the *quick'ning* Spirit, to obtain
 The Life that must for ever blest remain:
 The *Life* of *Christ* arising in the Soul,
 This, This alone makes human Nature whole;
 Makes ev'ry Gift of Grace to reunite,
 And shine *for ever* in *JEHOVAH's* Sight.



ON THE
Union and Three-fold Distinction
OF
GOD, NATURE, and CREATURE,
PART FIRST.

ALL that comes under our Imagination
Is either *God*, or *Nature*, or *Creation*:
God is the free eternal Light, or Love,
Before, *beyond* all Nature, and *above*:
The one unchangeable, unceasing Will
To ev'ry Good, and to no Sort of Ill.

Nature, *without* him, is th' *abyssal* Dark,
Void of the Light's beatifying Spark;
Th' Attraction of Desire, by Want repell'd,
Whence circling Rage proceeds, and Wrath unquell'd.
But, by the Light's all-joyous Pow'r, th' Abyss
Becomes the Groundwork of a *threefold* Bliss.

Creation is the Gift of Light, and Life,
To Nature's Contrariety and Strife;
For without Nature, or desirous Want,
There would be nothing to receive the Grant;

Nor could a Creature, or created Scene
Exist, did no such *Medium* intervene.

Creature and *God* would be the same; the Thought,
Which Books inform us that *Spinoza* taught,
Would then be true; and we be forc'd to call
Things good, or bad, the *Parts* of the great *All*:
In whatsoever State itself may be,
Nature is *his*, but Nature is not *He*.

Like as the Dark, behind the shining Glafs,
By hindring Rays that of themselves would pass,
Affords that Glimpse of Objects to the View,
Which the transparent Mirror could not do;
So does the Life of Nature, in its Place,
Reflect the Glories of the Life of Grace.

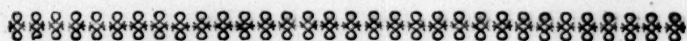
Of ev'ry Creature's Happiness, the Growth
Depends upon the *Union* of them both;
And all, that God proceeded to create,
Came forth, at first, in this united State;
No evil Wrath, or Darknes could begin
To show itself, but by a *Creature's* Sin.

And were not *Nature* separate, alone,
Such a dark *Wrath*, it could not have been shown:
Its hidden Properties are Ground as good
For Life's Support, as Bones to Flesh and Blood:

The

The false, unnatural, ungodly Will,
That lays them open, is sole Cause of Ill.

When it is caus'd, *renouncing*, to be sure,
All such-like Wills, contributes to the Cure;
That Nature's *wrathful* Forms may not appear,
Nor what is made subservient domineer;
But God's *good* Will all *evil* ones subdue,
And bless all *Nature*, and all *Creature* too.



P A R T S E C O N D .

THIS universal Blessing to inspire
Was God's eternal Purpose, or Desire;
Desire, which never could be unfulfill'd;
Love put it forth, and Heav'n was what it will'd;
And the Desire had, in itself, the Means,
From whence the Love cou'd raise the heav'nly Scenes.

Hence an *eternal Nature*, to proclaim
By outward, visible, majestic Frame,
The *hidden Deity*, the Pow'r divine,
By which th' innumerable Beauties shine;
That by Succession, without End, recall
A GOD of LOVE, a present ALL in ALL.

From Love, thus manifested in the *Birth*
Of *Nature*, and the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth,

The

The various *Births* of *Creatures*, at the Voice
Of *God*, came forth to see, and to rejoice;
To live within his Kingdom, and partake
Of ev'ry Bliss, adapted to their Make.

For as, *before* a Creature came to see,
No other *Life* but that of *God* could be;
No other place but *Heav'n*, no other State;
So, when it pleas'd th' Almighty to create,
From *him* must come the Creature's *Life within*;
Its *outward* State from *Nature* must begin.

Oh! what angelic Orders! what divine,
And heavenly Creatures answer'd the Design
Of *God's* communicative Goodness, shown
By giving Rise to *Offsprings* of his own!
With *Godlike* Spirits how was Nature fill'd,
And *beauteous* Forms, as its great *Author* will'd!

Thus in its full Perfection then it stood,
Seeking, receiving, manifesting Good,
By Virtue of that *Union* which it had
With Him, who made no Creature to be bad;
But highly blest; and with a potent Will
So to continue, and to know no Ill.

Nature's *united* Properties had none——
Whence then the Change that it has undergone?
But from the Creatures striving to aspire
Above the *Light*, which their own *dark* Desire

Quench'd

Quench'd in themselves, and rais'd up all the Storms
Of Nature's wrathful, separated Forms.

So *Lucifer* and his proud Legions fell,
And turn'd their *heav'nly* Mansion to an *Hell*;
To that dark, formless *Void*, wherein the Light
Entring again with Nature to unite,
The *new* Creation of a World began,
And God's *own Image* Lord of it — *A Man*.



ON THE
ORIGIN of EVIL.

I.

EVIL, if rightly understood,
Is but the Skeleton of Good,
Divested of its Flesh and Blood.

II.

While it remains, without Divorce,
Within its hidden, secret Source,
It is the Good's own Strength and Force.

III. As

III.

As Bone has the supporting Share,
In human Form divinely fair,
Altho' an Evil when laid bare ;

IV.

As Light and Air are fed by Fire,
A shining Good, while all conspire,
But (separate) dark, raging Ire ;

V.

As Hope and Love arise from Faith,
Which then admits no Ill, nor hath ;
But, if alone, it would be Wrath ;

VI.

Or any Instance thought upon,
In which the Evil can be none,
Till Unity of Good is gone ;

VII.

So, by Abuse of Thought and Skill,
The greatest Good, to wit, *Free-will*,
Becomes the *Origin* of Ill.

VIII. Thus

VIII.

Thus when rebellious Angels fell,
The very Heav'n, where good ones dwell,
Became th' apostate Spirits Hell.

IX.

Seeking, against eternal Right,
A Force without a Love and Light,
They found, and felt its evil Might.

X.

Thus *Adam* biting at their Bait,
Of Good and Evil when he ate,
Di'd to his first thrice happy State.

XI.

Fell to the Evils of this Ball,
Which, in harmonious Union all,
Were *Paradise* before his Fall.

XII.

And when the Life of *Christ* in Men
Revives its *faded* Image, then,
Will all be *Paradise* again.

N n

A Friendly



A

Friendly Expostulation with a Clergyman,

CONCERNING

A PASSAGE in his SERMON, relating to the
REDEMPTION of MANKIND.

'T WAS a good Sermon; but a close Review
Would bear one Passage to be alter'd too;
Because it did not, in the least, agree
With the plain Text (as it appear'd to me)
Nor with your Comment, on what God had done
To save Mankind, by his Redeeming Son.

You did, if I remember right, admit
That *other* Means, if He had so thought fit,
Might have obtain'd the salutary Views,
As well as those which he was pleas'd to chuse;
That it was too presumptuous to confine,
To those alone, th' Omnipotence divine;
As if a Wisdom infinite could find
No other Method, how to save Mankind:
Tho' *that*, indeed, which had been fix'd upon,
Was, in effect, become the only one.

Now this, however well design'd, to raise
An awful Sense, by its respectful Phrase,

An

An Adoration of the boundless Pow'rs
 Of the ALMIGHTY, when compar'd with ours;
 To sink in humble Rev'rence, and profound,
 All human Thoughts of fixing any Bound
 To an unerring Wisdom, which extends
 Beyond what finite Reason comprehends;
 Yet, if examin'd by severer Test,
 It is, at least, incautiously exprest;
 And leaves the subtlest of the Gospel's Foes,
 The *Deists*, this Objection to propose,
 To which they have, and will have, a Recourse,
 And still keep urging its unanswer'd Force.

“ If there was no Necessity, they say,
 “ For saving Men in this mysterious Way,
 “ What Proof can the Divines pretend to bring,
 “ (While they confess the Nature of the Thing
 “ Does not forbid) that the celestial Scenes
 “ Will not be open'd by some other Means?
 “ What else but Book Authority, at best,
 “ Asserts this Way, exclusive of the rest,
 “ Of equal Force, if the Almighty's Will
 “ Had but appointed them to save from Ill?
 “ This Way, in which the Son of the most High
 “ Is, by his Father's Pleasure, doom'd to die,
 “ For Satisfaction of paternal Ire;
 “ Which (when they make Religion to require)
 “ Confounds all Sense of Justice, by a Scheme
 “ The most unworthy of the great Supreme:

N n 2

“ As

“ As other Ways might have obtain'd the End,
“ Nature, and Reason, force us to attend
“ To huge Absurdities which follow this,
“ And, since it was not needful, to dismiss.”

This is the *Bourdon* of deistic Song,
Which rising Volumes labour to prolong;
Take this away, the rest would all remain
As flat, and trifling, as it is profane;
But this remaining, hither they retreat,
And lie secure from any full Defeat.

But when the *Need*, most *absolute*, is shown
Of Man's Redemption, by the Means alone,
The *Birth*, and *Life*, and *Death*, and *Re-ascent*,
Thro' which the one *The-andric* Saviour went,
To quench the Wrath of Nature in the Race
Of Men (not God, in whom it has no Place)
Then Scripture, Sense, and Reason coincide,
And all conspire to follow the one Guide;
Of *Possibilities* to wave the talk,
In which it is impossible to walk;
And raise the Soul to seek, and find the Good,
By this one Method, which no other could.

Then true Religion, call it by the Name
Christian, or *natural*, is still the same;
From CHRIST deriv'd, as Healer of the Soul,
Or *Nature*, made by his *Re-entrance* whole;

Who

Who is, in ev'ry Man, th' enlightning Ray,
 The Faith, and Hope, of *Love's* redeeming Day;
 The *only* Name, or Pow'r, that can assure
 Nature's Religion, that is, *Nature's Cure*:
 But if Salvation might have been bestow'd
 By *other* Means, than what the sacred Code
 Declares throughout, the *Deists* will soon say,
 The Means, that *might* be possible, still *may*;
 And, led to think that Scripture is at Odds
 With Nature, take some *other* to be God's:
 Thus may a *no Necessity*, allow'd,
 Tend to increase the unbelieving Croud.

As *Adam* di'd, and in him all his Race,
 Not to the Life of Nature, but of Grace;
 There could be no new Birth of it, or Growth,
 But from a parent Union of them both;
 Such as, in ev'ry possible Respect,
JESUS incarnate only could effect;
 From *Him* alone, who *had* the Life, could Men
 Have it *restor'd*, *renew'd*, *reviv'd* again:
 But—I am trespassing too much, I fear,
 And preaching, when my Province is to hear—

Millions of Ways could we suppose beside,
 This, we are sure, which saving Love has tri'd,
 Must be the best, must be the straightest Line
 Of Action, when consider'd as divine;
 This Way *alone* then must as sure be gone,
 As that a Line, if straight, can be but one.

On

On the same S U B J E C T,

Written upon another Occasion.

MANKIND's Redemption, you are pleas'd to say,
By JESUS CHRIST, was not the *only* Way
That could succeed; indefinitely *more*
Th' *Almighty's* Wisdom had within its Store;
By any chosen one of which, no doubt,
The same Redemption had been brought about.

For who shall dare, you argue, in this Case,
To limit the Omnipotence of Grace?
As if a finite Understanding knew
What the *Almighty* could, or could not do:
Tho', since He chose this Method, we must own,
That our Dependence is on This alone.

Now, Sir, acknowledging his Pow'r immense,
Beyond the Reach of all created Sense;
Does it not seem to follow, thereupon,
That *his* true Way must be directly *One*?
To save the World he gave his *only* Son,
Therefore——by *Him alone* it could be done.

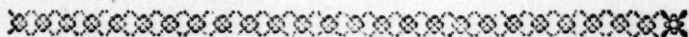
Variety of Ways is the Effect
Of finite View, that sees not *the direct*:

But

But the *Almighty*, having all in View,
Must be suppos'd to see, and take it too;
To see at once, tho' *we* are in the Dark,
The one straight Line to the intended Mark.

Saint *Paul's* Assertion of—*no other Name*
Given under Heav'n—appears to be the same
With this—no other Name, or Pow'r, could save
But that of *JESUS*, which *JEHOVAH* gave:
More *Sons*, more *Saviours*, as consistent seem
As more effective *Methods* to redeem.

I am the Way—said *CHRIST*; there could not be,
By just Conclusion, any, then, but *He*:
I am the Truth—whence it appears anew,
That no Way else could possibly be *true*:
I am the Life—to which, as *Adam* di'd,
Nothing could bring Mankind again, beside.



A N

Expostulation with a zealous Sectarist,

Who inveighed in bitter Terms against the CLERGY
and CHURCH INSTITUTIONS.

NO Sir; I cannot see to what good End
Such bitter Words against the Clergy tend;
Pour'd from a Zeal so sharp, so anallay'd,
That suffers no Exception to be made;

While

While the most mild Persuasions to repress
The bitter Zeal still heighten its Excess.

Its own relentless Thought while it pursues,
What unrestrain'd Expressions it can use!
Places of Worship, which the People call
Churches, are Synagogues of *Satan* all;
At all *liturgic* Pray'r and Praise it storms,
As *Man's Inventions, Spirit-quenching Forms*;
And, from *baptismal* down to *burial* Rite,
Sets ev'ry Service in an odious Light:
All previous Order, with regard to Time,
Place, or Behaviour, passes for a Crime.

Of *Pharisaic* Pride it culls the Marks,
To represent the *Bishop* and his *Clarks*;
Who are, if offer'd any gentler Plea,
The *Devil's Ministers*, both He and They;
Blind Guides, false Prophets, and a lengthen'd Train
Of all hard Words that chosen Texts contain:
These are the *Forms* which, when it would object
To those in Use, it pleases to select;
Repeated by its Devotees, at once,
As like to Rote as any Church Response:
Nor is a Treatment of this eager Kind
To this, or that Society confin'd,
Sect, or Profession——no, no Matter which,
Leaders, or led, all fall into the Ditch;
None but its own severe Adepts can claim
Of Truth and Spirit-Worshippers the Name.

It

In vain it seeks, by any sacred Page,
 To justify this unexampled Rage:
 Prophets of old, who spake against th' Abuse
 Of outward Forms, were none of them so loose
 As to condemn, abolish, or forbid
 The Things prescrib'd, but what the People did;
 Who minded nothing but the mere Outside,
 Neglecting wholly what it signifi'd;
 At this Neglect the Prophets all exclaim'd;
 No pious Rites has any of them blam'd;
 Their true Intent was only to reduce
 All outward Practice to its inward Use.

The World's Redeemer, coming to fulfil
 All past Predictions of prophetic Quill,
 Who more, amidst the *Jewish* priestly Pride,
 Than He, with all *Mosaic* Rites compli'd?
 Say that the *Christian* Priests are, now, as bad
 As those blind Leaders which the Jews then had,
 Was *Zachariah's*, *Simeon's*, *Anna's* Mind,
 Any good Priest, or Man, or Woman blind,
 To offer Incense, or to bear a Part
 In Temple Service, with an upright Heart?

Can then the Faults of *Clergymen*, or *Lay*,
 Destroy Heart-Worship at this present Day?
 Will Pray'r, in vain by *Pharisees* prefer'd,
 Not from repenting *Publicans* be heard?
 Will the devout amongst the Christian Flock
 Not be accepted, tho' the Priest should mock?

O o

If

If they do right in their appointed Spheres,
His Want of Truth and Spirit is not *Theirs*.

Our Lord's Apostles, with an inward View
 To reconcile the *Gentile*, and the *Jew*,
 To Faith in Him, made ev'ry outward Care
 The most subservient to that main Affair:
 The greatest Friend to Christian Freedom, *Paul*,
 Intent to save, was ev'ry Thing to All;
 To keep, whatever Forms should rise, or cease,
 Union of Spirit in the Bond of Peace;
 Th' Effects of hasty, rash, condemning Zeal
 He saw, and mourn'd, and labour'd to repeal.

Succeeding Saints, when Priest, or Magistrate
 Became tyrannical in Church, or State,
 Reprov'd their evil Practices, but then
 Rever'd the Office, tho' they blam'd the Men:
 They gave no Instance of untemper'd Heat,
 That roots up all before it, Tares or Wheat;
 As if, by humanly invented Care
 Of Cultivation, Wheat itself was Tare:
 'Tis true, all Sects are grown corrupt enough,
 But Zeal, so indiscriminately rough,
 May well give others Reason to suspect
 Some want of Knowledge in a Novel Sect,
 (If such there be) that seems to take a Pride
 In *satanizing* all the World beside;
 Without the least Authority, yet known,
 Or Species of Example, but its own.

One Mischief is, that its unguarded Terms
 Hurt many sober Truths which it affirms;
 Worship in *Truth* and *Spirit* suffers too,
 By being plac'd in such an hostile View:
 " *Oh! but all self-will Worshipping is wrong*"——
 True; but to whom does that Defect belong?
 Is the Obedience to a Rule, or Guide,
 For Order's Sake, fair Proof of such a Pride?
 If it be none at all for Men to broach
 Rude, harsh, and undistinguishing Reproach,
 With Resolution to repeat it still,
 Pray by what Marks are we to know *Self-Will*?



Thoughts on imputed Righteousness,

OCCASIONED

By Reading the Rev. Mr. HERVEY's DIALOGUES,
 between THERON and ASPASIO.

A F R A G M E N T.

IMPUTED *Righteousness*!——beloved Friend,

To what Advantage can this Doctrine tend?
 If, at the same Time, a Believer's Breast
 Be not by *real* Righteousness possess'd;
 And if it be, why Volumes on it made
 With such a Stress upon *imputed* laid?

Amongst the Disputants of later Days,
 This, in its Turn, became a fav'rite Phrase,
 When, much divided in religious Schemes,
 Contending Partics ran into Extremes;
 And now it claims th' Attention of the Age,
 In *Hervey's* elegant and lively Page:
 This his *Appasio* labours to impress,
 With ev'ry Turn of Language and Address;
 With all the Flow of Eloquence, that shines
 Thro' all his (full enough) embellish'd Lines.

Tho' now so much exerting to confirm
 Its vast Importance, and revive the Term,
 He was himself, he lets his *Theron* know,
 Of diff'rent Sentiments not long ago;
 And Friends of yours, it has been thought, I find,
 Have brought *Appasio* to his present Mind.
 Now having read, but unconvinc'd, I own,
 What various Reason for it he has shown,
 Or rather Rhetoric—if it be true,
 In any Sense that has appear'd to you,
 I rest secure of giving no Offence,
 By asking—how you understand the Sense?
 By urging, in a Manner frank and free,
 What Reasons, as I read, occur to me,
 Why *Righteousness*, for Man to rest upon,
 Must be a *real*, not *imputed*, one.

To shun much novel Sentiment, and nice,
 I take the Thing from its apparent Rise;

It

It should seem then, as if *imputed Sin*
 Had made *imputed Righteousness* begin;
 The one suppos'd, the other, to be sure,
 Would follow after——like Disease and Cure:
 Let us examine then imputed Guilt,
 And see on what Foundation it is built.

As our first Parents lost an heav'nly State,
 All their Descendents share their hapless Fate;
 Forewarn'd of God, when tempted, not to eat
 Of the forbidden Tree's pernicious Meat;
 Because incorporating mortal Leaven
 Would kill, of course, in them, the Life of Heav'n:
 They disobey'd, did *Adam*, and his Wife,
 And died of Course to their true heav'nly Life:
 That Life, thus lost the Day they disobey'd,
 Could not by them be possibly convey'd;
 No other Life could Children have from them,
 But what could rise from the parental Stem:
 That Love of God, alone, which we adore,
 The Life, so lost, could possibly restore:
 Their Children could not, being born to Earth,
 Be born to Heaven, but by an *heav'nly Birth*:
 God found a Way, explain it how we will,
 To save the human Race from endless Ill;
 To save the very disobeying Pair;
 And made their whole Posterity his Care.

Has this great Goodness any thing akin
 To God's *imputing* our first Parent's Sin

To

To their unborn Posterity?—What Sense
 In such a strange, and scriptureless Pretence?
 For the Men feel——so far we are agreed,
 The Consequences of a sinful Deed;
 Yet where ascrib'd, by any sacred Pen,
 But to the *Doers*, is the *Deed* to Men?
 Where to be found, in all the Scripture thro',
 This *Imputation*, thus advanc'd anew?

Adam and *Eve*, by *Satan's* Wiles decoy'd,
 Did what the kind Commandment said——avoid——
 To them, with Justice therefore, you impute
 The Sin of eating the forbidden Fruit;
 And ev'ry Imputation must in Fact,
 If just, be built on some preceding Act;
 Without the previous Deed suppos'd, the Word
 Becomes unjust, unnatural, absurd.

If, as you seem'd to think the other Day,
 All *Adam's* Race, in some mysterious Way,
 Sinn'd when he sinn'd; consented to his Fall;
 With Justice then impute it to them all:
 But still it follows, that they all contract
 An Imputation founded upon Fact;
 And *Righteousness* of *Christ*, in Christian Heirs,
 Must be as deeply, and as truly theirs,
 An heav'nly Life in order to replace,
 As was the Sin that made a guilty Race:
 So that imputing either Good, or Ill,
 Must presuppose a correspondent Will;

Or

Or else Imputers certainly must make
Thro' Ignorance, or other Cause, Mistake.

Old *Eli* thus, not knowing what to think,
Imputed *Hannah's* silent Pray'r to Drink;
Little supposing that it would prepare
A Successor to him, her silent Pray'r.
There may be other Meanings of the Phrase,
To be accounted for in human Ways;
But *God's* imputing to the future Child
The Sin, by which his Parents were beguil'd,
Seems to establish an unrighteous Blame,
That brings no Honour to it's Maker's Name.

God's Honour, Glory, Majesty, and Grace,
I grant, is your Intention in the Case;
But wish revolv'd in your impartial Thought,
How far the Doctrine tends, when it is taught,
To such an honest Purpose; and how far
Justice and Truth may seem to be at War,
If God impute to guiltless Children Crimes,
Committed only in their Parents Times.

Pious *Aspasio*, I imagine, too,
Had God's *resistless Sov'reignty* in View;
The Charge of *Puritan*, or other Name,
He scorn'd aright, and making Truth his Aim,
Found it, he thought, in eminent Divines;
Of whose Opinion these are the Outlines:

They

They think, at least they seem to represent,
 That God, in Honour, upon Sin's Event,
 Could not forgive the Sinners that had stray'd,
 Without a proper *Satisfaction* made
 To his *offended* Justice; and because,
 Upon their Breach of the Almighty's Laws,
 None else was adequate to what was done,
 The *Vengeance* fell on his *beloved Son*;
 Who gave himself to suffer in *our Stead*,
 And thus to Life again restor'd the dead;
 Because, consistently with Justice, then
 God could bestow his Mercy upon Men:
 Man had contracted, in that fatal Day,
 Debt so immense, that Man could never pay;
 He who was *God* as well as *Man*, he could;
 And made the Satisfaction thro' his Blood;
 Paid all the just Demand——imputed thus
Our Sin to him, *his Righteousness* to us——
 This sets the Doctrine, if I take aright
 Their Words and Meaning, in the plainest Light.

Now since accounting for the Truth amiss
 May give Distaste, in such an Age as this;
 And be a Stumbling-block to them who might
 Receive an Explanation, that was right;
 Not as a captious Foe, but hearty Friend,
 May one intreat such Teachers to attend,
 And reconcile their System, if they can,
 To God's Proceeding with his Creature Man;

To

To that paternal, tender Love and Grace,
 Which at Man's Fall immediately took Placé;
 That inward, holy Thing, inbreathed then,
 Which would re-kindle Heav'n in him again:
 Does *Wrath*, or *Vengeance*, or a *Want* appear
 Of *Satisfaction*, or of *Payment* here,
 In Man's Creator? For Mankind had he
 A purchas'd Grace, which contradicts a *free*?
 Is it not plain, that an *unalter'd Love*
 Sent Help to poor fall'n Creatures from above,
 Unbargain'd, unfollicited, unmov'd,
 But by itself, as its Exertion prov'd;
 No foreign Promise; no imputed Ease;
 But Remedy as real as Disease;
 That would, according to true Nature's Ground,
 Bring on the Cure, and make the Patient sound.

That *Christ*, that *God's becoming Man* was it,
 Your Friends, with highest Gratitude, admit;
 Whose utmost Talents are employ'd to show
 The Obligations that to him we owe;
 To press the Object of our Faith and Trust,
 CHRIST, ALL in ALL, the righteous, and the just;
 The *true, redeeming Life*—essential this
 To ev'ry Christian who aspires to Bliss;
 Why not subjoin—I cite the Hero *Paul*,
 And make Appeal to Christians—in you all?
Form'd in you, dwelling in you, and within
 Regenerating Life, dethroning Sin;
 Working, in more and more resigned Wills,
 The gradual Conquest of all selfish Ills;

'Till the true Christian to true Life revive,
Dead to the World, to God, thro' him, alive.

What num'rous Texts from *Paul*, from ev'ry Saint,
 Might furnish out Citations, did we want?
 And could not see, that Righteousness, or Sin,
 Arise not from *without*, but from *within*?
 That *Imputation*, where they are not found,
 Can reach no farther than an empty Sound;
 No farther than imputed Health can reach
 The Cure of Sicknefs, tho' a Man should preach
 With all the Eloquence of Zeal, and tell
 How Health imputed makes a sick Man well:
 Indeed, if Sicknefs be imputed too,
 Imputed Remedy, no Doubt, may do;
 Words may pour forth their entertaining Store,
 But Things are just—as Things were just before.

In so important a Concern, as that
 Which good *Aspasio's* Care is pointed at,
 A small Mistake, which at the Bottom lies,
 May sap the Building that shall thence arise:
 Who would not wish that Architect, so skill'd,
 On great Mistake might not persist to build;
 But strictly search, and for sufficient While,
 If the Foundation could support the Pile?

This *Imputation*, which he builds upon,
 Has been the Source of more Mistakes than one:
 Hence rose, to pass the intermediate Train
 Of growing Errors, and observe the main,

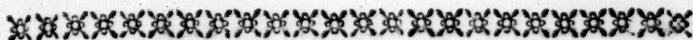
That

That worse than *pagan* Principle of Fate,
Predestination's partial Love and Hate;
 By which, not ti'd, like fanci'd *Jove*, to look
 In stronger Destiny's decreeing Book,
 The *God of Christians* is suppos'd to will
 That *some* should come to *Good*, and *some* to *Ill*;
 And for no Reason, but to show, in fine,
 Th' Extent of *Goodness*, and of *Wrath divine*.

Whose Doctrine this? I quote no less a Man
 Than the renowned *Calvin* for the Plan;
 Who having labour'd, with Distinctions vain,
Mere Imputation, only, to maintain,
 Maintains, when speaking on another Head,
 This horrid Thought, to which the former led:
 " Predestination here I call," (says he
 Defining) " God's eternal, fix'd Decree;
 " Which, having settl'd in his Will, he past,
 " What ev'ry Man should come to at the last;
 And lest the Terms should be conceiv'd to bear
 A Meaning less, than he propos'd, severe,
 " For all Mankind (he adds to Definition)
 " Are not created on the same Condition:
Pari Conditione——is the Phrase;
 If you can turn it any other Ways;
 " But Life to some, eternal, is restrain'd,
 " To some, Damnation endless pre-ordain'd.

Calvin has push'd the Principle, I guess,
 To what your Friends would own to be Excess;

And probably *Aspasio*, less inclin'd
 To run directly into *Calvin's* Mind,
 Would give *imputing* a more mod'rate Sense,
 That no *Damnation* might arise from thence :
 But how will mollifying Terms confute
 The fam'd Reformer's Notion of *impute* ?
 If it confer such *arbitrary* Good,
 The dire Reverse is quickly understood ;
 So understood, that open Eyes may see
 'Tis *Calvin's* Fiction, and not *God's* Decree :
 Not his, whose forming Love, and ruling Aid,
 Ceaseless extends to all that he hath made ;
 Who gave the Gift which he was pleas'd to give,
 That *none* might perish, but that *all* might live,
 His *only Son*, in whom the Light, that guides
 The born into the World to Life, resides :
 A real Life, that by a real Birth
 Raises a Life beyond the Life of Earth,
 In all his Children——But no more to you,
 Better than me, who know it to be true ;
 And if *Aspasio's* really humbl'd Soul
 Be by a touch of Garment Hem made whole,
 He might, as I should apprehend, be sure
 That *Imputation* could not cause the Cure :
 When the poor Woman, in the Gospel, found
 Touch of the *Saviour's* Cloaths to make her sound,
 We know the Virtue did from him proceed,
 That, mix'd with Faith, restor'd her, as we read :
 Gone out of him obliges to infer,
 That 'twas by Faith *attracted* into her.



ON THE
Nature of FREE GRACE,
AND THE

Claim to Merit for the Performance of good WORKS.

GRACE to be sure is, in the last Degree,
The *Gift* of God, divinely pure and free;
Not bought, or paid for, merited, or claim'd,
By any Works of ours that can be nam'd.

What Claim, or Merit, or withall to pay,
Could Creatures have before creating Day?
Gitt of Existence is the gracious one,
Which all the rest must needs depend upon.

All boasting then of Merit, all Pretence
Of Claim from God, in a deserving Sense,
Is in one Word excluded by St. *Paul*—
Whate'er thou hast, thou hast receiv'd it all.

But sure the *Use* of any gracious Pow'rs,
Freely bestow'd, may properly be ours;
Right Application being ours to chuse,
Or, if we will be so absurd, refuse.

In this Respect what need to controvert
The sober Sense of *Merit*, or *Desert*?

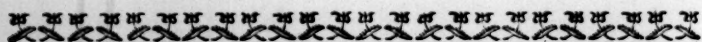
Works,

Works, it is said, will have, and is it hard
To say deserve, or merit their Reward ?

Grace is the real saving Gift; but then,
Good Works are profitable unto Men;
God wants them not; but, if our Neighbours do,
Flowing from Grace, they prove it to be true.

When human Words ascribe to human Spirit
Worthy, Unworthy, Merit, or Demerit,
Why should Disputes forbid the Terms a place,
Which are not meant to derogate from Grace ?

All comes from God, who gave us first to live,
And all succeeding Grace; 'tis ours to give
To *God alone* the *Glory*; and to *Man*,
Impow'r'd by Him, to do what *Good* we can.



A SOLILOQUY,

On reading a Dispute about FAITH and WORKS.

WHAT an excessive Fondness for Debate
Does this dividing *Faith* from *Works* create !
Some say, Salvation is by Faith *alone*—
Or else, the Gospel will be overthrown:
Others, for that same Reason, place the Whole
In *Works*, which bring Salvation to a Soul.

Gospel

Gospel of *Christ*, consistently appli'd,
 Unites together what they both divide:
 It is itself, indeed, the very Faith
 That works by Love, and saves a Soul from Wrath:
 A new Dispute should some third Party pave,
 Nor Faith, nor Works, but *Love* alone would save.

The *Solifidian* takes a Text from *Paul*,
 And Works are good for Nothing, Faith is all;
 Doctrine, which his Antagonist disclaims,
 And shows how Works must justify, from *James*;
 A Third, in either, soon might find a Place,
 Where Love is plainly the exalted Grace.

There is no End of jarring System found,
 In thus contending not for Sense, but Sound;
 For Sound, by which th' *inseparable* Three
 Are so distinguish'd, as to disagree;
 Altho' Salvation, in its real Spring,
Faith, Work, or Love, be one and the same Thing.

One Pow'r of *God*, or Life of *Christ* within,
 Or *Holy Spirit* washing away Sin;
 Not by Repentance *only*; or Belief
Only, that flights a penitential Grief,
 And its meet Fruits, and justifies alone
 A full conceiv'd Assurance of its own;

Nor by Works *only*; nor, tho' *Paul* above
 Both Faith and Works have lifted it, can Love

Have,

Have, or desire to have, th' exclusive Claim,
 In Mens Salvation, to this *only* Fame;
 By *All* together Souls are fav'd from Ill,
 When e'er they yield an unresisting Will.

God has a never-ceasing Will to save,
 And Men, by Grace, may savingly behave:
 This would produce less Fondness for a Sect,
 And more Concern about the main Effect;
 Then Faith *alone* might save them from the Fall,
 As one good Word, in Use, that stood for all.

By native Union, all the blessed Pow'rs
 Of Grace, that makes Salvation to be ours,
 One in another, spring up in the Breast,
 No Soul is fav'd by one without the rest:
 Since then they *all* subsist in any *one*,
Division ceases,—and *Dispute* is gone.



T H O U G H T S

O N

PREDESTINATION and REPROBATION.

A F R A G M E N T.

FLATTER me not with your *Predestination*,
 Nor sink my Spirits with your *Reprobation*:
 From all your high Disputes I stand aloof,
 Your *Pre's* and *Re's*, your *Desin*, and your *Proof*,

And

And formal, *Calvinistical* Pretence,
That contradicts all Gospel, and good Sense.

When God declares, so often, that he wills
All sort of Blessings, and no sort of Ills;
That his severest Purpose never meant
A Sinner's Death, but *that he should repent*:
For the *whole* World, when his beloved Son
Is said to do whatever he has done;
To become Man, to suffer, and to die,
That *all* might live, as well as you, and I;
Shall rigid *Calvin*, after this, or you,
Pretend to tell me that it is not true?
But that eternal, absolute Decree
Has damn'd beforehand either you, or me,
Or any Body else? That God design'd,
When he created, not to save *Mankind*,
But only *some*? The rest, this Man maintain'd,
Were to *decreed* Damnation pre-ordain'd:
No, Sir; not all your metaphysic Skill
Can prove the Doctrine, twist it as you will.

I cite the Man for Doctrine, so accurst,
In Book the *third*, and Chapter *twenty-first*,
Section the *fifth*—an horrid, impious Lore,
That one would hope was never taught before;
How it came after to prevail away,
Let them, who mince the damning Matter, say;
And others judge, if any *Christian* Fruit
Be like to spring from such a *pagan* Root.

Q q

Pagan

Pagan——said I——I must retract the Word,
 For the poor Pagans were not so absurd;
 Their *Jupiter*, of Gods and Men the King,
 Whenever he ordain'd an hurtful Thing,
 Did it, because he was oblig'd to look,
 And act, as *Fate* had bid him, in a Book:
 For Gods and Goddesses were subject, then,
 To dire *Necessity*, as well as Men;
 Compell'd to crush an Hero, or a Town,
 As *Destiny* had set the Matter down.

But, in your Scheme, 'tis *God* that orders Ill,
 With sov'reign Pow'r, and with resistless Will;
 He, in whose blessed Name is understood
 The one eternal Will to ev'ry Good,
 Is represented, tho' unti'd by *Fate*,
 With a Decree of damning to create
 Such, as you term the *Vessels* of his *Wrath*,
 To show his *Pow'r*, according to your Faith:
 Just as if God, like some tyrannic Man,
 Would plague the World, to show them that he can:
 While others, (they, for Instance, of your Sect)
 Are *Mercy's Vessels*, precious and elect;
 Who think, God help them! to secure their Bliss
 By such a partial, fond Conceit as this.

Talk not to me of *Popery* and *Rome*,
 Nor yet foretel its *Babylonish* Doom;
 Nor canonize *reforming* Saints of old,
 Because they held the Doctrine that you hold;

For

For if they did, altho' of *Saint-like* Stem,
 In this plain Point we must *reform* from them:
 While freed from *Rome*, we are not ti'd, I hope,
 To what is wrong in a *Geneva* Pope;
 Nor what is right should Sirname supersede
 Of *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Bellarmino*, or *Bede*.
Rome has been guilty of Excess, 'tis true,
 And so have some of the *Reformers* too;
 If in their Zeal against the *Roman* Seat,
 Plucking up Tares, they pluck'd up also Wheat;
 Must we to Children, for what they have said,
 Give this *Predestination* Stone for Bread?

Sir, it is worse, is your *Predestination*,
 Ten thousand Times than *Transubstantiation*:
 Hard is the Point, that *Papists* have compil'd,
 With Sense and Reason to be reconcil'd;
 But yet it leaves to our Conception, still,
 Goodness in God, and Holiness of Will;
 A just, impartial Government of all;
 A saving Love; a correspondent Call
 To ev'ry Man, and, in the fittest Hour
 For him to hear, all offer'd Grace and Pow'r;
 Which he may want, and have, if he will crave
 From him, who willeth Nothing but to save.

Whereas, this *Reprobation* Doctrine, here,
 Not only Sense and Reason would cashier,
 But take, by its Pretext of sov'reign Sway,
 All Goodness from the Deity away;

Both Heav'n and Hell confounding with its Cant,
 Virtue and Vice, the Sinner and the Saint;
 Leaving (by irresistible Decree,
 And Purpose absolute, what Man shall be,)
 Nothing, in Sinners, to detest so much,
 As God's Contrivance how to make them such.

That ever *Christians*, blest with Revelation,
 Should think of his *decreeing* Men's Damnation!
 The GOD of LOVE! the FOUNTAIN of ALL GOOD!
Who made, says Paul, *all Nations of one Blood*
To dwell on Earth; appointing Time, and Place——
 And for what End this *pre-ordaining* Grace?
 That they might *seek*, and *feel* after, and *find*
 The Life in God, which God for Man design'd.

*We are his Offspring——*for, in that Decree,
 The *pagan* Poet and St. Paul agree:
*We are his Offspring——*Now, Sir, put the Case
 Of some great Man, and his descending Race;
 Conceive this common Parent of them all,
 As willing some to *stand*, and some to *fall*:
 Master, suppose, of all their future Lot,
 Decreeing some to Happiness, some not;
 In some to bring his Kindness into View;
 To shew in others what his Wrath can do;
 To lead the chosen Children by the Hand,
 And leave the rest to fall——who *cannot* stand.

I might proceed, but that the smallest Sketch
 Shows an absurd, and arbitrary Wretch,

Treating

Treating his Offspring so, as to forbid
 To think, that ever *God Almighty* did;
 To think that Creatures, who are said to be
His Offspring, should be hurt by his Decree;
 Which had they always minded, *Good* alone,
 And not a Spark of *Evil*, had been known:
 For his Decree, Appointment, Order, Will,
 Predestinating Goodness, Pow'r, and Skill,
 Is, of itself, the unbeginning Good,
 The pouring forth of an un-ending Flood
 Of ever-flowing Bliss, which only rolls
 To fill his Vessels, his created Souls.

Happy Himself, the true divine Desire,
 The Love that flames thro' that eternal Fire,
 Which generates in him th' eternal Light,
 Source of all Blessing to created Sight,
 Longs with an holy Earnestness to spread
 The boundless Glories of its Fountain Head;
 To raise the Possibilities of Life,
 Which rest, in *him*, into a joyful Strife;
 Into a feeling Sense of *him*, from whom
 The various Gifts of various Blessings come.

To *blest* is his immutable Decree,
 Such as could never have begun to be:
 Decree (if you will use the word decreed)
 Did from his *Love* eternally proceed,
 To manifest the hidden Pow'rs, that reign
 Through outward Nature's universal Scene;

To

To raise up Creatures from its vast Abyfs,
 Form'd to enjoy communicated Blifs;
 Form'd, in their fev'ral Orders, to extend
 Of God's great Goodnefs Wonders without End.

Who does not fee that *Ill*, of any Kind,
 Could *never* come from an *all-perfect* Mind?
 That its Perception never could begin,
 But from a Creature's voluntary Sin,
 Made in its Maker's Image, and impreſt
 With a free Pow'r of being ever bleſt;
 From ev'ry Evil, in itſelf, ſo free,
 That none could riſe but by its *own* Decree?
 By a Volition, oppoſite to all
 That God could will, did Evil firſt befall,
 And ſtill befalls; for all the Source of Ill
 Is Oppoſition to his bleſſed Will;
 And Union with it plainly underſtood
 To be the Source of ev'ry real Good.

To certain Truths, which you can ſcarce deny,
 You bring St. *Paul's* Expreſſions in Reply;
 Some few obſcurer Sayings prone to chuſe,
 Where he was talking to the *Roman Jews*;
 You never heed the num'rous Texts, and plain,
 That will not ſuit with your *decreeing* Strain,
 Confirming God's unalter'd Will to bleſs,
 In Words as clear as Language can expreſs:
Who willeth all Men to be ſav'd——is one
 Too plain for Comment to be made upon:

So that, if *some* be not the same as *all*,
 You must directly contradict St. *Paul*,
 Whene'er you push to its direct Extreme,
 Your wild, absurd *Predestination* Scheme.

Paul's open, generous, enlight'ned Soul,
 Preach'd to Mankind a *Saviour* of the *Whole*,
 Not *Part* of human Race; the blinded *Jew*
 Might boast himself in this conceited View;
 Boast of his Father *Abraham*, and vent
 The carnal Claims of Family Descent:
 But the whole Family of Heav'n and Earth,
Paul knew, if blest, must have *another* Birth;
 That *Jew* and *Gentile* was, in ev'ry Place,
 Alike the Object of a saving Grace:
Paul never tied Salvation to a Sect;
All who love God, with him, are God's *Elect*.

This plain, good Maxim he himself premis'd
 To those fam'd Chapters, which were so disguis'd
 By studied Comments of a later Day;
 When Words were prest to serve a partial Fray;
 And Scripture turn'd into a Magazine
 Of Arms, for sober, or for frantic Spleen.

All who love God——how certain is the Key!
 Whate'er disputed Passages convey;
 In *Paul's* Epistles if some Things are read,
 Hard to be understood, as *Peter* said,

Must

Must this be urg'd to prove in Men's Condition
 Their *Pre-election*, and their *Præterition*,
 Or *Predamnation*? for that monstrous Word,
 Of all absurd Decree the most absurd,
 Is into formal Definition wrought
 By your Divines——unstartl'd at the Thought
 Of sov'reign Power decreeing to become
 The Author of Salvation but to *some*;
 To some, resembling others, they admit,
 Who are rejected——why? *He so thought fit:*
Hath not the Potter Pow'r to make his Clay
Just what he pleases?——well, and tell me pray,
 What Kind of Potter must we think a Man,
 Who does not make the best of it he can?
 Who, making *some* fine Vessels of his Clay,
 To show his Pow'r, throws all *the rest* away,
 Which, in itself, was equally as fine?
 What an Idea this of Pow'r divine!
 Happy for us, if under God's Commands
 We were as Clay is in the Potter's Hands;
 Pliant, and yielding readily to take
 The proper Form, which he is pleas'd to make!
 Happy for us that he has Pow'r! because
 An equal *Goodness* executes its Laws;
 Rejecting none, but such as *will* behave
 So, as that no Omnipotence can save.

Who can conceive the *infinitely Good*
 To show less Kindness than he really could?

To pre-concert Damnation, and confine,
 Himself, his own Beneficence divine?
 An *Impotency* this, in evil Hour,
 Ascrib'd to God's beatifying Pow'r,
 By bitter Logic, and the four Mistake,
 Which overweening Zeal is apt to make;
 Describing Sov'reignty as incomplete,
 That does not show itself less *good* than *great*:
 Tho' true in earthly Monarchs it may be,
 That *Majesty* and *Love* can scarce agree,
 In his Almighty Will, who rules above,
 The Pow'r is *Grace*, the Majesty is *Love*:
 What best describes the Giver of all Bliss,
 Glorious in all his Attributes, is this;
 The sov'reign Lord all Creatures bow before,
 But they, who *love* him most, the most *adore*.

From this one Worship if a Creature's Heart,
 Fixt on aught else, determines to depart,
 There needs no *pre-determining* the Case;
 Idolatry ensues, and Fall from Grace;
Without, and *contrary* to God's Intent,
 Its own Self-ruin is the sure Event:
 The Love forsaken, which alone could bless,
 It needs must feel Wrath, Anger, and Distress;
 The *Sensibilities* that must arise,
 If *Nature* wants what *sacred Love* supplies.

(*Cætera desunt*)

R r

The

The POTTER and his CLAY,

An Hymn ascribed to Dr. W A T T S.

The H Y M N.

I.

BEHOLD the Potter and the Clay,
He forms his Vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The Subjects of his high Decrees.

II.

Does not the Workman's Pow'r extend
O'er all the Mass—which Part to chuse,
And mould it for a nobler End,
And which to leave for viler Use?

III.

May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his Favours as he will?
Chuse some to Life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

IV.

What if, to make his Terror known,
He lets his Patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile Rebels to go on,
And seal their own Destruction sure?

V. What

T H E
C O N T R A S T.

I.

BEHOLD the Potter and the Clay,
He forms his Vessels to his Mind;
So did creating *Love* display
Itself in forming human Kind.

II.

Th' Almighty Workman's Pow'r, and Skill
Could have no *vile* but *noble* Ends;
His one immutable *good Will*
To *all*, that he hath made, extends.

III.

This gracious sov'reign Lord on high,
By his eternal Word and Voice,
Chose *all* to live, and *none* to die,
Nor will he *ever* change his Choice.

IV.

Not by *his* Will, but by their *own*,
Vile Rebels break his righteous Laws;
And make the Terror to be known,
Of which they are *themselves* the Cause.

(308)

V.

What if he means to shew his Grace,
And his electing Love employs,
To mark out some of mortal Race,
And form them fit for heav'nly Joys.

VI.

Shall Man reply against the Lord?
And call his Maker's Ways unjust,
The Thunder of whose dreadful Word
Can crush a thousand Worlds to dust?

VII.

But, O my Soul! if Truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy Sight,
Yet still is written Will obey,
And wait the great decisive Day.

VIII.

Then shall he make his Justice known,
And the whole World before his Throne,
With Joy, or Terror, shall confess
The Glory of his Righteousness.



V.

His *all-electing* Love employs
All means the human Race to blefs,
That Mortals may his heav'nly Joys,
By *re-electing* him, poffefs.

VI.

Shall Man reply that God *decreed*
Fall'n *Adam's* Race *not* to be blest?
That for a *few* his SON should bleed,
And *Satan* should have *all the rest*?

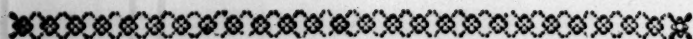
VII.

Do thou poor sinful Soul of mine,
By Faith and Penitence, embrace
Of doubtless, *boundless* Love divine,
The *free*, the *universal* Grace.

VIII.

Let God, within thy pliant Soul,
Renew the Image of his Son,
The Likeness *marr'd* will then be *whole*,
And shew what he, *in Christ*, has done.





AN ARGUMENT,

FOR

DAVID's Belief of a Future State,

INFERRED FROM

BATHSHEBA's last Words to him, upon his Death-Bed.

IF *David* knew not of a future Life,
How understood he *Bathsheba* his Wife?
Who, when he lay upon his Death-bed, came
To plead for *Solomon*'s succeeding Claim;
And, having prosper'd in her own Endeavour,
Said—*Let my Lord, King David, live for ever.*

What real Wish was *Bathsheba*'s Intent,
If Life hereafter was not what she meant?
Say that—*for ever*—to a King in Health,
Meant a long Life, Prosperity, and Wealth;
To one, that lay a dying, you must own,
'Twould be a mere Burlesque upon his Throne.

If she had pray'd for *David*'s mild Release,
Or—Let my Lord, the King, depart in Peace—
(Tho', even then, 'twere difficult to stint
Her utmost Thought to so minute a Hint)

The

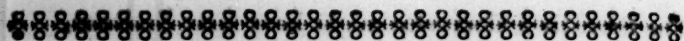
The short-liv'd Comment might have some Pretence,
But——*Live for ever*——has no Sort of Sense,

Unless we grant her Meaning to extend
To *future Life*, that never has an End:
Piety will, and Reason must, confess,
That her Intention could be nothing less:
King *Live for ever*——and——*God save the King*——
Old, or new Phrase, *Salvation* is the Thing.

No poor Salvation to be quickly past,
And with a deadly *Exit* at the last;
To which, when *David* was so near, what Share
Could he enjoy of *Live for ever's* Pray'r?
Had he not known what *Bathsheba* design'd,
A Life to come, of everlasting Kind.

Tho' num'rous Proofs might, readily, be brought
That this was always holy *David's* Thought;
Yet since by learned, and long-winded Ways,
Men seek to break the Force of ancient Phrase,
I single out this plain, familiar one——
Now give as plain an Answer thereupon.





ON THE
FALL of MAN:
OCCASIONED BY THE
Following Representation of that Event.

—“ *Neither can it seem strange, that God should lay
“ Stress on such outward Actions, in their own Nature nei-
“ ther good nor evil, when we consider, that in all his Dis-
“ pensations to Mankind he has done the same. What was it
“ he made the Test of Adam’s Obedience in Paradise, but the
“ eating of a Fruit? An Action in itself perfectly indifferent,
“ and from which, if God had not forbidden it, it would have
“ been Superstition to have abstained.”* P. 28 of a Persua-
sive to Conformity, addressed to the Quakers by John
Rogers, D. D.

OF Man’s Obedience, while in *Eden* blest,
What a mere Trifle is here made the Test!
An outward Action, in itself, defin’d
To be of *perfectly indiff’rent* Kind;
Which, but for God’s forbidding Threat severe,
It had been *Superstition* to forbear.

A strange Account; that neither does, nor can,
Make any Part of true Religion’s Plan;

But

But must expose it to the Ridicule
Of Scoffers, judging by this crooked Rule:
Its Friends, defending Truth, as they suppose,
Lay themselves open to acuter Foes.

To say that Action, neither good nor bad,
From which no Harm in Nature could be had,
Was chang'd, by positive, commanding Will,
Or Threat forbidding, to a deadly Ill,
Charges, by Consequence the most direct,
On God himself that Ill, and its Effect.

Language had surely come to a poor Pass,
Before an Author, of distinguish'd Class
For shining Talents, could endure to make,
In such a Matter, such a gross Mistake;
Could thus derive Death's Origin, and Root,
From *Adam's* eating of an *harmless* Fruit.

*From Adam's eating?—Did not God forbid
The Taste of it to Adam?—yes, he did—
And was it harmless, must we understand,
To disobey God's positive Command?—
No, by no Means; but then the Harm, we see,
Came not from God's Command, but from the Tree.*

If He command, the Action must be good;
If He forbid, some Ill is understood:
The Tree, the Fruit, had dreadful Ills conceal'd,
Not *made* by his Forbidding, but *reveal'd*;

S f

That

That our first Parents, by a true Belief,
Might know enough to shun the fatal Grief.

The dire Experience of a World of Woe,
Forbidding Mercy will'd them not to know;
Told them what Ill was in the *false Desire*,
Which their free Wills were tempted to admire;
That, of such Fruit, the Eating was — *To die* —
Its *harmless* Nature was the *Tempter's* Lie.

To urge it *now*, and to impute the Harm
Of Death, and Evil, to the kind Alarm
Of God's Command, so justly understood
To will his Creatures Nothing else but Good,
Is, for a *Babel Fiction*, to resign
RIGHT REASON, SCRIPTURE, and the LOVE DIVINE.



A LETTER to a FRIEND,

UPON THE

Meaning of St. PAUL's Expression of "*speaking with
Tongues*" 1 Corinth. 14.

IF you remember, Rev'rend Sir, the Talk
That past betwixt us in the Garden Walk,
The *Gift of Tongues* was mention'd; when I thought
That Notion wrong, which learned Men had taught,
And that this Gift was not at all concern'd
With that of speaking Languages unlearn'd.

St.

St. Paul, I said, in his *Corinthian* Charge,
 Had treated on the Subject more at large;
 From whose Account one plainly might deduce
 The genuine Gift, its Nature, and its Use;
 And make appear, from Passages enoo,
 The vulgar Notion not to be the true:
 But that to speak in Tongues, or speak in Tongue,
 Was meant of Hymns which the *Corinthians* sung:
 This is the Gift which the Apostle paints,
 And lays its Practice under due Restraints.

You know the Chapter——First then let us see
 How Tongues do there with Languages agree;
 Then how with Hymns; and let which better suits
 Th' Apostle's Context regulate Disputes.

First; *he that speaketh in a Tongue (unknown,*
Translators add, for Reasons of their own)
Speaketh to God, and speaketh not to Men——
 Peculiar Tokens of an Hymn——again,
 For *no Man understandeth him——*from hence
 'Tis plain, that Languages was not the Sense:
 Would he rise up, who had them at Command,
 To speak in one, that none could understand?
 What can be more unlikely to suppose?
 Yet thus the learned Commentators glose;
 As their Mistake about the Gift imply'd
 The Christians guilty of this awkward Pride:
 Such Fact they make no Scruple to advance,
 As would appear absurd in a Romance:

One in his softer, one his harsher Terms,
 The same miraculous Disgrace affirms:
 All, from the Difficulty, try some Shape,
 Whilst there is no escaping, to escape.

Whereas, to Hymns all Phrases correspond;
 Of them *Corinthian* Converts were too fond;
 And *Paul*, who will'd them really to rejoice,
 But more with Heart affected, than with Voice,
 Authority, with Reason mix'd, employs,
 Not to repress, but regulate their Joys:
 The Benefit of Hymns he understood;
 But, most intent upon the Church's Good,
 The Gift *prophetic* more expedient found,
 (That is, to preach the Gospel, or expound)
 Than to sing Hymns—the *Prophet speaks*, says *Paul*,
To Men; instructs, exhorts, and comforts all.

Speaking in Tongue, or Hymning, to proceed,
May edify the Singer's Self indeed;
 But *Prophecy the Church*; a private Soul
 Should always yield the Pref'rence to the Whole:
 Consistent all, if Hymning he explains;
 If Languages unknown, what Sense remains?
 Would *Paul* affirm, that speaking might do good,
 In foreign Languages, not understood,
 To a Man's Self? Would he so gently treat
 Such a suppos'd enormous Self-conceit?
 Would he vouchsafe to pay, the Chapter thro',
 Respect to Tongues, if taken in this View? .

Would

Would he allow, nay chuse it? — for that next
Is said of Tongues in the succeeding Text.

I will you all to speak with Tongues——to sing
Makes this a plain, intelligible Thing;
The other Meaning, which they spread about,
No Commentators have, or can make out:
That he should will them all to sing was just,
And properly to use the Gift, or Trust;
For his Intention was not to reduce
Singing itself, but its improper Use:
It was the good Apostle's great Concern,
To preach the Gospel so that most might learn:
This was the Gift, in which he rather will'd
Such as had been converted to be skill'd.
Speaking in Tongue was good; but this, he knew,
Was the more useful Talent of the two:
Greater its Owner, but with an *Except*,
That shows the Justice for an Hymner kept;
The Matter sung, who, if he could express
To edify the Hearers, was not less;
Interpretation render'd them alike;
But does not this absurd Supposal strike,
That in plain Speaking, on some Christian Head,
One should interpret what himself had said?
First use a Language to the Church unknown,
Then, in another, for his Fault atone?
What Reason, possible, can be assign'd,
Why the known Tongue should be at first declin'd?

This

This Difficulty, and so all the rest,
The Nature of an Hymn explains the best.

*Now should I come amongst you, says the Saint,
Speaking with Tongues (should only come to chant)
What shall it profit you, except I preach?
Some Revelation, Knowledge, Doctrine teach?*
And here the vulgar Meaning of the Word,
For Apostolic Use, is too absurd;
He scarce would *if* the speaking in a Tongue,
Unknown to Christians, whom he came among;
Nor would a Question find with him a Place,
About their Profit, in so gross a Case:
He, plainly, hints a Coming, not design'd
To please their Ear, but to instruct their Mind:
The real Profit which he pointed at;
And Hymns themselves were useless without that.

That such a Speaking, as is mentioned here,
Was musical, is evidently clear
From the Allusion, which he then propounds,
To *Pipe*, and *Harp*, and instrumental Sounds;
Which none can urge, with Reason, to belong
So properly to Language, as to Song;
Tho' it may serve for both, in some respect,
Yet here one sees to which it must direct:
*If Pipe, or Harp, be indistinctly heard,
No Tune, or Meaning can be thence infer'd;
If an uncertain Sound the Trumpet yield,
How shall a Man make ready for the Field?*

Thus

Thus of dead Instruments; of them that live,
 So ye, th' Apostle adds, except ye give
 Words, by the Tongue, that Men can apprehend,
 Ye speak, but, as to Hearers, to no End;
 And (what with hymning Posture seems to square)
 Will be like Men who speak into the Air.

*So ye, to shew how Tune and Song agree,
 Except ye utter with the Tongue, says he,
 Words that are easy to be understood
 (Which in a foreign Tongue they never could)
 How shall the Thing be known to any one
 That ye have spoken (that is, sung) upon?*
 And, what with hymning Posture seems to square,
 He adds, *for ye shall speak into the Air.*

Except ye utter with the Tongue——unknown——
 Translators here thought fit to let alone;
 Unknown, and easy too to understand,
 That could not be——*unknown* they must disband.
 It was enough to shew them their Mistake,
 To see what Incoherence it would make;
 Yet they not minding, just as they think fit,
 Sometimes insert it, and sometimes omit:
 But if the Epithet, at first, be right,
 Why is it kept so often out of Sight?
 Do not Omissions carry, all along,
 Tacit Confession of it's being wrong?
 Tacit Confession, which is open Proof
 How little can be said in its Behoof.

They

*They who shall speak in Tongue, and they who hear,
Unless the Meaning of the Voice be clear,
(The Sense not being within mutual Reach,)
Will be, says Paul, Barbarians each to each,
Or Foreigners—and therefore, is his Drift,
With all your Fondness for the speaking Gift,
Have the whole Church's Benefit in View;
Let him, who speaks in Tongue, interpret too.*

Can such Concession, such Allowance made,
Suit with that insupportable Parade,
And Show of Gift, which Commentators vent,
Giving a Meaning that could scarce be meant?
While Zeal for Hymns, a natural Effect
In Novices, tho' wanting to be check'd,
Accounts for checking, for allowing Phrase,
For ev'ry Motive that St. Paul displays;
His placid Reas'ning, and his mild Rebuke;
For which no Insolence of Gift could look:
No Insolence, I say, of such a Kind
As Commentators, rashly, have assign'd
To the first Christians; which the latter now,
Suppose it offer'd, never would allow.

*For if I pray in Tongue, St. Paul pursues,
My Spirit prayeth; but no Fruit accrues
To them, who do not understand my Pray'rs—
And what the Remedy which he prepares?
Why, it is this—I will so (sing or) pray,
That all may understand what I shall say:*

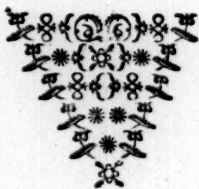
Plain

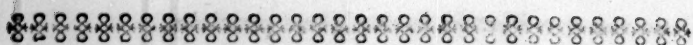
Plain the two Phrases in the Verse proclaim,
That praying here, and singing is the same;
That some Corinthians so display'd their Art,
That none but they themselves could bear a Part:
Hence to interpret Hymns his Words ordain,
Or else to sing intelligibly plain;

Praying, or praising—for, says he again,
How shall unlearned Persons say Amen
To thy Thanksgiving, if, when thou shalt bless,
They understand not what thy Words express?
Thou verily hast given Thanks, and well;
But this, unedifi'd, they cannot tell;
The common Benefit is still his Aim,
True, real Glory of the Christian Name.

In Languages unknown, was Pray'r and Praise
Perform'd by Christians, in th' Apostles Days?
Was that a Time, or was the Church a Place,
For gifted Ostentation to disgrace?

(Cætera desunt.)





Familiar EPISTLES to a Friend,

Upon a SERMON entitled,

The Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit.

By the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

A Strange Discourse, in all impartial Views,
This that you lent me, Doctor, to peruse:
Had you not ask'd — a Subject of this Sort
Might, of itself, a few Remarks extort,
To show how much a very learned Man
Has been mistaken in his preaching Plan.

Preaching (a Talent of the Gospel Kind,
By——*preaching Peace through* JESUS CHRIST——defin'd)
Should, one would think, in order to encrease
The Gospel Good, confine itself to Peace;
Exert it's milder Influence, and draw
The list'ning Crowds to Love's uniting Law:
For should the greatest Orator extend
The Pow'rs of Sound to any other End;
Regard to healing Sentiments postpone,
And battle all that differ from his own;
Tho' he could boast of Conquest, yet how far
From *Peace*, through *Jesus*, through *himself* is *War*!

How

How widely wanders, from the true Design
Of preaching *Christ*, the bellicose Divine!

If amongst them, who all profess Belief
In the same Gospel, such a warlike Chief
Should, in the Pulpit, labour to erect
His glaring Trophies, over ev'ry Sect
That does not just fall in with his Conceit,
And raise new Flourish upon each Defeat;
As if, by dint of his haranguing Strain,
So many Foes had happily been slain;
Tho' it were sure that what he said was right,
Is he more likely, think you, to invite,
To win th' erroneous over to his Mind,
By Eloquence of such an hostile Kind,
Or to disgrace, by Arts so strongly weak,
The very Truths that he may chance to speak?

Like Thoughts to these would, naturally, rise
Out of your own occasional Surprise,
When, purchasing the Book, you dipt into't,
And saw the Preacher's Manner of Dispute;
How Man by Man, and Sect by Sect display'd,
He pass'd along from Preaching to Parade;
Confuting all that came within his Way,
Tho' too far off to hear what he should say:
Reason, methinks, why Candour would not chuse,
Where no Defence could follow, to accuse;
Where gen'rous Triumph no Attacks can yield
To the unquestion'd Master of the Field:

Where Names, tho' injur'd without Reason why,
 Absent, or present, can make no Reply
 To the most false, or disingenuous Hint,
 Till Time, perchance, produces it in Print:
 When, we may take for granted, it is clad
 In it's best Fashion, tho' it be but bad.

This one Discourse is printed, we are told,
 The Main of sev'ral Sermons to unfold:
 For one grand Subject all of them were meant —
 The *Holy Spirit*, whom the Father sent;
 Th' indwelling Comforter, th' instructing Guide;
 Who was, *Christ* said, for ever to abide
With, and *in* his Disciples here below,
 And teach them all that they should want to know.

A glorious Theme! a comfortable one!
 For Preachers to exert themselves upon;
 First taught themselves, and fitted to impart
 God's Truth, and Comfort, to an honest Heart:
 Some such, at least, imagine to have been
 Amongst the Flock that came to *Lincoln's Inn*;
 With a sincere Desire to hear, and learn
 That, which became a *Christian's* chief Concern:
 Pleas'd with the Preacher's Text, with Hopes that he
 Might prove an Instrument, in some Degree,
 Of their Perception of an holy Aid,
 Fruit of that Promise which the Saviour made:
 Might help them, more and more, to understand
 How near true Help and Comfort is at Hand;

How

How soon the Spirit moves upon the Mind,
 When it is rightly humbled and resign'd:
 With what a Love to ev'ry Fellow-soul
 One Member of the Church regards the Whole;
 Looks upon all Mankind as Friends, or shares
 To heartiest Enemies his heartier Pray'rs.

I might go on; but you, I know, will grant,
 Such is the Temper that we really want:
 And such, if Preachers ever preach indeed,
 If Pastors of a Flock will really feed,
 They will endeavour solely to excite,
 And move divided *Christians* to unite;
 If not in outward Forms, that but supply
 A loftier *Babel* without inward Tye,
 Yet in a common Friendliness of Will,
 That wishes well to ev'ry Creature still;
 That makes the Centre of Religion's Plan
 A god-like Love embracing ev'ry Man.



L E T T E R II.

NO Office seems more sacred, and august,
 Than that of Preachers who *fulfill* their *Trust*;
 Working with God, and helping Men to find
 The Prince of Life, the Saviour of Mankind:
 Who came himself a Preacher, from on high,
 Of Peace to all; the distant, and the nigh.

So

So said the Saint, whose preaching was the same,
 To *Jew*, to *Greek*——Salvation thro' his Name——
 Who taught, thro' him, to preach immortal Life,
 Avoiding Questions that engender Strife;
 Patient, and meek, and gentle unto all,
 Instructing ev'n Opposers without Gall;
 If peradventure God might give them Grace
 The Truth, when kindly offer'd, to embrace,

If these Conditions Preaching may demand,
 What must we think of the Discourse in Hand?
 Which, when we read, is apter to suggest
 A diff'rent Temper in the Preacher's Breast;
 A Text perverted from its native Scope;
 A Disappointment of all *bearing* Hope.
 Here is a long Dispute, in his first Head,
 About what *Doctor Middleton* had said;
 That "when the Gift of Tongues was first bestow'd,
 "'Twas but an instantaneous Sign, that show'd
 "The Gospel's chosen Minister; and then,
 "That Purpose signifi'd, it ceas'd again:
 "So was its Type, the fiery Tongue, a Flash
 "Of Light'ning quickly vanish'd"——and such Trash——
 To which a Minister, who knew the Press,
 Ill chose the Time, when preaching, to digress;
 To take a Text affording, thro' the Whole,
 Such grounds of Comfort to a christian Soul,
 And then neglect; to preach a poor Debate,
 That could but shine at pamphleteering Rate;

That

That, from the Pulpit, must disgust the Pew
Of sager Bench, and sober Students too.

You may, hereafter, if you chuse it, see
How they mistook, both *Middleton* and *he*,
The Gift of Tongues; how little, quite throughout,
They knew, tho' learned, what they were about:
In present Lines, I shall but just relate
One Instance of the, no uncommon, Fate
Of learned Men, who, in deep Points exact,
Forget, sometimes, the most apparent Fact.

Th' Apostles, gifted by the Holy Ghost,
Began to speak with Tongues, at Pentecost;
“ But did not——so the Preacher says——begin
To speak, before the Multitude came in.”
He urges roundly how, in this Respect,
“ The learned *Middleton* did not reflect,
“ That in a private Room they all were set,
“ And Tongues not spoken, till the People met.

Now if you read the Pentecostal Facts,
As you will find them written in the *Acts*,
From *his* Reflection tho' the Point lay hid,
The Text affirms, expressly, that they *did*.
No Learning wanted to determine this;
'Tis what a reading Child could never miss:
This very Gift, it is exceeding clear,
Was that which brought the Multitude to hear:
Speaking with Tongues foregoing Words proclaim;
The next——*when this was nois'd abroad*——they came.
Scarce

Scarce to be thought that, studying the Case,
 With formal Purpose to explain a Place,
 A Man so learned, and acute, could make,
 Could preach, could publish, such a flat Mistake:
 But 'tis the Fate of great, and eager Wits,
 To trust their Memory too much, by Fits.

To prove that *Middleton's* Dispute was wrong
 Takes up the Pages, for a Sermon long:
 Soon after this you'll see another start,
 To fill his first Division's second Part:
 For having touch'd upon the Names of all
 The Gifts enumerated by Saint *Paul*,
 Then, in what Sense the Scripture was inspir'd,
 Higher, or lower, comes to be enquir'd:
 The high he calls *organical*; the low
Partial; and *true*; as he proceeds to shew.

This is the Summary of what is said,
 Touching the Holy Ghost, in his first Head;
 As *Guide to Truth*, and aiding to excite,
 To clear, to give the *Understanding* Light.
 What makes it *Sermon* is the *Text* prefixt,
 Tho' scarce a Word of it is intermixt;
 Consistently enough, for it has none
 Which suit the Topics that he dwells upon:
 Topics, without a Dignity to grace
 Text, Office, Audience, Person, Time, or Place.

But, were this all, and did not what he spake
 Lead, by Degrees, to serious Mistake,

Taking

Taking a Text, for Form Sake, to prepare
 The Church to hear some *Shop-renown'd* Affair,
 (Too oft the Turn of the polite Divine)
 Would hardly merit your Regard, or mine;
 But, Sir, it is not only misappli'd,
 This glorious Text, but in effect deni'd;
 Or misconceiv'd; and therefore cutting short,
 At present, Errors of less fatal Sort,
 Let us pursue this Subject, in the next,
 And from the *Sermon* vindicate the *Text*.



L E T T E R III.

YOU wonder'd much, why any Man of Parts
 Would use, in Preaching, low, invective Arts;
 By which the vain Disputings, that infect
 The christian World, have seldom been suppress'd;
 But often heighten'd, and that use destroy'd,
 For which fine Talents ought to be employ'd.

If one can judge from reading this *Divine*,
 Whose Parts, and Talents, would be really fine,
 If juster Notions of the *heav'nly* Grace
 Taught but the *earthly* not to quit their Place,
 If one can judge, I say, from stated Laws,
 In his Discourses, what should be the Cause
 Of such Perversion of a lively Wit,
 In erudite Possessors, this is it.

U u

They

They think that, *now*, Religion's sole Defence
 Is Learning, History, and critic Sense;
 That with Apostles, as a needful Guide,
 The *Holy Spirit* did indeed abide;
 But, having dictated to them a Rule
 Of Faith, and Manners, for the *Christian* School,
 Immediate Revelation ceas'd, and Men
 Must now be taught by apostolic Pen:
 Canon of Scripture is compleat; and they
 May read, and know, what Doctrine to obey:
 To look for *Inspiration* is absurd;
 The Spirit's Aid is in the *written Word*:
 They who pretend to his immediate Call,
 From Pope to Quaker, are *Fanatics* all.

Thus, having prov'd, at large, to Christians met,
 What no one Christian ever *doubted* yet,
 That the New Testament was really writ
 By Inspiration, which they all *admit*,
 He then subjoins that—"this inspir'd Record
 "Fulfill'd the Promise of our blessed Lord;"
 (Fulfill'd it "*eminently*," is the Phrase)
 "For tho' the Faithful, in succeeding Days,
 "Occasionally find, in ev'ry Place,
 "The Spirit's *ordinary* Help, and Grace,
 "His Light supreme, his constant, fixt Abode,
 "Is in the Scriptures of this sacred Code.

This was the Sense, not easy to explore,
 When, reck'ning up the Spirit's Fruits before,

"Scripture,"

" Scripture," said he (which this Account explains)
 " Does not *record* them only, but *contains*;
 " CONTAINS," in Capitals—as if he took
 The Scripture to be something *more* than *Book*;
 Something *alive*, wherein the Spirit dwelt,
 That did not only *tell* his Fruits, but *felt*.
 " The sure Deposit of the Spirit's Fruits
 " In holy Scripture," (he elsewhere computes)
 " Fulfill'd the Saviour's Promise, in a Sense
 " Very sublime"—So it should seem, from hence,
 That *eminently*, and *sublimely*, thus
 The Holy Spirit should abide *with Us*.

If I mistake him, or mis-represent,
 You'll shew me where, for 'tis not with Intent:
 I want, if possible, to understand
 A Sentence coming from so fam'd a Hand:
 Tho' plain the Words, 'tis difficult to solve
 What christian Sense he meant them to involve:
 In ev'ry Way that Words, and Sense agree,
 'Tis perfect *Bibliolatry* to me:
 No *Image Worship* can be more absurd,
 Than idolizing thus the written Word;
 Which, they who wrote intended to excite
 Attention to our Lord's predicted Light;
 To that same Spirit, leading human Thought,
 By which themselves, and all the good were taught;
 Preaching that Word, which a diviner Art,
 Which God himself had *written* on the *Heart*.

How can the best of Books (for 'tis confess
 That, of all Books, the Bible is the best)
 Do any more than give us an Account
 Of what was said, for Instance, on the Mount?
 Of what was done, for Instance, on the Cross,
 In order to retrieve the human Loss?
 What more than tell us of the Spirit's Aid,
 Far as his Fruits by Words can be display'd?
 But Words are only the *recording* Part,
 The *Things* contain'd must needs be in the *Heart*;
 Spirit of God no more in *Books* demands
 To dwell, Himself, than *Temples made with Hands*.

Fruits of the Spirit, as St. Paul defin'd,
 Are Love, Joy, Peace—the Blessings of the *Minds*
 The *Proofs* of *his abiding*—who can brook
 A meek, a gentle, good, long-suff'ring Book?
 Or let true Faith, and Temperance, be sunk
 To Faith in Writings, that are never drunk?
 In fine, whatever Pen, and Ink, presents,
 Can but contain *historical* Contents;
 Nor can the Fruits of Spirit be in *Print*,
 In any Sense, but as *recorded* in't.

Plain as this is, 'and strange, as you may think,
 The learned Worship paid to Pen and Ink,
 It is the main Hypothesis, you'll find,
 On which are built Discourses of this Kind;

Which

Which yet can give us, for a Scripture Clue,
 What contradicts its very Letter too:
 As this has done——be shown as we go on——
 By these important Verses of St. *John*.



L E T T E R I V.

THE Gospel's simpler Language being writ,
 Not for the Sake of Learning, or of Wit,
 But to instruct the pious, and the meek;
 When its Intent mere Critics come to seek,
 We find, on plain intelligible Text,
 The *variorum* Comments most perplex.

Such is the Text before us; and so plain
 The Saviour's Promise, which the Words contain,
 That Men, for modern Erudition's Sake,
 Must read, and *study* to *acquire* Mistake;
 Must first observe the Notions that prevail,
 Amongst the famous in their Church's Pale;
 Firm in the Prejudice, that all is right
 Which Books, or Persons, most in Vogue, recite;
 Then seek, to find, how Scripture coincides
 With each Decision of their knowing Guides.

Without some such Preparatives as these,
 How could the forc'd Interpretation please,

That

That makes a sacred Promise, to bestow
 Perpetual Aid, exhausted long ago?
 In one short Age?—for God's abiding Guide
 Withdrew, it seems, when the Apostles di'd;
 And left poor Millions, ever since, to seek
 How dissonant Divines had constru'd Greek.

In graver Writers one has often read
 What in Excuse of Bookworkship is said;
 " It is not *Ink*, and *Letter*, that we own
 " To be divine, but *Scripture Sense* alone;
 " We have the *Rule* which the Apostles made,
 " And no Occasion for *immediate* Aid."——
 Suppose, for once, the gross Delusion true;
 What must a plain, and honest Christian do?
 The Spirit's Aid how far must he extend,
 To bring his Saviour's Promise to an End?
 This he perceives Discourse to dwell upon;
 And yet——*for ever to abide*——has none.
 He, for the Sake of Safety, would be glad
 To have that Spirit which Apostles had;
 Not one of them has writ, but says, *he may*;
 That 'tis the Bliss for which he ought to pray:
 That God will grant it him, his Saviour said,
 Sooner than Parents give their Children Bread.
 If *reading* Scripture can improve a Soul,
 This is the Sum, and Substance of the whole;
 And gives it Value of such high Degree:
 For tho' as sacred as a *Book* can be,

'Tis

'Tis only so, because it best revives
 Thought of that Good which animated *Lives* ;
 Because its Authors were inspir'd to write,
 And saw the Truth in it's own heav'nly Light;
 Because it sends us to that *promis'd* Source
 Of Light, and Truth, which govern'd their Discourse,
 The *Holy Spirit's* ever present Aid,
With us, and in us——so the Saviour pray'd——
 That, when he left the World, the *Holy Ghost*
 Might dwell with Christians, as an *inward Host* ;
 That Teaching, Truth, and Comfort in the Breast,
 Might be secur'd by this abiding Guest.

“ *Yes ; with Apostles* ”——funk, by such a Thought,
 Th' inestimable Treasure down to Nought ;
 An History of Sunshine may, as soon,
 Make a blind Man to see the shining Noon,
 As Writings *only*, without inward Light,
 Can bring the World's Redemption into Sight :
Jesus——the *Christ*——the very Book has shown,
 Without the Holy Spirit none can own :
 In *Words* they may, but, what is plainly meant,
 They cannot give a real, *Heart Consent*.
 What Friend to Scripture, then Sir, can displace
 This inward Witness of redeeming Grace ?
 And rest the *Gospel* on such outward View,
 As any *Turk* may rest his *Coran* too ?
 Nay, he can own a written Word, or Work
 That *Christians* do, and yet continue *Turk*.

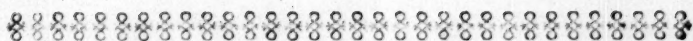
Why

Why do the Christian Disputants so fill
 The World with Books, of a polemic Skill,
 When 'tis the sacred, and acknowledg'd *one*
 That all their jarring Systems build upon?
 But that the *Spirit* does not rule their Wit,
 By which at first the *sacred one* was writ:
 Of whose Support great Scholars stand in need,
 As much as they who never learnt to read:
 Unhappy they! but for that living Guide,
 Whom God himself has promis'd to provide!
 A Guide, to quote the blessed Text again,
 For ever to abide with Christian Men.

Fond of its Books, poor Learning is afraid;
 And higher Guidance labours to evade:
 Books have the Spirit in *supreme* Display!
 Men but in lower, *ordinary* Way!
 This strange Account of Men and Books is true,
 It seems, *according to the Promise* too!

Such wild Conceits all Men have too much Wit
 Or learned, or unlearned, to admit;
 But when some *Interest*, or *Custom* rules,
 And chains obsequious Wills to diff'rent Schools,
 The wisest, then Sir, will relinquish Thought,
 And speak, like Parrots, *just* as they are taught.
 What this should be, what spends in vain the Fire
 Of brisker Tempers——let us next enquire.

LETTER



L E T T E R V.

WHEN Christians first receiv'd the joyful News——
Messiah come——unmixt with worldly Views;
When the whole Church with heav'nly Grace was blest,
And (from the Spirit Comforter) possest
One Heart, one Mind, one View to common Good;
Then was the real Gospel understood.

Then was the Time——to cite what you will find
The Preacher noting——“ when the World combin'd
“ Its Pow'rs against it, but could *not* destroy;
“ When holy Martyrs, with enraptur'd Joy,
“ Encounter'd Death; enabled to sustain
“ Its utmost Terror, and its utmost Pain:
“ At such a Juncture, Heav'n's uncommon Aid
“ Shon forth, to help Humanity display'd.

“ But now”——his Reason for abated Grace,
Diff'rence of primitive and present Case——
“ Now——Ease. and Honour” (mind the Maxim Friend)
“ On the Profession of the Faith attend:
“ At first, establish'd by diviner Means,
“ On human Testimony, now, it leans;
“ Supports itself, as other Facts must do,
“ That rest on human Testimony too;
“ Sufficient Strength is the Conviction there,
“ To make the present Christian persevere.

Here lies the Secret— that may soon unfold
 Why modern Christians fall so short of old;
 Why they appear to have such different Looks,
 The Men of *Spirit*, and the Men of *Books*:
 When Racks and Gibbets, Torment and Distress
 Attended them who ventur'd to confess,
 They had, indeed, a fixt, and firm Belief,
 To die for one who suffer'd like a Thief;
 Stretch'd on the Wheel, or burning in the Flame,
 To preach a crucifi'd Redeemer's Name;
 Courage like this compendious Proof suppli'd
 Of Heav'n's true Kingdom, into which they di'd:
 Thus was the Wisdom of the World struck dumb,
 And all the Pow'rs of Darkness overcome;
 Gospel prevail'd, by its internal Light,
 And gave the Subject for the Pen to write.

But when the World, with a more fatal Plan,
 To flatter, what it could not force, began;
 When *Ease*, and *Honour*, as the Preacher saith,
 Attended the Profession of the Faith;
 Then wrought its Mischief, in the too secure,
 The secret Poison, flower, but more sure:
 Commodious Maxims then began to spread,
 And set up Learning in the Spirit's Stead:
 The Life diminish'd, as the Books encreas'd,
 'Till Men found out that Miracles were ceas'd;
 That, with respect to Succours more sublime,
 The Gospel Promise was but for a Time;

That

That Inspiration, amongst Men of Sense,
 Was all a mere fanatical Pretence:
 And diverse like Discoveries, that grant
 To *Ease*, and *Honour*, just what Faith they want.

Faith to profess that wond'rous Things of old
 Did really happen, as the Books have told;
 But, with a Caution, never to allow
 The Possibility of happ'ning now:
 For, as the World went on, it might affect
 An honourable Ease, in some respect,
 To own celestial Comfort still inspir'd,
 And suff'ring Courage, as at first, requir'd;
 Quite proper then; but equally unfit,
 When once the sacred Canon had been writ:
 For upon that (is gravely here aver'd)
 Part of the *Spirit's* Office was transferr'd;
 Books once compos'd, th' illuminating Part
 He ceas'd himself; and left to human Art
 To find, within his *scriptural* Abode,
 Th' enlight'ning Grace that Presence once bestow'd.

These Suppositions, if a Man suppose,
 You see th' immediate Consequence that flows;
 That Men, and Churches afterwards attack'd,
 Are pre-demolish'd, by asserted Fact;
 Which, once advanc'd, may, with the greatest Ease,
 Condemn whatever Christians he shall please:
 Owing to his Forbearance, in some Shape,
 If aught th' extensive Havock shall escape.

With such a Fund of Learning, and a Skill
 To make it serve what Argument he will;
 With choice of Words, for any chosen Theme,
 With an Alertness rulingly supreme;
 What, Sir, can single Persons, or a Sect,
 When he is pleas'd to preach at 'em, expect?

Just what they meet with, in the present Case —
 All the dogmatic Censure, and Disgrace,
 That a commanding Genius can exert,
 When it becomes religiously alert;
 With narrow Proofs, and Consequences wide,
 Sets all Opponents of its Rote aside;
 The PAPISTS first, and then th' inferior Fry
 FANATICS; vanquish'd with a — *who but I?*
 These are the modish Epithets that strike
 At true Religion, and at false alike;
 Of these Reproaches Infidels are full;
 Their Use in others verging down to dull:
 How one, who is no Infidel, applies
 The hackney'd Terms——may next salute your Eyes.



L E T T E R VI.

BY Reformation from the *Church of Rome*
 We mean, from Faults and Errors, I presume;
 Against her Truths to prosecute a War
 Is protestant Aversion push'd too far:

In

In them, should *Ease*, and *Honour* not attend
The fair Profession, one should be her Friend.

She thinks that *Christ* has given to his Bride,
His holy Church, an ever present Guide;
By whose divine Assistance she has thought,
That Miracles sometimes were really wrought;
That, by the Virtue which his Gifts inspire,
Great Saints and Martyrs have adorn'd her Quire.
Now say the worst, that ever can be said,
Of that Corruption which might overspread
This Church in gen'ral——cast at her the Stone,
They who possess Perfection in their own;
Yet, were instructive Volumes to enlarge
On bright Exceptions to the gen'ral Charge.
They that love Truth, wherever it is found,
Would joy to see it, ev'n in *romish* Ground;
Where, if Corruption grew to such a Size,
The more illustrious must Examples rise
Of Life, and Manners——these, you will agree,
Are true Reformers, wheresoe'er they be.

Of all the Churches, justly loth to claim
Exclusive Title to a sacred Name,
What one, I ask, has ever yet deni'd
The Inspiration of the promis'd Guide?
Our own——to which the Deff'rence that is due
Forbids no just Respect for others too——
Believes, asserts, that what Reform she made
Was not without the *Holy Spirit's* Aid:

If to expect his Gifts, however great,
 Be popish, and fanatical, Deceit,
 She, in her Offices of ev'ry Kind,
 Has also been fanatically blind.

What Form, of her composing, can we trace
 Without a Pray'r for his unfainted Grace?
 Taught, by the sacred Volumes, to infer
 A Saviour's Promise reaching down to her,
 Greatly she values the recording Books;
 But, for fulfilling, in herself she looks.

That she may always think aright, and act,
 By God's good Spirit, is her pray'd for Fact;
 Without his Grace confessing, as she ought,
 Her Inability of Act, or Thought :
 Nor does she fear fanatical Pretence,
 When asking Aid in a sublimer Sense;
 Where she records, amongst the martyr'd Host,
A Stephen — filled with the Holy Ghost —
 She prays for that same Plenitude of Aid,
 By which the Martyr for his Murd'ers pray'd;
 That she, like him, in what she undergoes,
 May love, and bless her persecuting Foes.

Did but one Spark of so supreme a Grace
 Burn in the Breast, when Preaching is the Case,
 How would a Priest, unpersecuted, dare
 To treat, when mounted on a sacred Chair,
 A Church of *Christ*, or any single Soul,
 By Will enlisted on the *Christian* Roll,

With

With such a prompt, and contumelious Ire,
As Love, nor Blessing ever could inspire ?

Altho' untouch'd with the celestial Flame,
How could an *English* Priest mistake his Aim ?
So far forget the Maxims that appear,
Throughout his Church's Liturgy, so clear ?
Wherein the Spirit's ever constant Aid,
Without a feign'd Distinction, is display'd ;
Without a rash attempting to explain,
By Limitations foolish and profane,
When, and to Whom, to what Degree, and End,
God's Graces, Gifts, and Pow'rs were to extend ;
So far withdrawn — that Christians must allow
Of nothing *extra-ordinary*, now :
The vain Distinction, which the World has found,
To fix an unintelligible Bound
To Gospel Promise ; equally sublime,
Nor limited by any other Time
Than that, when Want of Faith, when earthly Will,
Shall hinder Heav'n's Intentions to fulfill.

If, not confining any promis'd Pow'rs,
The *Romish* Church be faulty, what is ours ?
Does our own Church, in her ordaining Day,
Does any consecrating Bishop say,
When on the future Priest his Hand is laid,
Receive the Spirit's *ordinary Aid* ?
Do awful Words — *Receive the Holy Ghost* —
Imply that He abides in *Books* the most ?

Books—

Books——which the Spirit who first rul'd the Hand,
They say themselves, must teach to understand.

His Inspiration, without Limits too,
All Churches own, whatever Preachers do:
Not even Miracles, tho' set aside
In private Books, has any Church deni'd:
How weak the Proofs, which this Discourse has brought,
To justify the fashionable Thought,
That Gospel Promises, of any Kind,
By Spirit, or by Scripture, are confin'd
To apostolic, or to later Times,
May be the Subject of succeeding Rhimes.



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CONSISTING OF

Thoughts on various Subjects, Fragments,
Epigrams, &c.

WITH peaceful Mind thy Race of Duty run;
God Nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But what thou wouldst Thyself, if thou couldst see
Through all Events of Things, as well as He.

NATURAL Knowledge is a Moonshine Light,
And dreaming Sages still keep sleeping by't;
But heav'nly Wisdom, like the rising Sun,
Awakens Nature, and good Works are done.

LET thy Repentance be without Delay——
If thou defer it to another Day,
Thou must repent for a Day more of Sin,
While a Day less remains to do it in.

TO be religious something it will cost;
Some Riches, Honours, Pleasures will be lost;
But if thou countest the Sum total o'er,
Not to be so will cost a great deal more.

Y y

H E.

HE, that does Good with an unwilling Mind,
Does that to which he is not well inclin'd:
'Twill be Reward sufficient for the Fact,
If God shall pardon his obedient Act.

IF outward Comforts, without real Thought
Of any inward Holiness, are fought,
God disappoints us oft, and *kindly* too —
To make us holy is his constant View.

THINK, and be *careful* what thou art within;
For there is Sin in the Desire of Sin:
Think, and be *thankful*, in a diff'rent Case;
For there is Grace in the Desire of Grace.

PRAY'R does not ask, or want the Skill and Art
Of forming Words, but a devoted Heart:
If thou art really in a Mind to pray,
God knows thy Heart, and all that it would say.

CONTENT is better, all the Wise will grant,
Than any earthly Good that thou canst want;
And Discontent, with which the Foolish fill
Their Minds, is worse than any earthly Ill.

TWO Heav'ns a right contented Man furround,
One here, and one hereafter to be found:
One, in his *own* meek Bosom, here on Earth,
And one, in *Abraham's*, at his future Birth.

NO Faith towards God can e'er subsist with Wrath
Tow'rds Man, nor Charity with want of Faith;
From the same Root hath each of them it's Growth;
You have not either, if you have not both.

FAITH is the burning Ardor of Desire;
Hope is the Light arising from it's Fire;
Love is the Spirit that, proceeding thence,
Compleats all Virtue in a Christian Sense.

NOR Steel, nor Flint alone produces Fire;
No Spark arises till they both conspire:
Nor Faith alone, nor Work without is right;
Salvation rises, when they both unite.

ZEAL without Meekness, like a Ship at Sea,
To rising Storms may soon become a Prey;
And Meekness without Zeal is like the same,
When a dead Calm stops every failing Aim.

IF Gold be offer'd Thee, Thou dost not say,
To-morrow I will take it, not To-day:
Salvation offer'd, why art Thou so cool,
To let Thyself become To-morrow's Fool?

AN heated Fancy, or Imagination,
May be mistaken for an Inspiration——
True; but is this Conclusion fair to make,
That Inspiration must be all Mistake?
A Pebble Stone is not a Diamond——true;
But must a Diamond be a Pebble too?

HYPOCRITES in Religion form a Plan
That makes them hateful both to God and Man;
By seeming Zeal they lose the World's Esteem,
And God's, because they are not what they seem.

AN *humble* Man, tho' all the World assault
To pull him down, yet God will still exalt;
Nor can a *proud*, by all the World's Renown,
Be lifted up, for God will pull him down.

HE is no Fool, who charitably gives
What he can only look at whilst he lives;
Sure as he is to find, when hence he goes,
A Recompence which he can never lose.

IF

IF giving to poor People be to lend
Thy Money to the Lord, who is their Friend,
The highest Int'rest upon Int'rest sure
Is to let out thy Money to the Poor.

WHEN Grief or Joy shall press upon thee hard,
Be then especially upon thy Guard;
Then is most Danger of not acting right:
A calmer State will give a surer Light.

IF we mind nothing but the Body's Pride,
We lose the Body and the Soul beside;
If we have nothing but the Earth in View,
We lose the Earth, and heav'nly Riches too.

HE is a Sinner, you are pleas'd to say,
Then love him for the Sake of Christ, I pray,
If on his gracious Words you place your Trust,
——“ I came to call the Sinners, not the Just”——
Second his Call; which if you will not do,
You'll be the greater Sinner of the two.

PRAY'R and Thanksgiving is the vital Breath,
That keeps the Spirit of a Man from Death;
For Pray'r attracts into the living Soul
The Life, that fills the universal Whole;

And

And giving Thanks is breathing forth again
The Praise of him, who is the Life of Men.

TO own a God, who does not speak to Men,
Is first to own and then disown again ;
Of all Idolatry the total Sum
Is having Gods that are both deaf and dumb.

LOVE does the Good which God commands to do ;
Fear shuns the Ill which he prohibits too :
They both describe, tho' by a diff'rent Name,
A Disposition of the Mind the same.

WHAT is more tender than a Mother's Love
To the sweet Infant fondling in her Arms ?
What Arguments need her Compassion move
To hear it's Cries, and help it in it's Harms ?
Now, if the tend'rest Mother were posselt
Of all the Love, within her single Breast,
Of all the Mothers, since the World began,
'Tis nothing to the Love of God to Man.

WHY should I be so eager to espy
The Mote that swims upon my Brother's Eye ?
And still forget, as if I had not known,
The dark'ning Beam that overspreads my own ?

O! let

O! let me play the Hypocrite no more!
But strive to cure my own obstructed Sight!
Then shall I see, much clearer than before,
To set my undiscerning Brother right.

On the EPICUREAN, STOIC, and CHRIS-
TIAN PHILOSOPHY.

THREE diff'rent Schemes Philosophers assign;
A Chance, a Fate, a Providence divine:
Which to embrace of these three sev'ral Views,
Methinks, it is not difficult to chuse.

For first; what Wisdom, or what Sense, to cry
Things happen as they do—we know not why?
Or how are we advanc'd one Jot, to know,
When Things once are—that they must needs be so?

To see such Order, and yet own no Laws;
Feel such Effects, and yet confess no Cause;
What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only reasons, who believes a God.

ATHEISM the only Ground of DISCONTENT.

IF Reason does each private Person bind,
To seek the public Welfare of Mankind;
If this be Justice, and the sacred Law,
That guards the Good, and keeps the Bad in Awe;

If

If this great Law but op'rates, to fulfill
One vast Almighty Being's righteous Will;
And if he only, as we all maintain,
Does all Things rule, and all Events ordain;
Then Reason binds each private Man t'assent,
That none but Atheists can be discontent.

GOD the only true TEACHER.

THE Lord is my Light; by his Teaching I learn,
With a right Understanding his Works to discern:
While I dwell in his Presence 'tis then that I live,
And enjoy a Content which he only can give:
In all other Things I have labour'd to find
That Truth which might fill an intelligent Mind;
But I labour'd in vain, for it is He alone
That can give me Instruction, and make himself known.

An EPIGRAM, on the Blessedness of DI-
VINE LOVE.

FAITH, Hope, and Love, were question'd what they
thought
Of future Glory, which Religion taught:
Now Faith *believ'd* it, firmly, to be true;
And Hope *expected* so to find it too;
Love answer'd, smiling with a conscious Glow,
Believe? Expect? I *know* it to be so.

A Contrast

A CONTRAST between two eminent
DIVINES.

TWO diff'rent Painters, Artists in their Way,
Have drawn Religion in her full Display;
To both she sat—One gaz'd at her all o'er;
The other fix'd upon her Features more:
Hervey has figur'd her with ev'ry Grace
That Dress could give — but *Law* has hit her Face.

On PREACHING—An Epigram.

THE specious Sermons of a learned Man
Are little else but *Flashes in the Pan*;
The mere Haranguing upon (what they call)
Morality is *Powder* without *Ball*;
But He, who preaches with a Christian Grace,
Fires at our Vices, and the *Shot* takes Place.

F I N I S.